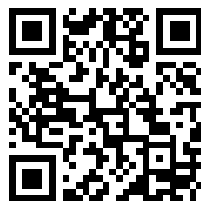


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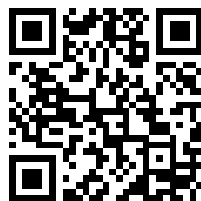


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WALTER MAP'S  
De Nugis Curialium  
(ENGLISH VERSION)









CYMMRODORION  
RECORD SERIES, No. IX

WALTER MAP



WALTER MAP'S  
"De Nugis Curialium"

TRANSLATED BY  
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WITH HISTORICAL NOTES BY  
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LONDON  
ISSUED BY THE  
HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION  
NEW STONE BUILDINGS, 64 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2

1923





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## Prefatory Note

It is many years since Dr. Sidney Hartland, with his intense interest in certain aspects of Welsh folklore, impressed upon the present writer the desirability of publishing a corrected version and translation of the text of Walter Map's *De Nugis Curialium* from the only known manuscript (Bodley 851). In 1906 the late Professor W. Lewis Jones (Professor of English Literature at the University College of North Wales) had read a paper<sup>1</sup> on "Walter Map" before the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, Professor W. P. Ker presiding, in which he stressed the necessity for an amended transcript of the manuscript, and further enquiry into the incidents of Map's life and his connection with Wales. He went on to say that a fuller investigation and the determination of the vexed question whether Walter Map was the author of the Arthurian romances attributed to him is a task—difficult indeed, but not without many attractive possibilities—which challenges the enterprise of our younger Arthurian scholars to-day. For obvious reasons no attempt is made in this volume to deal with the vexed question referred to by Professor Lewis Jones, and for the incidents of Map's life and work we have to depend very largely on the article contributed by Mr. C. L. Kingsford to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. xxxvi., pp. 109–112 (1893), so that the suggested task is still open to the "enterprising scholar." What the Council of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, acting on behalf of the Trustees of the Record Series Fund, has been able to do is to arrange for the publication of the earliest translation of *De Nugis Curialium*,<sup>2</sup> which is produced by the happiest collaboration of three distinguished writers. How the collaboration was brought about, and the part for which each writer is responsible, are set forth in the *Introduction* and *Translator's Preface* that follow. It remains for the Council to express their sincere thanks to Dr. M. R. James, Dr. J. E. Lloyd, and Dr. E. Sidney Hartland for their unstinted efforts in producing the work, and to offer the volume with confidence to the members of the Society as an attempt to throw some light upon, and to do justice to the memory of Walter Map.

On behalf of the Council,

E. VINCENT EVANS,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

<sup>1</sup> See the Transactions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, Session 1905–1906, p. 161.

<sup>2</sup> For the text of the *De Nugis*, see *Anecdota Oxoniensia, Mediæval and Modern Series*. Part XIV. *Walter Map: De Nugis Curialium*. Edited by Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D., F.B.A., F.S.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1914).

## Introduction

ONE evening before the late war I sat with Dr. William Crooke and Professor J. L. Myres in the Royal Societies Club discussing the possibility of inducing some scholar to undertake a translation of Walter Map's *De Nugis Curialium*, a work which existed in a single manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and had lain there for three whole centuries ; it was known to contain matter of interest relating to the history and folk-lore of this country, and yet no one had turned it into English.

The late Thomas Wright, about seventy years ago, had transcribed it for the Camden Society, and his transcription had been published in one of the volumes of the Society. But an examination showed that the transcription was far from accurate, and the first problem was to find some one with the leisure and the facility in reading a manuscript of the fourteenth century, who would be willing to go and sit down in the Bodleian and undertake the work of correcting Thomas Wright's transcription. Mr. Elliot Crooke, Dr. Crooke's son, who had just passed through his course at the university and was considering the selection of mediæval palæography as a profession, happened to be with us. He had been a pupil of Professor Myres, and the latter held a high opinion of him. In the course of the conversation Professor Myres asked : " Why should not Elliot undertake it ? " The suggestion found favour with him, and without delay he set about the work. But he found that Wright's text presented so many variations from the manuscript, as he read it, that it was necessary not merely to correct the printed version but to make a new text. After some months of patient labour he completed this task. When it was finished the Great War broke out. He volunteered for service. With a younger brother he was unfortunately killed on the fields of France ; and he left with his father as the only result of his labour, the manuscript of his transcription, which he was never to revise or translate.

Meantime, however, though neither of them knew what was being done by the other, Dr. Montague James had been occupied at the same work. Dr James finished his revision, and it was published by the Clarendon Press in 1914, preceded by a careful description, by him, of the volume in the Bodleian containing the original manuscript, followed by a short discussion identifying John Welles, a former owner of the work, whose name appears upon it, with a well-known opponent of Wycliff and a monk of Ramsey Abbey, the original home of the manuscript, which came to the Bodleian in 1601.

Wright's preface is quoted, showing the difficulties he found in transcribing and collating his text, and Dr. James observes that "considering the difficulties under which he worked he deserves praise and not blame for the sum of his achievement." He goes on to describe his own procedure in editing this fourteenth-century copy of a twelfth-century text, and appends a list of some of the emendations he has introduced. But though he believes that the text has thus been improved and rendered more readable, puzzles and corruptions remain, to some of the causes of which he also alludes in the preface to the present translation. The preface to the text is closed by an enumeration of a number of allusions displaying the width of Map's reading and his references to time, indicating the mode and dates of composition of the work, and an account of several medieval commentaries on the Epistle of Valerius.

When it was known in the year 1920 that Dr. James contemplated a translation, the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, being interested in Map and his allusions to the history and folk-lore of Wales, offered to produce it as one of the volumes of the "Cymmrodorion Record Series." Dr. James at once generously made over to them his manuscript, and since he preferred to leave the history and folk-lore to be dealt with by others, the Society requested Dr. J. E. Lloyd, the eminent historian of Wales, to annotate the historical allusions, and me to do the like with regard to the folk-tales embodied in Map's pages. Our notes are accordingly distinguished with the initials L. and H. respectively. The former have added greatly to the value of the translation for a modern reader, and I can only hope that the latter have also contributed in some degree to its usefulness. It will be seen that, in spite of his too modest preference to leave this work to others, Dr. James has helped very materially

in putting before the reader the facts about the folk-tales so abundantly given by Map among his Courtly Trifles, for which I have great pleasure in taking this opportunity of tendering him my sincere thanks.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.



## Translator's Preface

WALTER MAP is a very difficult author to translate. My aim, in making the English version of his book, which is here offered to the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, has been to produce something which shall be quite faithful to the sense which I think the writer is trying to convey, and at the same time shall be readable, and not over-antique in flavour. With this in view I have discarded a good many old ways of speaking, particularly the use of the second person singular, so that I write "you" and "yours" for "thou" and "thine." And I have made it a rule to split up his long periods, and his accumulations of clauses introduced by participles, into shorter sentences governed by finite verbs. But these obvious expedients have not completely succeeded, even in my own opinion, let alone that of critics, in freeing my author from cumbrousness and obscurity. The fact is that Map himself not only held that the longer a Latin sentence was, the better it must be, but also did not always know very clearly the meaning of the words he used. It is often a Baboo Latin that he writes. He would take an imposing word, such as *infrunitus*, out of his glossary, and adorn his page with it, not caring greatly what meaning his reader might attach to it. Besides which, he sometimes assumes that a word means something which it certainly does not; as when he uses *simultas* (a quarrel) in the sense of "similitude," or *fatalitas* (which, I suppose, is "destiny" or "fatality") to mean connection with or descent from fairies.

He is also extremely allusive; he is constantly bringing in Biblical and classical turns of phrase; indeed, one of the startling and amusing things about his book is his extraordinary knack of perverting texts and giving them an entirely fresh meaning; as when he says of the Cistercians that they are hospitable to one another, but "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us!" In rendering such passages I have naturally used, wherever I could, the language of the Authorized Version or Prayer Book Psalter, so that the reader

may be aware of the quotation ; but, of course, there are places where the Latin Bible has a reading totally different from that of the English. I have to refer students to the margins of my edition of the Latin text for a full set of references to the Biblical passages.

Then again there are Map's puns and alliterations, some few of which I have found it possible (too often by doing violence to the English) to represent in the translation, but by no means all. The English reader loses little by the suppression of many of these tricks, which really tend to annoy rather than to amuse.

He will, perhaps, be more justly inclined to complain at finding some passages left in the original Latin. The truth is that I found them too odious to translate. There are but two or three which I have not touched ; but I must record that in an episode of the long story of Sadius and Galo (Dist. III, ii.) I have omitted several clauses ; and that there and elsewhere I have disguised certain phrases. Map was not a great offender, for his age ; but his public were amused at things which really do not amuse us. Again I say that the English reader loses nothing noteworthy in what is left out.

It is no part of my purpose to write an introduction dealing with Map's life and times, or his place in literature. But I must, if only from motives of gratitude, notice one or two articles which, occasioned by the publication of my edition of the text in 1914, have shed light on the composition and the text of the *De Nugis*.

In the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* (1917) appeared a remarkable paper by Dr. James Hinton on the plan and composition of the *De Nugis*. In it Dr. Hinton demonstrates that the book as we have it is a series of Fragments, written by Walter Map at different times, and put together after his death in a rather random fashion. Dr. Hinton's is a very illuminating piece of work. I had tried to divine some connection between the highly disparate pieces of the book : Dr. Hinton shows clearly that any such effort is vain. Map did not publish the *De Nugis* himself ; he did not even finish it. Nor is he responsible for the division of it into "distinctions," nor for the chapter headings (which, indeed, are no more than marginal notes made by an early reader in the archetype of our MS. and are often misleading).

It is possible that further study may result in a distribution of the Fragments slightly differing from Dr. Hinton's ; but I cannot

doubt that in essentials his is right, and I have drawn attention to it in footnotes throughout my version, and have attached to this preface a tabular statement of the Fragments and their dates.

Another discovery of Dr. Hinton's, with regard to the source of one of Map's stories, is mentioned in the notes to Dist. III, cap. V.

With regard to the emendation of the Latin text, the most substantial help has been furnished by Dr. Henry Bradley's excellent series of notes, published in the *English Historical Review* for 1917 (p. 393). I gratefully accept most of his conjectures and have embodied them in my version.

I also owe some help to Mr. C. C. J. Webb's article in the *Classical Review* (1915, p. 121).

By the kindness of Dr. William Croke, C.I.E., I have had the opportunity of examining a transcript of the Bodleian MS. made by his son, Mr. E. H. Croke, who fell in the war.

The preface is dated June, 1913, when my edition—of which Mr. Croke had not heard—was in an advanced state of preparation. The text shows an advance upon that of Wright, but not much had been done to clear up difficulties at the time when Mr. Croke laid aside the work which unhappily he was not destined to take up again.

I should like, in conclusion, to express my cordial thanks to Dr. E. Sidney Hartland for all the care and patience he has shown in dealing with the manuscript and the proofs of my translation.

M. R. JAMES.

ETON,

January, 1923.

# Table of the Fragments of which De Nugis Curialium is Composed

## I

### THE FRAGMENTS IN THEIR PRESENT ORDER

I	DISTINCTION I	.	Capp. I-XII
II	"	.	" XIII, XIV
III	"	.	" XV
IV	"	.	" XVI-XXXII
V	DISTINCTION II	.	" I-XVI
VI	"	.	" XVII
VII	"	.	" XVIII
VIII	"	.	" XIX
IX	"	.	" XX-XXX, XXXII
X	"	.	" XXXI
XI	DISTINCTION III	.	" I-V (the whole)
XII	DISTINCTION IV	.	" I
XIII	"	.	" 11a (to "before they view")
XIV	"	.	" 11b-XVI
XV	DISTINCTION V	.	" I, II
XVI	"	.	" 111a (to "digression")
XVII	"	.	" 111b, IV
XVIII	"	.	" V
XIX	"	.	" VI
XX	"	.	" VII

## II

### THE DATEABLE FRAGMENTS IN ORDER OF DATE

XX	(V, VII)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1181
I	(I, I-XII)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1182
XIV	(IV, 11b-XVI)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1182
IV	(I, XVI-XXXII)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1182
V	(II, I-XVI)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1182
XII	(IV, I)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1183, June
VII	(II, XVIII)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	after 1185
IX	(II, XX-XXX, XXXII)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	before 1187
XVII	(V, 111b, IV)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	before 1187
III	(I, XV)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1187, October
XVI	(V, 111a)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1188
XV	(V, I, II)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	before July, 1189
XVIII	(V, V)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	before July, 1189
XI	(III, I-V)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	before July, 1189
XIII	(IV, 11a)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	about July, 1191
XIX	(V, VI)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1193

### THE FOLLOWING CANNOT BE DATED

II	(I, XIII, XIV)
VI	(II, XVII)
VIII	(II, XIX)
X	(II, XXXI)

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III OF TANTALUS . . . . .	4
IV OF SISYPHUS . . . . .	4
V OF IXION . . . . .	5
VI OF TITYUS . . . . .	5
VII OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BELUS } <i>lost</i>	5
VIII OF CERBERUS . . . . .	5
IX OF CHARON . . . . .	5
X OF THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT . . . . .	6
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NOTE.—The author of the following book was the son of Anglo-Saxons, or more probably Anglo-Normans, settled in Herefordshire. Both before and after his coronation his parents rendered King Henry the Second services—it is not known exactly what—which afterwards gave Walter a certain claim upon the King. He was brought up with a view to the King's service, and became one of the clerks of the Royal Household, having previously spent two or three years in study at Paris. On his return, during Becket's Chancellorship, he was employed as an itinerant justice in Gloucestershire, and subsequently as a Justice in Eyre for Herefordshire and the neighbouring counties. He was intended for the priesthood and remained at Court in various capacities until Henry II died, and in 1179 was sent by Henry to the Lateran Council. In 1176 he was presented to the Prebend of Mapesbury at St. Paul's, being then apparently already Canon and Precentor of Lincoln, and parson of Westbury-on-Severn. After the death of Henry II he was made archdeacon of Oxford, and the Chapter of Hereford two years later wished to have him as Bishop, but this was not acceded to. He was still living in March, 1208, when his friend Giraldus Cambrensis was writing the Proemium to the second edition of his work on Ireland, but apparently was dead in 1210.

Map left a reputation for scholarship and wit. So far as it has descended to us it rests upon the *De Nugis*, a book of gossip. In his own time his reputation was such that he was credited not only with the *De Nugis Curialium*, which he did undoubtedly write, but also with various satires, and a considerable share in the authorship of the Arthurian romances. The reasons for the latter attribution, and the weight to be given to it, are still unsolved enigmas. The importance of the *De Nugis Curialium* for English readers is that it is one of the earliest books of secular tales and personal reminiscences that exists, and that it embodies very early recensions of the folk-stories of the European stock. Among others it includes the earliest of the stories gathered about the famous name of Gerbert, Pope Sylvester II. It also includes Map's recollections of Henry II and his eldest son, as well as of the contemporary kings of France and England and their predecessors.—H.

# The First Distinction of the Book of Master Walter Map Concerning the Trifles of the Court.<sup>1</sup>

## I. A COMPARISON OF THE COURT WITH THE INFERNAL REGIONS.<sup>2</sup>

"IN time I exist, and of time I speak," says Augustine : and adds, "What time is I know not."<sup>3</sup> In a like spirit of perplexity I may say that in the Court I exist and of the Court I speak, and what the Court is, God knows, I know not. I do know however that the Court is not Time ; temporal indeed it is, changeable and various, stationary and wandering, never continuing in one stay. When I leave it, I know it perfectly : when I come back to it I find nothing or but little of what I left there : I am become a stranger to it, and it to me. The Court is the same, its members are changed. I shall perhaps be within the bounds of truth if I describe it in the terms which Porphyry uses to define a *genus*,<sup>4</sup> and call it a number of objects bearing a certain relation to one principle. We courtiers are assuredly a number, and an infinite one, and all striving to please one individual. But to-day we are one number, to-morrow we shall be a different one : yet the Court is not changed ; it remains always the same. It is a hundred-handed giant,<sup>5</sup> who if he be all maimed, is yet all the same, and still hundred-handed ; a hydra of many heads, that makes of none effect and despises the labours of Hercules, does not feel the force of that unconquered hero's hand, and—luckier than Antæus—has for its mother earth, sea and air.<sup>6</sup> It will not be crushed against the breast of Hercules ; the whole world renews its strength. Yet when the supreme Hercules sees fit, His will be done.

If we apply to the Court Boethius' true definition of fortune, we

<sup>1</sup> *Lit.* of Courtiers.

<sup>2</sup> Chaps. i.-xii. Fragment I in Dr. Hinton's analysis. Date, 1181.

<sup>3</sup> *Aug. Conf.*, xi. 25.    <sup>4</sup> *Porph. Isagoge*, 2.    <sup>5</sup> *Hor. Od.*, ii. 17, 14.

<sup>6</sup> Hymn for Mattins of the Hours of the Virgin.

find it in so far correct, that the Court is *constant only in inconstancy*.<sup>1</sup> To those alone is the Court satisfactory who obtain her grace. For she does confer grace, inasmuch as it is not the lovable or those worthy of love whom she affects, but to them that are unworthy to live she sheweth her grace. Grace of a truth it is that comes without reason, settles without desert, alights on the ignoble for no known cause. The mystic fan<sup>2</sup> of the Lord separates to itself the wheat from the tares by a true judgement, a righteous winnowing. This of the Court with not less anxious care parts for itself the tares from the wheat. What the former in its wisdom chooses, the latter in its unwisdom casts away, and *vice versa*, as so often happens. Covetousness, the Lady of the Court, urges us on with so many prickings that our mirth gives way to anxiety. He that laughs is laughed at, he that sits in sadness is accounted wise. Nay, our judges set a penalty on joy and a premium on sorrow, whereas properly the good are happy in the consciousness of right, and the bad depressed in the consciousness of wrong, so that hypocrites should be always sad, and true worshippers of God cheerful. The judge who calls evil good and good evil is consistently enough, according to his own views, mild to the fierce and fierce to the mild. The indwelling of the Holy Spirit is a source of continual joy to the good, the upswelling of the scaly serpent a source of sadness to the evil. Trailing about the heart of the evil thinker he gathers a poisonous garlic, which pleases in the eating and thereafter does but stink. This garlic is most frequently offered to us here in this Court by him who envied us from the beginning. The man who is attracted by his snare is repelled by the Lord's correction.

Now how comes it that we men have degenerated from our original beauty, strength, and force, while other living creatures in no way go astray from the grace first given to them? Adam<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Boethius, *Cons. Phil.*, ii., pr. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Virg. *Georg.*, i. 166.

<sup>3</sup> That Adam was a giant is a tradition in the East. Certain Arabic MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, dating from the latter part of the fifteenth century A.D., extracts from which have been published by the Baron Carra de Vaux (*L'Abrégé des Merveilles*, Paris, 1898), refer to the mark on the mountain of Adam's Peak in the island of Ceylon, on which it is pretended that God threw Adam down. The mark is claimed to be Adam's footprint. It is 70 cubits in length. The writers of these MSS. ascribe to the Brahmins the claim that it is Adam's footprint (p. 54). This is, however, an impossible ascription of what is undoubtedly a Mohammedan tradition.—H.



was created a giant in stature and muscle, and in mind, too, equalled the angels until he was overthrown : and, though his life was limited by time instead of being eternal, and was cut down from a whole to a fragment, it was yet lightened by the solace of a great longevity. This excellence of morals, strength, powers and life lasted long among his posterity ; but about the time of David, the Lord's prophet, it is described by him as lasting fourscore years, whereas it had been eight hundred or more, before the time of labour and sorrow. We however now do not last out seventy years without loss of vigour : nay, as soon as we have attained discretion, we are driven either to death or dotage. The creatures of earth, sea and air—everything except man—rejoice in the life and powers with which they were created. They, it seems, have not fallen out of their Maker's favour. And what should this mean but that they still keep the obedience enjoined upon them, while we have spurned it from the beginning ? Drearly indeed must we lament that while all else has kept its standing, we alone and the devils have fallen—that our deceivers are our companions in sorrow, that our own sin has condemned us to a short span of life and powers, and that because of our following of the first man we have fallen to be the worst.

Who was it that discovered how to melt metals and transmute one into another ? that fused the hardest bodies into a fluid ? that taught how solid marble could be cut with running lead ? Who was it who found out that adamant would yield to the blood of a he-goat ? Who melted flint into glass ? Not we, assuredly. A course of threescore and ten years leaves no room for such discoveries. On the other hand, men who could spend seven or eight hundred years in the acquisition of wisdom, and were blessed with health and riches, these could well plumb the abyss of nature and bring deep things to light. It was they who, after the study of the stars, marked out the lives of beasts, birds and fishes, their tribes and alliances, the natures of plants and seeds ; they who assigned a life of a hundred years to the crow, of a thousand to the raven (*or* stag), and to the stag (*or* raven) an age which can scarce be credited. Credited however they should be by us, particularly in what concerns wild creatures, since these lived with them unaffrighted before flesh-eating prevailed, just as dogs do with us, whose

life and habits are open to our observation. Many of their discoveries they have left us in writing : many more have been handed down by the heads of generations from the first, and so our accomplishments are not our own, but have been transfused into us from them according to the measure of our receptivity.

Well, the Court was the subject with which I started, and see the point at which I have arrived ! Such topics are always liable to emerge, perhaps not much to the purpose, yet refusing to be put aside ; nor is it a very serious matter so long as they do not end in a black fish's tail,<sup>1</sup> and the intrusive subject is one which fitly demands treatment, (*et rem poscit apte quod instat*).

## II. CONCERNING HELL.

Hell, it is said, is a penal place ; and if I may presume so far, in an access of boldness, I would rashly say that the Court is, not Hell, but a place of punishment. Yet I doubt whether I have defined it rightly : a place it does seem to be ; is it therefore not Hell ? Nay, it is certain that whatever contains a thing or things in itself, is a place. Grant, then, that it is a place : let us see whether it be a penal one. What torment has Hell which is not present here in an aggravated form ?

## III. OF TANTALUS.

Have you read how Tantalus down there catches at streams which shun his lips ?<sup>2</sup> Here you may see many a one thirsting for the goods of others which he fails to get, and like a drinker, misses them at the moment of seizure.

## IV. OF SISYPHUS.

Sisyphus there bears a boulder from the bottom of a valley to the summit of a lofty hill ; and when it has rolled back, he carries it up again from the vale, only to fall once more. Here too there are many who reckon it nothing to have climbed the hill of riches, but try to urge their souls, fallen back into the valley of covetousness, to the summit of a hill yet further removed ; and on that again their heart cannot abide, for what they have gained grows cheap when they gaze at what they desire. Well may such a heart be

<sup>1</sup> Horace, *Ar. Poet.*, 4.

<sup>2</sup> Hor. *Sat.*, i., 1, 68.

likened to the stone of Sisyphus, for it is written : " I will take away their stony heart and give them an heart of flesh." God give an heart of flesh to these courtiers and enable them to find rest upon one or other of the hills !

#### V. OF IXION.

Ever changing his posture of a moment before, Ixion down there is whirled round on his wheel, up, down, hither and yonder ; and Ixions are not wanting here, turned about by the fickleness of fortune. They rise to glory and fall to wretchedness. When down they still hope, and no day passes without seeing such a revolution ; though, on the wheel, there are fears on every side, yet no one's fall from it is hopeless. All terrible as it is, and full of horror, all in arms against the conscience, yet it attracts none the less : it draws its victims ever on.

VI.	OF TITYUS.	<i>Lost or not written.</i> <sup>1</sup>
VII.	OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BELUS	" "
VIII.	OF CERBERUS	" "
IX.	[OF CHARON ?]	<i>The beginning gone.</i>

. . . but <sup>2</sup> hunters of men, to whom judgement is committed of the life and death of beasts, bearers of death, compared to whom Minos is mild, Rhadamanthus reasonable, Æacus equable. They get no nearer to mirth than murder. Once Hugh, Prior of Selwood,<sup>3</sup> now Elect of Lincoln, found these men repulsed from the door of the King's chamber ; and hearing them give vent to loud abuse, and observing their rage, he was surprised, and said : " Who are you ? " " We are the keepers (foresters) " they replied. Said he to them : " Keepers, keep out " . (*Forestarii foris stent*). The King within heard the words, laughed, and came out to meet the Prior, who said to him : " The saying touches you nearly, for when the poor, whom these men oppress, are let into paradise, you will be keeping outside with the keepers." However, the King

<sup>1</sup> A leaf is lost here from the MS.

<sup>2</sup> These lines, to the words " strong hand," are a later addition after Henry II's death.

<sup>3</sup> St. Hugh of Avalon (canonized in 1220) was invited by Henry II to become prior of the Carthusian house of Witham, in the forest of Selwood, Somerset. He was elected Bishop of Lincoln in May, 1186, and consecrated in the following September.—L.

took this word, spoken in earnest, for a jest, and (as Solomon took not away the high places) did not suppress the foresters: no, even now, after his death, they eat the flesh of men in the presence of Leviathan, and drink their blood. They set up high places, which will not be taken away unless the Lord destroy them with a strong hand. They fear and propitiate their lord who is visibly present; God, whom they see not, they fear not to offend.

I do not mean to deny that there are many God-fearing, good and righteous men mixed up (*or* entangled) among us here at Court, nor that there are in this vale of misery some merciful judges. It is of the larger and wilder portion of the band that I speak.

#### X. OF THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT.

There, too, are creatures of the night, the screech-owl, the night-crow, the vulture, and the owl, whose eyes love darkness and hate light. These are commissioned to go round about, to seek out diligently and to report accurately what of good happens that may concern Jupiter, what of harm falls to be condemned by Dis; and while they craftily lie in ambush here and there, they greedily follow up the odour of carrion. This they devour in secrecy, or conceal, and upon their return lay any accusations they please, besides what they gain for themselves in private by robbery. This Court, too, sends out beings whom it calls justices, sheriffs, under-sheriffs and beadles, to make strict inquisition. These leave nothing untouched or untried and, bee-like, sting the unoffending—yet their stomach escapes uninjured.<sup>1</sup> They alight on flowers to draw out of them what honey they can, and though when they take office they make oath before the Supreme Judge that they will faithfully and without damage serve their Lord and him, “rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that be God’s,” yet gifts turn them aside; that the lambs may be stripped of their fleeces, the foxes go unharmed, for they have been approved by silver, knowing that “it is a clever thing to give.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here I follow Dr. Bradley’s suggestion that the MS. reading is correct: *puniunt* = *pungunt*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ov. Am.*, i. 8, 62.

Now among such justices as I describe, the clerical officers are usually found more oppressive than the laymen ; and I do not understand why this should be, unless my reply to the noble Ranulf de Glanville <sup>1</sup> gave the true answer. He asked this question, and I answered : “ It is because the gentry of our land are too proud or too lazy to put their children to learning, whereas of right only free men are allowed to learn the arts, which for that very reason are called ‘ liberal.’ The villeins on the other hand (or rustics, as we call them) vie with each other in bringing up their ignoble and degenerate offspring to those arts which are forbidden to them ; not that they may shed vices, but that they may gather riches ; and the more skill they attain, the more ill they do. The arts are as the swords of mighty men : their force varies with the method of him who holds them : in the hand of a merciful prince they bring peace, in that of a tyrant, death. The villein redeems his son from the lord, and on each side covetousness fights, and wins when freedom is conferred on freedom’s foe. The famous poet <sup>2</sup> points this out clearly where he says :

‘ Nothing is harsher than the ennobled clown,’  
and what follows ; and again :

‘ Nor any fiercer beast  
Than a slave’s vengeance on a freeman’s back.’”  
The great man I mentioned approved my little discourse.

It happened of late that an Abbot procured himself to be made one of these justices, and he had the poor despoiled more savagely than any layman, hoping perhaps to gain a bishopric by the favour accruing from his prey ; but vengeance met him after not many days, and caused him to turn his teeth upon himself and to die with his hands all be-gnawed. So have I seen crows hung up over the seed committed to the ground, that others might see them hanging, and fear and shun their fate : and they do shun it. Yet they whom the Lord calls the children of this world and describes as “ wiser than the children of light ”—adding the qualification “ in their generation ”—are not deterred, nor afraid of becoming as this abbot, though they have before them the example of two other magnates whom one and the same circuit keeps helpless on their beds, smitten with palsy.

<sup>1</sup> Ranulf de Glanville, Justiciar from 1180 to 1189.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Claudian, in *Eutrop.*, i. 181, 183.

So far I bear witness concerning the Court of what I have seen. But, for the rolling flames, the blackness of darkness, the stench of the rivers, the loud gnashing of the fiends' teeth, the thin and piteous cries of the frightened ghosts, the foul trailings of vipers, serpents and all manner of creeping things, the blasphemous roarings, evil smell, mourning and horror—were I to allegorize upon all these, it is true that correspondences are not wanting among the things of the Court, but they would take up more time than I have at my disposal. Besides, to spare the Court seems only courteous; and it is enough to conclude from the above, according to the reasons here set forth, that the Court is a place of punishment. I do not however say that it is Hell; that does not follow: only it is almost as much like Hell as a horse's shoe is like a mare's. . . .

30 b p. 11  
We cannot throw the blame of this upon our lord and master; for in this world there is nothing quiet, and no one can long enjoy any sort of tranquillity: God strives to show us at every point that we must not seek here an abiding city: and, again, there is no man so wise that he can govern even a single household without some mistake or disturbance arising in it. I myself am the ruler of but a small establishment, and yet I cannot hold the reins of my little team. I try to be good to them all so far as I can, that they may suffer no lack either in food, drink or raiment: *their* object, on the other hand, is to scrape together out of my substance by any and every means something to increase their own. All that I have they call "ours," all that they have, "their own." If I bring a just charge against any of them, he denies it, and finds others to back him. Should any member of the household bear witness on my side, he is called a flatterer. "You are on the master's side, you tell lies to please him; you earn your presents well; never mind; we will stick to the truth, even if for the time being we fall out of favour." Such remarks are hissed out in my hearing. What, I wonder, is done or said to him outside the presence? It is certain that he will be so abused and bullied that he will contract a horror of truth ever afterwards. For my dues and income they have no pity, but vie with each other in propitiating their own bellies and backs at my expense. The one who cheats his master to treat a fellow-servant, gains their praise and is approved as a faithful comrade. He who has lied successfully goes and laughs among his

fellows, to think he has got round the master. If one has made me go wrong, he is delighted at the mistake, and turns round and makes a long nose at me.<sup>1</sup> Do I take some prudent step which inconveniences them? Up comes one with a long face, an air of depression, and with a pumped-up sigh he says: "Don't take it to heart, dear master. People are talking about your having done this; as far as I'm concerned, God knows I'm perfectly satisfied; it seems to me the right thing to do; but you should hear the language they're using." After him comes another—independently—with the like discourse. A third follows with the same lesson, and still they come, until I am driven to doubt or disbelieve the facts. None of them ever specifies my critics or tells me: "So-and-so says this of what you have done": it is always, "People are saying this and that," and by putting the blame on "people" every individual is exonerated; no one is marked out with whom I can argue the point, otherwise the trick would come out. Again, if I have a servant who tries to please me by economies, he earns the hatred of the whole body: they say to him: "It was a good house before you came into it; you've upset the whole place; you're a shame and disgrace to the place and to master, you are: ah, you'll see what you'll get by it all! O how considerate we are for master's purse! Why, what good do you suppose will come of all this pinching? What's master to do with all this money coming in? Store it up, say you? Yes, and make you his heir, I suppose—or else you'll cut his throat and walk off with it. I'll tell you what you are making him store up, and that's the bad opinion, yes, and the dislike of all his friends—people that used to look up to him as if he were God. Why, you're like the silly man that spared his land and died of starvation. Do you suppose that Providence will forsake master, or deceive him? You think you're so clever, and what you really are is a fool." One of my servants was so persecuted by abuse of this kind that at last he came and complained of it to me with tears. "Brother," I said to him, "you must go. It is only too true that 'no man can serve two masters.' You have followed the Lord and dealt well and faithfully: these others, under the guidance of the devil, have arrived at the point of reviling faithfulness. Here are two alternatives: no man of wisdom will choose

<sup>1</sup> Pers., i. 58.

the worst and forsake the best." "Well," said he, "I can't stand out against them all single-handed. I'd sooner give up the whole business to you than be torn in pieces by these quarrellings. Good-bye, sir." My prudence in this cost me an excellent servant and gave the greatest satisfaction to my household. I saw what they had been at, and so called them all together and laid before them how I had lost a good servant in consequence of the quarrelsomeness of some of them—I knew not whom. Every one began at once to excuse himself with oaths. "The man," said they, "who robs you of a good servant is nothing short of a traitor to you." I proceeded to ask their advice; to whom should I entrust the office and duties of him who had gone? my intention being to choose, not the man they wanted, but the man they didn't want; for I was sure they would give me the dog's advice. (The fable is an old one and well known: the husband and wife were discussing which part of the flitch of bacon they should put in the pot: the woman said the side, the man the bone. "The bone, husband," put in the dog, meaning "You're the husband, you have your way, and I shall get the better dinner.").

Well, I knew that their advice would be of the same sort; they would consider their own profit and neglect mine. I ascertained what their wish was, postponed its fulfilment, and handed over the charge of everything to a lad, who had not yet outgrown his fear of the whip, strictly charging him to do nothing without my knowledge. At first he was afraid, and did well. Then the rest began carrying out their depredations, and setting traps for him. He looked about for what was missing, complained of his losses, shed tears. I knew what was going on. The others threw the blame on me for entrusting matters of such moment to an inexperienced fool, and went on to say: "Every one is surprised at you and really quite upset—if I only dared say." "Say on; you have leave." "Well, they can't think how you have changed so all of a sudden, and become so stingy that every one talks of it, always wanting to know everything, and keep everything locked up close. We're quite put out of countenance by all that's said about you." After this they hit on a plan which was really very hard on me. They would go into the streets and lanes and say I had sent them to compel travellers to come in. The servants in the house received the guests with the greatest respect, said that I was most



anxious to see them, and hoped they would come often. Then they would run in to me and announce that guests had arrived, men of good position, and made me welcome them, in no wise desiring to do so. Then they made meat and drink fly, and gorged themselves to any extent in my presence (which they knew I hated), and actually compelled the high and the humble, willing and reluctant, to make away with all the provisions, feigning to do this exclusively to increase my reputation ; correctly enough, according to the Lord's teaching, they took no thought for the morrow, for they turned everything out of doors. When I charged them with being drunk, they swore they were not drunk, but only happy, and that I was a hard man to blame them for the pains they had been glad to take in my honour. When I came back from church in the morning, I would find a huge fire, and the guests of yesterday (who I hoped had gone) sitting round it. My servants would whisper to me : " Dinner will be wanted. They think there isn't an inn for a long distance : they don't know what they'll find there. Better throw the handle after the axe : you've begun well ; end well too. Don't you be anxious : God hasn't given away everything yet. You are but spending what you have. Trust in the Lord ; it's common talk that they'll make you a bishop. Away with pinching ! spend the lot, venture all you fancy, fortune favours the brave.<sup>1</sup> One can lock up a crust till it's no use. Pluck up a good courage, keep nothing back, or you may spoil the luck that is on its way to you." When this lot of guests is gone, they ask in another at once. Before these have arrived, they come to me and complain that the crowd of guests is wearing them out, and ruining me—pretending to deplore what they really enjoy.

Among this household I have some nephews<sup>2</sup> who are completely masters of my property ; no one can say them nay. They are the stoutest enemies I have ; anything I spend on them they reckon as a due, and neither feel nor pay me any thanks for it. Were I to assign them the whole estate and keep back something which might be useful to them, they would think it nothing : they would even

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Virg. *Æn.*, 10, 284.

<sup>2</sup> One of these, named Philip, witnesses a charter of his uncle's (Cotton Charter xvi. 40, printed by Thomas Wright in " Latin Poems," Camden Soc., 1841), and one of Bishop Giles of Hereford (1200-1215). See *Archæologia Cambrensis*, 1883, p. 23.—L.

abuse me and be much annoyed, starting aside like a broken bow : their view being that I was born for their benefit and not my own, and that they are masters and I the servant, who have got together nothing for myself but everything for them. The father in Terence, who had similar saviours of his property, says : " My only possession is myself ; " <sup>1</sup> and indeed many though not all fathers may say the same. Certainly my people have got the upper hand of me : ' Mine,' did I say ? Rather their own, for they pay no attention to anybody but themselves. While they are fresh they exercise a good deal of care, but drop it later on. I know of a master of a house, who gets a new set of servants every year. A good many people consequently think him fickle, but to me he seems a wise and careful man, for he always finds his servants respectful and attentive.

Well, all this has been urged in defence of our king. How is he to keep in order thousands of thousands and govern them peaceably, when we small fathers of households cannot control the few we have ? The truth is, that every house has one servant and many masters. The head serves every one ; those by whom he is served are to be reckoned as masters. Our Court, I take it, lives in a more perilous whirl than other households, fluctuating and variable. Yet I dare not in any wise lay this to the charge of our king, for in a hall (palace) that holds many thousand diverse minds there must be much error and much confusion ; neither he nor any other man can remember the name of each individual, much less know their hearts ; and no one can entirely control a household whose thought and speech—I mean the speech of their hearts—he knows not. The Lord divides the waters from the waters, the peoples from the peoples : He is the searcher of hearts and the cleanser of them, sitting upon the waters and ruling them in power : but no one can prevent our giants murmuring beneath the waters. <sup>2</sup>

You have heard that all courts are unquiet save that only to which we are bidden. That city alone which the Lord rules has peace, and it is promised to us as " an abiding city." And you, my dear Geoffrey, <sup>3</sup> would have me courtly (not to say witty : " I am a child, I know not how to speak." ). Yet, I repeat, you bid me, me who am bound in and banished to this Court which I have here truly

<sup>1</sup> Terence, *Phorm.*, iv., 1, 20.

<sup>2</sup> Vulgate, of Job xxvi. 5.

<sup>3</sup> The person thus addressed has not been identified.—L.

described, me who confess myself the Tantalus of this hell, to philosophize. How can I, who thirst, give you to drink? Letters are the employment of a quiet and collected mind. What a poet needs is a permanent, safe, continuous abode; and not the most prosperous state of body or circumstances will avail if the mind be not tranquil within. You are asking an inexperienced and unskilled man to write, and to write from the Court: it is to demand no less a miracle than if you bade a fresh set of Hebrew children to sing out of the burning fiery furnace of a fresh Nebuchadnezzar. *Stop go to p. 17*

# XI. OF KING HERLA.<sup>1</sup>

One Court and one only do stories tell of that is like our own. One of the most ancient of the British kings, Herla, it is said, was on a time interviewed by another king who was a pigmy in respect of his low stature, not above that of a monkey. This little creature was mounted on a large goat, says the tale, and might be described in the same terms as Pan; his visage was fiery red, his head huge; he had a long red beard reaching to his chest, and was gaily attired in a spotted fawn's skin: his belly was hairy and his legs ended in

<sup>1</sup> One of the most famous of the folk-tales related by Map. In it two *motifs* are united, namely, that of the Supernatural Lapse of Time in Fairyland, and that of the Wild Hunt.

Various types of the tale of the Supernatural Lapse of Time are known throughout the world from the islands of Japan to the Pacific shores of North America; and though not so numerous in Africa as on the other continents, at least one variant has been found among the Zulus in the remote south-east (Callaway, *Nursery Tales, Traditions and Histories of the Zulus*, 318). The most poignant variants, however, are concentrated in the north-west of Europe. The tale, though apparently unknown in England at the present day, is still well known from ancient times in Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In Wales the best-known type is one which may be named after the story of Rhys and Llewelyn, obtained by Crofton Croker about a hundred years ago from a lady in the Vale of Neath, who had collected it with other stories from the peasantry. It relates how two farm-servants were going home after a day's work, when one of them heard the sound of music and was enticed, against his companion's remonstrances, to join a fairy dance. He was only rescued from the circle, and that with difficulty, many days afterwards, sufficiently long for his companion to have been suspected and thrown into prison on the charge of murdering him. The rescued man believed he had only been five minutes in the dance, became melancholy, took to his bed and died (Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, iii. 215). The late Sir John Rhys collected several stories of this type in different parts of Wales (*Y Cymmrodor*, vi. 157, 174, 187, 196), some of which were afterwards incorporated in his work on *Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx*. The story of the Monk Felix, told by Longfellow in *The Golden Legend*, and that of Rip van Winkle, given by Washington Irving, have entered into literature by their

goats' hoofs. Herla found himself *tête-à-tête* with this being, who said : " I am the King over many kings and princes, an unnumbered and innumerable people, and am sent, a willing messenger, by them to you. I am unknown to you, it is true, but I glory in the renown which has exalted you above other monarchs, inasmuch as you are a hero and also closely connected with me in place and

means, but are, there can be little doubt, originally folk-tales. The former is actually told of more than one place in Wales. The latter, though its scene is laid in the Kaatskill Mountains in the State of New York, was probably adapted by Irving from Otmar's *Volcks-sagen* (p. 153), where the scene is laid on the Kyffhäuser and the hero is a goatherd. In a number of stories popular on the Continent the tale takes a religious application. The hero traverses, like Dante, the entire spiritual world. The time occupied seems to him short ; but he, having entered on his journey as a boy, returns to earth an old man to find all his relatives long dead, and only in time to narrate his adventures, receive the explanation of the strange sights he has beheld, and die. For a fuller consideration of the cycle of tales of the Supernatural Lapse of Time in Fairyland see Hartland, *The Science of Fairy Tales*, 161 sqq.

As narrated by Map, Herla's adventure ends in his becoming the leader of the Wild Hunt—an unusual conclusion which has probably given the hero, otherwise nameless, his name. The Wild Hunt, or *Mesnie Furieuse*, is the name given to a noisy rout of the souls of the dead, or of evil spirits, chased or led by the Devil in person or by a mythological figure, such as Woden. It probably originates in some atmospheric phenomenon, or the cry of wild birds, which has been magnified by terror and superstition until ignorant people have imagined that they not only heard but saw the mythical objects of their fears. In this country it is known as the Wish-hounds, Dando and his Dogs, the Gabriel Hounds, Cwn Annwn (Dogs of the Abyss) and so forth. On the Continent the names are more various still, as might be anticipated from the vast range of the belief. Among them Grimm notes Hellequin, Herlequin, Hermequin or Hielekin, which Liebrecht connects with Herlething, following Grimm in equating Herle with Hel, a personified and masculine form of Death, whence Herlething would signify the assembly or host of the dead. If this be correct, the expression made use of by Map in a later part of the book (Dist. iv. c. 13) " the household of Herlethingus " (*familia Herlethingi*) is, as Liebrecht points out, a pleonasm. As the true meaning of Herlething or Hellething was forgotten the leadership of the Wild Hunt became attributed to some great name of the past, real or imaginary. Gervase of Tilbury speaks of it as *familia Arturi*, Arthur's household or hunt. In Cornwall Dando, a legendary priest, in Denmark King Waldemar and King Christian II, elsewhere, one or other of the great gods or goddesses of the Northern Mythology are found. In this way probably Herla became metamorphosed in popular belief into an ancient king, and elsewhere a yet more elusive figure, Herne the Hunter, came into existence (see Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, 27 ; id. in notes to Gervase of Tilbury's *Otia Imperialia*, 173 sqq. ; Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, trs. Stallybrass, ii. 845, iii. 941 sqq.) ; Map states (iv. 13, see below, p. 206) that the Herlething was a well-known appearance in England down to the accession of Henry II, in the first year of whose reign it was seen in the marches of Wales and Hereford. It is therefore probably an English tradition. The name of King Herla is not Welsh.—H.

descent, and so deserve that your wedding should be brilliantly adorned by my presence as a guest, so soon as the King of the Franks has bestowed his daughter upon you. This matter is being already arranged, though you know it not, and the ambassadors will be here this very day. Let this be a lasting agreement between us, that I shall first attend your wedding and you mine on the same day a year hence." With these words he turned, and swifter than a tiger vanished from view. The King returned home struck with wonder, received the ambassadors and accepted their proposals. When he took his place in state on the wedding day, before the first course the pigmy made his appearance, with so vast a crowd of similar beings that the tables were filled and a larger number sat down to meat outside the hall than within it, in pavilions brought by the pigmy, which were set up in a moment of time. Out of these pavilions darted servants bearing vessels each made of a single precious stone, by some not imitable art, and filled the palace and the tents with plate of gold and jewels; nothing was served or handed in silver or wood. Wherever they were wanted, they were at hand: nothing that they brought was from the royal stock or elsewhere; they used their own provision throughout, and what they had brought with them more than satisfied the utmost wishes of all. Nothing of Herla's preparations was touched: his own servants sat with their hands before them, neither called for nor offering aid. Round went the pigmies, gaining golden opinions from every one: their splendid clothing and jewels made them shine like burning lights among the company: never importunate, never out of the way, they vexed no one by act or word. Their King, while his servants were in the midst of their business, addressed King Herla in these terms: "Noble King, I take God to witness that I am here present at your wedding in accordance with our agreement: Yet if there be anything more than you see here that you can prescribe to me, I will gladly supply it to the last point; if there be nothing, see that you do not put off the repayment of the honour conferred on you when I shall require it." And so, without awaiting a reply, he swiftly betook himself to his pavilion, and about cock-crow departed with his people.

After a year had passed, he suddenly appeared before Herla,

and called on him to fulfil his agreement. To this he consented, and after providing himself with supplies sufficient for an adequate repayment, he followed whither he was led. The party entered a cave in a high cliff, and after an interval of darkness, passed, in a light which seemed to proceed not from the sun or moon, but from a multitude of lamps, to the mansion of the pigmy. This was as comely in every part as the palace of the Sun described by Naso.<sup>1</sup> Here the wedding was celebrated, the pigmy's offices duly recompensed, and when leave was given, Herla departed laden with gifts and presents of horses, dogs, hawks, and every appliance of the best for hunting or fowling. The pigmy escorted them as far as the place where darkness began, and then presented the king with a small blood-hound to carry, strictly enjoining him that on no account must any of his train dismount until that dog leapt from the arms of his bearer; and so took leave and returned home. Within a short space Herla arrived once more at the light of the sun and at his kingdom, where he accosted an old shepherd and asked for news of his Queen, naming her. The shepherd gazed at him with astonishment and said: "Sir, I can hardly understand your speech, for you are a Briton and I a Saxon; but the name of that Queen I have never heard, save that they say that long ago there was a Queen of that name over the very ancient Britons, who was the wife of King Herla; and he, the old story says, disappeared in company with a pigmy at this very cliff, and was never seen on earth again, and it is now two hundred years since the Saxons took possession of this kingdom, and drove out the old inhabitants." The King, who thought he had made a stay of but three days, could scarce sit his horse for amazement. Some of his company, forgetting the pigmy's orders, dismounted before the dog had alighted, and in a moment fell into dust. Whereupon the King, comprehending the reason of their dissolution, warned the rest under pain of a like death not to touch the earth before the alighting of the dog. The dog has not yet alighted.

And the story says that this King Herla stills holds on his mad course with his band in eternal wanderings, without stop or stay. Many assert that they have often seen the band: but

<sup>1</sup> Ovid, *Met.*, ii., 1 sqq.

recently, it is said, in the first year of the coronation of our King Henry, it ceased to visit our land in force as before. In that year it was seen by many Welshmen to plunge into the Wye, the river of Hereford. From that hour the phantom journeying has ceased, as if they had transmitted their wanderings to us, and betaken themselves to repose. Yet if you are not willing to note how lamentable this unrest may be, not only in our own Court, but in almost all those of great princes, you will have to enjoin silence on me: I shall be quite satisfied, and it will assuredly be fairer. Will you listen for a brief space to an account of certain recent events?

## XII. OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

The King of Portugal<sup>↗</sup> who yet lives, and still reigns after his manner, was once beset by many enemies, and almost forced to submission, when there came to his aid a youth of noble build and remarkable beauty. He remained with the King, and so distinguished himself in warlike deeds that his achievements seemed beyond the power of any individual. He re-established peace to the hearts' desire of the King and the kingdom, and was as of right received into the closest intimacy with his Sovereign, who showed him more favour—sending for him constantly, visiting him often, rewarding him richly—than tended to his prosperity. The nobles of the Court, seeing themselves less honoured than before by their lord, imagined that the favourite had by so much diverted favour from them, and the more highly they saw him exalted in the King's affection complained that they were defrauded by him to that extent. Maddened with envy, they used every effort to overthrow by malice him whom pre-eminence in virtue had raised to favour. They shrank from openly attacking one who was fore-armed or in any way prepared for it; so they sank to the lowest form of persecution, that is, accusation. They directed their aim to the spot in which they knew their lord to be bare and open to attack. They knew him to be madly prone to groundless jealousy,

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↙ Probably Alfonso Henriquez, who died in 1185 at the age of 73 or 74. He had married in 1146 Matilda, daughter of Amadeus II, Count of Maurienne, who died on December 3rd, 1158; the story told by Map appears to be one of the many legends which gathered around the name of the founder of the Portuguese kingdom.—L.

and sent to him two of their number, [commissioned] like the elders of Babylon, to accuse the queen—a second Susanna—of undue familiarity with the youth. The King, pierced to the heart, through that spot where the mail-coat of wisdom left him bare, was smitten with mortal anguish, and with blind rashness ordered the inventors of the crime to avenge him on the innocent man with the utmost savagery and secrecy. Thus was innocence delivered over to the snare. The traitors, warned to say nothing of the crime, ingratiated themselves with the youth by words, acts of courtesy, and every feigned appearance of affection, and climbed into his good graces by a false ladder of friendship. They took him away under cover of a hunting expedition to the depths of a forest in a distant lonely region ; there they slew him, left him to the wolves and snakes, and divulged the murder only to the dupe whom they had made to order it. He (for his madness had not yet abated) hastened homeward, burst into the bed-chamber, an inner room which he scarcely ever entered, dismissed its other occupants, and furiously attacked the queen—now near her confinement—brutally setting upon her with feet and fists, and thus put an end to two lives by a single onslaught. He then privately summoned to him his villainous accomplices in crime, and in their presence proceeded to boast himself in exaggerated terms for his threefold offence, as having accomplished a righteous vengeance. They on their part extolled him with lavish praise for his spirit and valour, hoping to keep their dupe under a lasting delusion. For a time the conspiracy, kept within doors, made no sign ; but, since, says the proverb, a secret murder cannot be long hid, at length it crept into the ears of the people, and the more firmly the fear of the tyrant repressed their voices, the more bloody did his infamy appear by the incessantly whispered reports. A forbidden tale, when it does break out, travels swifter than words which are licensed, and a wonder, passed from mouth to mouth, gains the wider publicity from the secrecy of its propagation. And why ? Because every one who is told of a matter which he must not divulge always commits it to another for safe keeping. The King perceived that his Court was depressed, and kept an unwonted silence when he went abroad ; the city was in evident sympathy with the Court. His conscience divined somewhat : he feared for his good



name, and—how common a mistake it is with us!—after the deed was past, he saw what he had done. From many a mouth he learnt of the hateful scheme by which his betrayers had led him astray. His grief was inconsolable. He sated a wrath, now at last justified, upon the contrivers and accomplices of that wickedness, whom he blinded and mutilated [*oculis privatos et genitalibus*] and so left them to a living death, in perpetual night, and deprived of all bodily enjoyment.

Such are the tricks of the Court, and such the deceits of devils that have place there; so, whoever enjoys beholding enormities, let him enter the courts of the mighty. And you would have me play the poet in the midst of these strifes, though our Court is stormy beyond all others, a mother of affliction and a nurse of wrath! It seems to me that you are using Balaam's spurs on me—the spurs with which he drove his ass to speak: for what other would avail to drive anyone into writing poetry? I am much afraid that my stupidity will cause our parts—mine of the ass, and yours of Balaam—to be reversed, so that when you try to make me speak I shall begin to bray—as the other spoke instead of braying—and you will have made an ass out of a man whom you wanted to make into a poet. Well, an ass I will be, since you wish it: but beware, should the brainlessness of my braying make you ridiculous, lest the want of respect shown in your request prove to lack modesty. For myself, I have many fears: want of knowledge will accuse me, inaptness of speech will condemn me, the present generation will look down upon me because I am still living. The first two fears you put on one side by your orders to me: the third I do not care to abolish, for I wish to go on living. The subject you choose for me is so vast that no toil can master it, no effort cope with it: it is just the sayings and doings which have not yet been committed to writing, and anything I have heard that is more than ordinarily inspiring: all this to be set down, that the reading of it may amuse, and its teaching tend to moral improvement. My own purpose in the matter is to invent nothing new, and introduce nothing untrue, but to narrate as well as I can what, having seen, I know, or what, having heard, I believe.

The present bishop of London, Gilbert Foliot, a man thoroughly

9 Bishop of London from 1163 until his death on February 18th, 1187.

at home in three tongues, Latin, French and English, in each of which he speaks with the greatest clearness and eloquence, in this his old age, when almost total blindness has come upon him, having already composed a few small but brilliant tractates, is now, as if atoning for a wasted leisure, unmooring his boats from the shore ; he is to venture on the exploration of the open sea, and is hastening to redeem the time he has lost by compiling with a swift pen (thumb !) a work on the Old and New Testaments. Bartholomew, bishop of Exeter,<sup>1</sup> again, an old and accomplished man, is now engaged in writing ; while Baldwin, bishop of Worcester,<sup>2</sup> a man of much learning, and wise in the things that belong to the Lord, grows weary if his pen be idle. These men are the philosophers of our day, who want for nothing, and have abodes filled with all manner of supplies, and tranquillity outside : they have begun well and will make a good ending. But whither, I would ask, am I to look for a harbour, who have barely leisure to live ?

### XIII. OF GISCHARD, A MONK OF CLUNY.<sup>3</sup>

Gischard of Beaujeu,<sup>4</sup> the father of that Imbert who is now engaged in a strife with his son, took the monastic habit at Cluny, in the decline of his old age, and in his new-found quiet, set himself to concentrate a singularly fertile mind which hitherto in his life as a soldier had been always subject to distractions. When he had collected his mental forces, he suddenly perceived himself a poet, and shining forth brilliantly in his native tongue—the French—he became the Homer of the laity. Ah, would that I could obtain some such time ! As it is, I fear the confusion of a mind, which has to diffuse itself in all directions, may lead

<sup>1</sup> Died on December 15th, 1184.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Consecrated on August 10th, 1180.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Chaps. xiii.—xiv. form Fragment II of Hinton. Date uncertain.

<sup>4</sup> Guiscard (or Guichard) III of Beaujeu entered the Abbey of Cluny and died there in 1137. His son, Humbert II, succeeded him, and was followed in 1174 by his son, Humbert III (*L'Art de vérifier les dates*, second series, x. 505–7). He is believed to be the " Guischart de Beaulieu " whose " sermun " is preserved in Harleian MS. 4388 ; independent evidence would thus be forthcoming of the statement in the text, that he was a writer of French verse (Wright, *Biographia Britannia*, ii. 131–4 ; *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, xxiii. (1856), 250–1). The poem was printed at Paris, from a Paris MS., in 1834 by A. Jubinal.—L.

me into solecisms. This Gischarde, when he had become a Cluniac monk, regained by armed force for his son Imbert the whole of his land, which that son had lost through the strength of his enemies and his own want of strength : but the Abbot and monks could hardly be prevailed upon to permit him to fight. He then returned to Cluny, remained faithful to his vow, and closed his life with a happy ending.

#### XIV. ALSO OF ANOTHER MONK OF CLUNY.<sup>1</sup>

But to each man his lot : far more deplorable was that of another noble and eloquent man who, like Gischarde, had become a monk of that house, and was recalled to active service by a like emergency. He suffered repeated reverses in battle with magnificent and unbroken spirit, rose again from defeat as if newborn to the fight ; kindled as it were with quickened rage, he flew ever swifter on the foe ; whether they stood their ground or took to flight, he stuck to them—unwearied—like glue, and when they hoped to overwhelm him by numbers, they learned that it was only might and not mass that could beat him. At length, goaded to rage, they greatly increased their force, and surprised him in a narrow place between two cliffs, where they held him almost a prisoner. No hope, no rescue seemed possible for the cooped-up band thus caught ; and the enemy, secure of victory, were all the slower to strike. But the old man, thus surrounded by enemies, suddenly, like a whirlwind in the dust, or a raging storm, scattered his foes, and confounded them with such a display of valour that they saw no safety but in flight. Still untired, he hung upon their rear, with a band, scanty compared with theirs ; while numberless soldiers on their side, attempting to rescue their lords from him, fell a prey to a single monk. One special enemy of his, however, who had escaped, hurried by a circuitous route and got before him, and so went on unperceived among his company, casting backward glances ever at the monk and caring nothing for his own life if he might but end his enemy's. The monk, wellnigh exhausted by the heat of the fight and of the sun, called a lad to him, and entered a vineyard, where he put off his armour and, so soon as the troops had gone by, bared himself half naked to the breeze under

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this story is given below in Dist. iv., c. 7 (p. 185).

the trellis of a tall vine. At this the traitor left his comrades and their route, stopped, and then stealing softly upon him, pierced the monk with a deathly weapon and so fled. The other, feeling himself near to death, confessed his sins to the lad, his only companion, and prayed that a penance might be enjoined upon him. The lad swore that as a layman he was ignorant of such things. The monk, quick as he was in every contingency, and most profoundly penitent, said: "Enjoin me by the mercy of God, my dear son, that in the name of Jesus Christ my soul abide in hell doing penance until the day of judgement, that thus the Lord may have mercy on me, and I may not with the wicked behold the face of indignation and wrath." Then the lad said, with tears: "Lord, I enjoin upon you for a penance that which your lips have here uttered before the Lord." And he, consenting with words and looks, received it, and so died. Here let there be recalled to mind the words of that mercy which says: "In whatsoever hour the sinner shall lament, he shall be saved." How this man could lament, and did not, or whether he left undone any of the accessories, we may discuss among ourselves; and may the Lord have mercy on his soul.

#### XV. OF THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM BY SALADIN.<sup>1</sup>

Just as we know that the years of remission, or jubilee years, are named from the jubilee, as being years of forgiveness and grace, of safety and peace, of exultation and pardon, of praise and joy, so the year of the Lord's incarnation one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven must be called by us a nubilous year—from *nubilum* [a cloud]—alike for the cloudiness of the weather and for the gloom of misfortune: a year of fears and fights, of mourning and heaviness, of blasphemy and sadness: fouled by continuous wintry floods<sup>2</sup> from the middle of March to Septuagesima,<sup>2</sup> floods which deprived us of harvest, drowned the fruit, and brought foul and noxious or useless plants to the birth, dealing equal havoc among beasts and men. And whereas Neptune always or usually compensates by his abundant yield for the defects of Cybele, (this year) the sea shut up his bowels of mercy from the land and refused his sister his wonted payment. Moreover the Lord, as if He had

<sup>1</sup> Chap. xv. is Fragment III. Date, 1187.      <sup>2</sup> Corrupt.

forgotten to be gracious, in addition to the misery of the foul weather and great barrenness of sea, earth and air, let loose out of hell the spirit of discord, permitting him, whom by the cross of his humanity He had bound, to riot all over the world and mock at Christendom to the full of his wicked will. "The measure of the iniquity of Moab is not yet full," saith the Lord: and He put off destroying her till it should be full. Yet our folly must seem so fulfilled, so heaped up, that the punishment of iniquity will fall not on us and ours only, but one may almost suppose that the Lord Jesus, the conqueror of Satan, is allowing his vengeance to touch even Himself. For in this same year of calamity they tell us that Jerusalem, the holy city,<sup>1</sup> has been taken and led captive by Saladin, the lord of the paynims, and is laid waste by a fiercer plague than that which Jeremiah bewailed in the Lamentations, where he says with tears, "Her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted." No priests now sigh in her, no virgins are afflicted, because they are not. Titus destroyed this same people down to a small remnant when (though he knew it not), he avenged the wrongs of the Lord; but Saladin, who knew not the Lord, has wholly annihilated them and absolutely blotted out every Christian there. The sepulchre and cross of the Lord are the prey of dogs whose hunger has been so glutted and sated with the blood of martyrs that they have admitted many persons to ransom, not so much because they desired the money or lacked the evil will to slay, as because their fury was slackened and worn out. There was no want of necks stretched out; rather there were no swords left to smite them. Not that those who were ransomed gained their freedom; no, they were handed over to soldiers in lieu of pay, and became at once their wages and their wares. Many as are the cries of woe, the plagues, disasters and death which prophets have pronounced against this bitterly afflicted city, this time it seems as if the Lord had fulfilled their oracles to the uttermost. Often has He delivered her, and in every onset of His fury He has not forgotten to be gracious to her: but now, when no seed, no remnant, no relic, is left, what deliverance, what expectation, what hope of mercy can there be? There is, assuredly, the Lord Jesus: though no man can see whence or how help can come to a place which

<sup>1</sup> Taken by Saladin on October 2nd, 1187.— L.

is utterly destroyed. He, the same who was hearing to deafness, sight to blindness, life to the corrupted body, has taught us, by many impossible things, that we must never lose hope. Long ago the Lord, who loved him, became as it were an enemy to His servant David : it was because of the numbering of the people which he had undertaken, as if refusing to God the due praise for his victories and ascribing the issue of his battles to himself and his host : and by a destroying angel God slew seventy thousand men. That was a chastisement, not a vengeance ; it humbled his pride : it did not give victory to an enemy, increase a rival's renown, stir up the people's hatred ; it did not wound his honour, or inflict shame upon him : it did not take away the remnant. It was kept within limits, it corrected the king, and spared a part of the people for a seed. In it the father was evident, not the enemy : the rod, not the sword. There there was no laying waste of property or transference of ownership : the kingdom was not removed, the ark abode in its place, the service continued, the remnant were safe. They numbered their dead, bewailed them and buried them ; and they rejoiced at the blessed ending of the calamity.

But what end can there be to the present infinite misery, now that those whose bonds the Lord has allowed to be loosed, these shameless and uncontrolled devils, have by the hands of their ministers either seized or destroyed all that is comely, all that is good, all that is God's, and have set up all that is shameful, all that is wicked, all that is their own : have, in short, established there in Jerusalem a peace of most enduring continuance, on condition that their will be done on earth, as it is in Hell. Israel of old was chastised, not slain : in our day they are slain, not chastised. Of many, very many, the feet are gone, the treadings have slipped, because they do not reflect that not hence, not here, is our Jerusalem. With us, however, let it not be so ; let us who seek for a Jerusalem that shall be, make more speed hence to it, the more evidently we see the cheapness of this world, and the more it wears us away : and let our hope for the future things be better, and freer from care of earth. The horse, the ox, the camel, the ass—every beast that has any spirit—strives with all its might to be drawn out of the mire or to leap out of a ditch. We men are apt to remain stuck in the mud. It is a wholesome thing to guide ourselves by the

reason of unreasoning creatures, to which nature dictates a better rule of life than our own wisdom can devise. Wild creatures *have* wisdom: really wild creatures, the stag, the boar, the hind, the roe, have fixed rules and a fixed time for feeding, for coupling, for sleep and waking, and do not transgress the limits set for them: they never slacken in their vigilance against enemies, they plant their footsteps most carefully right up to their lairs (since it is thence that they are tracked), as if they were rational creatures. Indeed, if they had the craft of Cato and of the whole senate, they could be no more wary than they are in their flight. If left at liberty, they attain a great age: their only food is leaves and grass, prepared by nature, not refined by art: their drink is water, which is not enhanced by rarity nor depreciated by its abundance. And so the life of the wild beast runs on in an unchangeable course.

On the other hand, such domesticated creatures as dwell with us, as for example horses, bulls, poultry, and pigeons, though, as if they had contracted evil habits from our company, they live less naturally, still keep to the dictates of nature in respect of their days and nights; and although they do often exceed in their love affairs and in their greed for the food we use, and lust after things they should not, yet we far exceed their excesses; so, though the brutes preach to us the virtue of temperance, and though there is nothing set before our eyes in which the Lord does not show forth some kind of instruction, yet we, whilst we grow inured to what He forbids, even if we avoid great faults, are overwhelmed by the sand, as Gregory says, and the accumulation of small faults passes into the habit of grave ones. We whom precious wisdom ceases not to teach, crying continually in the streets, still wander uncertain and unregulated in our acts, run counter to our own health both of soul and body, and are borne into unwisdom, wise according to the good pleasure of the flesh, which alone is less bearable than a rich woman,<sup>1</sup> approving the useless, disapproving the useful; with her accomplices, the devil and the world, she has made such fools of us, that we neither keep the precepts of Christ for the next life nor the aphorisms of Hippocrates for this; all the prescribed bounds of health we neglect and overleap; and as we hardly ever

<sup>1</sup> Juvenal, *Sat.*, vi. 460.

do anything at its proper season, an exception might well have been made in our case by him who says, "For everything under the sun there is a season and a time."

Three dead persons we know were raised by the Lord : within the house, without the house, in the tomb. Hildebert, bishop of Le Mans,<sup>1</sup> shows the meaning of this in a short distich, thus :

"The corpse within the house, the evil mind : the corpse outside, the evil act ;

The tomb, the evil habit : the girl, the youth, Lazarus, signify these three things."<sup>2</sup>

A few prayers uttered by two women were enough to move the Lord to raise a man four days dead : but so many thousands of men and women, whether they belong to an old order or a new, whom do they avail to raise ? What do we gain by all their assiduity in alms, in fasts, in prayers ?—with which, sitting at Christ's feet with Mary, as they say, they do not cease to entreat Him ? Yet perhaps, in their anxiety to fulfil all righteousness they are cumbered, like Martha, about much serving, in their entertaining of Christ, lest anything should be lacking while she waited single-handed, and they seek that one thing needful with less zeal than is needful for us. So then while they are careful about many things, we, each one by himself, as Paul says, shall be able through the grace of God to be raised up at our own entreaty, trusting in Him and not in men, and we shall be delivered from the evil man by the good man, even Christ.

#### XVI. OF THE ORIGIN OF THE CARTHUSIANS.<sup>3</sup>

The bishop of Grenoble had seen in a dream seven suns meeting from various directions at the mountain called the Chartreuse in the valley of Grésivaudan,<sup>4</sup> and abiding there. He pondered much upon this, and on the morrow, when he was still seeking a solution and not finding it, behold there arrived six clerics—

<sup>1</sup> Born in 1057 ; bishop of Le Mans, 1097-1125 ; archbishop of Tours 1125-1134.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Hildebert, ed. Beaugendre, p. 1227.

<sup>3</sup> Chaps. xvi.-xxxii. are Fragment IV. Latest possible date, 1186-7.

<sup>4</sup> Grésivaudan is the part of the Isère Valley above Grenoble. Here stands La Grande Chartreuse, parent of all Carthusian houses.—L.



distinguished men—and a seventh with them who was their leader, Bruno: and these earnestly besought the bishop for leave to found an oratory at that very spot. The bishop rejoiced at seeing this happy issue of his vision, and proceeded to build at his own expense cells and a church, according to their own specification; and settled them there with his blessing. The mountain in question is a very high one: in its summit is a deep and spacious valley, which, though barren and uncultivated, abounds in springs of water. The brethren have thirteen cells, one for the prior, and a single brother in each of the others. The prior gives out their bread for the week on the Saturday, and beans and cabbage at the same time: on three days in the week they are content with bread and water only. They eat no meat, even when ill: fish they neither buy nor eat unless they have enough given to them to divide among their whole number: they always wear the hair-shirt and girdle, and are always engaged in prayer or reading. None but the prior is permitted to have both feet outside his cell at the same time: the prior is allowed to do this in order that he may visit the brethren. On feast-days they assemble in the church; they do not hear mass every day, but only at stated times. These monks do not plot against their neighbours, nor gossip, nor defraud. No woman may approach them, nor may they go out to receive a woman.

At the request of a certain magnate in the diocese of St. Jean de Maurienne, the Chartreuse has engendered another house after its own likeness: but this, impelled by covetousness, has followed the devil. It is famed for the pleasantness and fertility of its pastures; it has greedily got together property from every possible quarter; its charity is changed to burning avarice and, fertile in evil purpose, it has not been slack to satisfy its itching. It has overstepped its neighbours' bounds. It watches to scrape together something from every side, makes gain at all costs<sup>1</sup> by force or fraud; the capacity of its belly has been its only limit, and it has enlarged its income. Often has the prior of the Chartreuse corrected it and subsequently chastised it severely, but it has not desisted: it has waxed fat and kicked, and now has broken away and adopted a mother like to itself in the shape of the house

<sup>1</sup> Hor., *Ep.*, i. 1, 66.

of Citeaux.<sup>1</sup> She has opened to it the bowels of a most covetous charity, and adopted it as her own daughter, to the prejudice of the former mother, and still keeps it with a strong hand.

#### XVII. OF THE ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF GRANDMONT.

The order of Grandmont<sup>2</sup> (from Grandmont in Burgundy) take their beginning from Stephen, who prescribed to them that they might own just so much and no more than they received for an habitation in the first instance. They might diminish the limits, but never exceed them. There they were to remain shut up. Their director was to be a priest, and under no dispensation might he ever go outside the precinct. None of them might go out alone : they might not have any outside property ; and, inside, no creature except bees, which do no harm to neighbours. They live on what is given to them in charity, or what they can prepare within doors. When all their provisions are exhausted they fast entirely for one day and then send two of their number to the nearest high road, there to address the first passer-by with the words "The brethren are an hungered." If the Lord hearkens to them by this means of help, they refresh ; if not, they fast for that day also, and on the morrow apply to their bishop. If he does not help them, they cry to the Lord who forgetteth not to be gracious. The lay brothers manage all external business, the clerics within sit in Mary's place, freed from all cares of the world. This provision has given rise to a formidable disagreement, on which the lord Pope has been approached. The clerics were anxious to have the first place alike in internal and external business ; the lay brothers wished the statutes of Stephen to remain unaltered ; and the question is still undecided [*adhuc sub judice lis est*],<sup>3</sup> for as yet the purse has not earned a verdict.

<sup>1</sup> Janauschek (*Origines Cisterciensium*, Vienna, 1877) shows no Cistercian house in the diocese of St. Jean de Maurienne.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Founded by Stephen, a noble of Auvergne, in 1076. Its first home was at Muret, near Ambazac (Haute Vienne), but a removal soon took place to Grandmont, in the same district.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Hor. *Ar. Poet.*, 78.

## XVIII. OF THE ORIGIN OF THE TEMPLARS.

There was a certain knight called Paganus,<sup>1</sup> after a village of Burgundy of the same name, who went on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There he was told that at the horse-pool not far outside the city the pagans were in the habit of attacking the Christians who went there for water, and that the latter were often slain by the liars in wait. This excited his pity: in his zeal for righteousness he tried, so far as he had opportunity, to defend them, and often darting out from his concealment at the nick of time to help them, he slew many of the enemy. The Saracens were amazed, and encamped on the spot in such numbers that no one could dream of facing them, so that the reservoir had to be abandoned. But Paganus, who was no coward and was not easily beaten, thought out and procured a means of help for God and for himself.<sup>2</sup> He obtained somehow from the Regular Canons of the Temple that a large hall within the precincts of the Temple of the Lord should be assigned to him, and there, sufficing himself with humble attire and spare diet, he devoted all his expenditure to arming and horsing a band of companions. By persuasion, prayer and every means in his power, he induced all such pilgrims as were men of arms either to surrender themselves for life to the service of the Lord in that place or at least to devote themselves thereto for a time. He assigns to himself and his fellow-knights according to their rank and office the sign of the cross or the fashion of the shield by way of clear distinction. He prescribes chastity and sobriety to his order.

During these early stages it happened that one of the Christians, a knight of the highest repute, and well known to the paynims, who bore him a grudge for the deaths of many of their kinsmen and friends, was taken captive by them. They led him to the stake. Their nobles flocked to the spot to shoot him: many of them indeed had purchased from their king the privilege of shooting

<sup>1</sup> Hugh de Payns was of Payns on the Seine, a little below Troyes (Aube). The rule of the order of Templars, drawn up by St. Bernard in 1128, was approved by Honorius II.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Bradley would read *deditoribus* for *de Deo sibique*, and render: "zealously set to work to devise help for those who had surrendered the reservoir."

an arrow at him for a talent apiece, in order to avenge the blood of their kindred, which he had shed. The king was present, and, desiring to make terms with the knight if he would deny his faith, plied him with persuasions at every fresh wound, and strove by all means to entice him: but finding that he held out with the greatest constancy, he did not lose hope, but ordered him to be loosed, respited and cared for. After repeated struggles and long efforts to attain his object he had to lament his failure. But since the Lord for whom this knight suffered gave him favour in the king's eyes, the latter, anxious to free him from the fear of so cruel a vengeance, propounded to him the name of a paynim youth whom the Christians held captive, and promised to exchange the one for the other, demanding at the same time his master (keeper) as the hostage for his return. On these conditions the knight went to Jerusalem and told his sovereign how he had fared. The king, clergy and people offered a solemn thanksgiving to God for the recovery of so powerful a champion. But the youth had died, and the knight, learning this, prepared to return (to the Saracens) on the day appointed. The king and the whole of his subjects unanimously forbade this: they had him absolved by the patriarch and forcibly detained, promising without stint masses, alms, and all that is necessary for the expiation of a broken vow. But though, according to all appearance, God might have been satisfied by such means, the knight was not, and went on preparing for his promised return. When his friends became aware of this, they took counsel, and committed him to a secure yet honourable confinement till the day of return should be over, so that, the promise once broken, he might not seem to be bound any more to keep it. He bore with them, hoping for a chance of escape, or for some permission to depart, until he saw the day imminent. Then in despair he had recourse to a lie, and faithfully promised that he would remain if they would keep their promises to him. He emerged therefore free, amid the praises and rejoicings of all: but on the following night he set forth, making all the haste he could lest the master, whom he loved, should be prejudiced. And becoming for the moment a unique and outstanding object of fear he was waited for by his own king and sought for by those who would revenge themselves on him.

The *Saracen* king—now derided behind his back, as princes will be when they make mistakes—himself began to throw the blame on the hostage : but at the twilight, alike of the day and of his hopes, he received him whom he looked not for, on foot, like a runaway, and worn out by the haste he had made. Hardly could he speak, but when he did, and craved pardon for putting off the fulfilment of his promise, all were filled with wonder and sympathy, and the king himself, appeased by the good faith of his prisoner, through the grace of Christ let him go free.

#### XIX. A WONDER.

About that same time a cleric was being shot with arrows by Saracens to make him deny his faith. One who had already abjured was present, and kept taunting him with his folly in believing, and at every stroke kept saying, "How do you like that?" To which the other made no answer. At last seeing him still constant, he smote off his head with a single blow, and the words, "How do you like *that*?" The severed head, speaking with its own lips, at once replied, "I like it very well."

These and others like them were the experiences of the first Templars, when they held God dear and the world cheap. But as soon as that dearness grew cheap and wealth grew strong, we began to hear quite other stories, which we shall add as well. Yet let due place be given to their beginnings, in the days of their early poverty.

#### XX. ANOTHER WONDER.

A knight named Hameric,<sup>1</sup> of great wealth and small renown, was on his way to the knightly exercise that is called a tournament : and as he journeyed through a deep forest he heard a far-off bell

<sup>1</sup> A legend preserved in several of the edifying collections in the Middle Ages, among others in the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus à Voragine (cap. cxxxi. 2, p. 590 of Graesse's recension). Cf. Caxton's version, v. 105, ed. F. S. Ellis, Dent (Temple Classics). It is also given in Wolf's *Niederländische Sagen* (No. 42, p. 54) from some old Dutch Chronicles. The version in the text is probably the oldest committed to writing.

The Welsh reader will be reminded of the Fables of Cattwg the Wise, preserved in the *Iolo MSS.* There it is told of Tanwyn the son of Talhaiarn that his father in sending him out into the world gave him three precepts, of which the third was : "Pass not by the place where there is a wise and pious

ringing for the morning mass, and, though his fellows dissuaded him and disliked it, he hurried off to hear mass, leaving his squires and arms with the company. He found the hermits, and after mass hastened to rejoin his companions, hoping to catch them up within two or three miles; but lost his way, wandered all day, and returned quite late to the mass-place. The same thing happened on the morrow. On the third day, guided by a hermit, he found his friends on their way back, and they congratulated him most joyfully. He was surprised at the unusual respect shown him, and feared it could not be genuine. So, calling aside an intimate

man teaching and declaring God's word and commandment, without stopping to listen to him." Tanwyn is taken into the service of a nobleman, who becomes envious of his reputation, and first suborns perjury, accusing him of treachery and dishonesty. These schemes being unsuccessful, the nobleman determines to put him to death. So he sends him to some limeburners at work on a portion of his estate, having previously instructed them that the next day when he came they should throw him into the kiln and burn him to death. Tanwyn, however, in going on the message hears in a house near the road a wise and pious man preaching the word of God, turns in to listen to him and remains there sometime. Meanwhile the nobleman, grown impatient, goes to the kiln to see how it befell. The limeburners who were there were strange and did not recognize him, but having received orders from those who employed them, they seized him, threw him into the kiln and burnt him to ashes. In a variant the hero of the story is Howel, son of Cwtta Kyvarwydd of Glamorgan (*Iolo MSS.* pp. 166, 170, 577, 580).

In this form it is even more widely spread than in the form in our text. The hero of a Georgian tale enters the service of a king, his father having previously given him two pieces of advice: not to be the accomplice of adultery in his lord's house; and when he hears the bell to go to service in spite of the most pressing business, and not to go out until the holy office is finished. The king's wife invites him to adultery and, enraged because he does not yield, denounces him to her husband, who orders the executioner to decapitate the first messenger he shall send to him and give the head to the second. He then sends the hero to the executioner to ask where he has put what he was ordered to bring. But as the youth goes he hears the bell and, recalling his father's admonition, he turns aside to the church and does not continue his way until the end of the ceremony. Meanwhile the king sends his second messenger (who had really been guilty of adultery with the king's wife); and as he was the first to arrive the executioner cuts off his head, and gives it to the hero, when he comes a little later, for conveyance to the king (Mourier, *Contes et Légendes du Caucase*, No. 7, p. 19). A similar story is found in Bulgaria (Schischmanoff, *Légendes Religieuses Bulgares*, No. 46, p. 97). In the life of St. Elizabeth, wife of Dom Diniz, King of Portugal, the king, being jealous of the queen's page, sends him on a message to a limeburner, whom he had instructed to throw into the kiln the first messenger he sends. But the pious page, passing a church at the hour of service, turns in to hear mass. The result is that the second messenger, whom the king sent to inquire whether his orders had been carried out, and who was the courtier

friend, he asked how they had fared at the tournament. "We did very well," he answered, "thanks to your skill, but the other side ill; however, they came back to us to-day to see you because they so much admired what you had done; only, yesterday when we went back to our inn, nobody could give us any sure news of you, and your squires said that as soon as you had given them back your arms, you and your horse vanished out of their sight. But if you care to hear what they are saying of you as they go, let us put down our visors and listen." So from those who rode beside them they heard, from every one, the praises of Hameric, and the highest eulogies of him who had been previously taxed with want of courage. He himself was amazed, unconscious as he was of having earned

who had advised the king, arrived first and was put to death in the page's stead (Bérenger-Féraud, *Superstitions et Survivances*, ii., 264; Comte de Puymaigre, *Les Vieux Auteurs Castellans*, ii., 84). Fulgentius, the hero of a story in the *Gesta Romanorum* (Oesterley, *Gesta*, 688; Herrtage, *Eng. Gesta*, 322), referred to later, p. 138, on the tale of Parius and Lausus, saves his life in the same way by his piety. The tale was well known in the Peninsula, and got into, among other collections, the Portuguese *Libro de los Exemplos* (Puymaigre, *Ibid.*, 111 note). It has been traced by M. Emanuel Cosquin from India and China (*La Légende du page de Sainte Elisabeth de Portugal et les nouveaux documents orientaux*, in *Revue des Questions Historiques*, October, 1912). See also further below on the Letter of Death, p. 239.

The hero's delay on his message in order to attend divine service is found only in Christian variants. But the tale of his escape from death by means of delay or of some similar accident is spread over the East from Siam to Zanzibar. It is found in the History of the Seven Viziers, a modern version of the great collection of tales ultimately from India and known under various names, very frequently as The Seven Sages (Wright, *The Seven Sages*, xxxviii.). In the Swaheli story he escapes by complying with a word of advice which he has bought from a stranger (Büttner, *Lieder und Geschichten der Suaheli*, 100). Elsewhere the accident of his escape is apparently attributed directly to God, though in most of the Christian variants of this type to the Virgin Mary (Dawkins, *Modern Greek in Asia Minor*, 529; Clouston, *A Group of Eastern Romances*, 425, a story translated from the Persian by Rehatsek). Other variants are contaminated with the Letter of Death theme (e.g. Abbott, *Macedonian F.L.*, 129, where the hero's adopted mother's advice not to drink water when tired detains him with the Letter of Death at a fountain until he has rested, which gives a supernatural being time to read the letter and change its purport). (For the Letter of Death, see below Dist. v., c. 4, p. 238 sqq.). On the story of Hameric see further below, the story of Parius and Lausus, Dist. iii., c. 3, p. 138.

It has been suggested by Prof. Cyril Brett that the story of Hameric is related to that of The Grateful Dead. There are points of likeness, but the latter story starts from a different motive, and is brought to a different conclusion. See Gerould, *The Grateful Dead* (Folklore Society, London, 1908).—H.

praise, and in the end with difficulty realized that the Lord had supplied him with a substitute, lest his fellows should have cause to be glad that they had despised the mass, or he to be sorry that he had not ; and he offered himself, with all that he had, to God and to the house of the Templars, and, as it is said, strengthened them mightily.

Later on, kings and princes came to think that the object of the Order was good and its way of life honourable, and by the help of popes and patriarchs honoured them as the defenders of Christendom and loaded them with immense wealth. Now they can do what they will, and attain whatever they aim at. Nowhere save at Jerusalem are they in poverty ; there they take the sword to protect Christendom, which Peter was forbidden to take to defend Christ. There Peter was taught to ensue peace by patience : who taught these to overcome force by violence I know not. They take the sword and perish by the sword. But, say they, all laws and all codes permit the repelling of force by force. Yet He renounced that law Who, when Peter struck a blow, would not call out the legions of angels. It does seem as if these had not chosen the better part, when we see that under their protection our boundaries in those parts are always being narrowed, and those of our enemies enlarged. It was by the word of the Lord and not the edge of the sword that the Apostles conquered Damascus, Alexandria, and a great part of the world, which the sword has lost. David, when he went out to meet Goliath, said : " Thou comest to me with weapons, and I come to thee in the name of the Lord, that all the assembly may know that the Lord saveth not by the sword."

No sane person doubts that the foundations of orders have always flowed from the fountain-head in a good course, while humility walked with them ; but whereas every greedy man drives her away, he loses the mistress of all virtues and calls up out of the pit of vices covetous pride. Many have tried, in concert, to get rid of the poverty of their order, and when that is driven off, humility flees too. Then comes that prince, proud in riches, whom Jesus, humble in poverty, cast out, Jesus who came not to Elias in the wind that rent the rocks, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the murmur of the light breeze, for which Elias, putting



aside all the aforesaid, waited and sought with all his longing : these things went before, but the Lord was not in them : the breeze followed after, in it was the Lord. For us, in our orders, the breeze comes first, in it is the Lord ; the Templars follow after (about whom I began this discourse) in whom the Lord is not. Since, owing to their services, they are held dear by prelates and kings, and are high in honour, they take good care that the means of their exaltation shall not be wanting. If all the ends of the world remember themselves and are turned unto the Lord, as the prophet says, what will these do ? If peace comes, what is to become of the sword ? Once on a time they are said to have obviated peace in this way.

#### XXI. OF THE SON OF THE SULTAN OF BABYLON.

No very long time ago Nassaradin,<sup>1</sup> son of Abec, soldan of Babylon, was captured and imprisoned by the knights of the Temple of the Lord : he was a heathen, but otherwise a man most distinguished by race, prowess, letters, and nobility of soul. While he was yet free and at home he held much discussion about our faith and their errors, and perceiving that his own religion had no stability or faith, he would have joined that of Christendom had not his reverence for his noble kindred barred his way. Now when this became known, by his telling, to those who held him prisoner, they not only did not believe it, but even turned a deaf ear to him when he asked to be baptized. Nassaradin undertook to gain for them his native city of Babylon by his own strength and strategy, if only they would allow him to be baptized, but they persisted in their hardness, and cared nothing for the loss of his soul, only opening their ears to other matters. News of this was conveyed to them of Babylon, and they, realizing that he who had promised to surrender their city was one of their own bravest, were the more afraid, in proportion as they hated one who was hostile to their law. They took counsel and agreed that he, who was, so to say, in the market, should be bought by them,

<sup>1</sup> This narrative is to be found in the history of William of Tyre, xviii. 9, but Map has substituted Babylon for Egypt.—L.

never minding the price. They sent ambassadors, fixed a price, and with honest guile paid over the talents in a gilt cup for the ware they prized so much, and, in fear of the unconquered might of the man, arranged to receive him bound. Throughout the streets of the city he proclaimed himself a Christian, and in answer to their fierce chidings and blows feared not to utter the words of his salvation. He was brought to Babylon; the citizens meeting him with haste and joy loosed his bonds, honouring him as the father, lord, defender of their country: when they reached the centre of the city, the rest of the inhabitants were called together by the voice of a herald. Universal praise was lifted to heaven: saved from the hands of the Christians, they could not deny thanks to their God: deprived as they were of a leader, they hoped to place Nassaradin at their head for defence. He would not suffer himself to be diverted by flattery or fear, but called upon the Father, confessed Christ, and turned the whole city to consternation. The foremost citizens, leaving the crowd, were amazed and silent. Great was the dispute with which they searched for an issue of debate on either hand. Some of those there were for making away with him forthwith, others, in reverence for his noble person, thought he should be kept: he was mad for the time, but would come to his senses sooner or later. Neighbouring rulers were called in: when informed of the facts, they differed in opinion. Those in particular who hoped that, were he out of the way, they would be chosen to defend and rule the city, said that the sacrilegious apostate should be crucified. Those on the other hand who cared for the safety and preservation of the city thought it wiser that his fellow-citizens and kinsfolk should entreat him to lay by his aversion and worship his father's gods out of pity for his mother-town and out of affection for his noble race. Every means to this was employed, but no entreaties or tears could obtain the boon. He was led therefore to the stake, and bound to it, and, like those noble martyrs, King Edmund and blessed Sebastian, was shot with arrows and sent to Christ. In what fashion this man was born again of water and of the Holy Spirit is plain enough. Blood is a liquid, and all liquid comes of water.

## XXII. OF THE OLD MAN THE ASSASSIN.

It also happened that a man of the greatest power called the Old Man the Assassin <sup>1</sup> (*Axasessis quasi qui sub axe consessis imperat, lit*: he who rules over those who sit under the pole), who was the fountain-head of the cult and faith of the paynims, applied to the patriarch of Jerusalem for a copy of the Gospels: an interpreter of them was sent him as well. The interpreter was received, and the Gospel welcomed with emotion, and one of their own men, both good and eminent, was sent to bring back from the patriarch priests and deacons from whom they could receive baptism and the sacraments of the faith in completeness. For this man the Templars of the city set an ambush by the way (it is said) and killed him: lest the belief of the infidels should be done away and peace and union reign. For the Assassins, they say, are the prime masters of the infidelity and unbelief of the paynim. The Old Man learned of the guile, and reined in, under the devil's bit, the beginnings of his devotion, and the Lord abstained from accomplishing what He seemed to have undertaken. The Patriarch might deplore it, and the King: neither could avenge it. Not the Patriarch, because Rome bringeth up the captivity of the purse out of all places: nor the King, for their little finger is greater than he.

Jocelin, bishop of Sarum,<sup>2</sup> made this answer to his son, Reginald of Bath, who had been elected by violence to the see, but was refused consecration by Canterbury, and was complaining: "Fool, be off quick to the Pope, bold, without a flinch. Give him a good smack with a heavy purse, and he will tumble which way you like." He went: one smote; the other tumbled. Down fell the Pope, up rose the bishop, and straightway wrote a lie to God at the head of every one of his briefs; for where there should have stood "by the grace of the Purse," he said "by the grace of God." "Whatsoever he would, that did he."

But yet may our lady and mother Rome be a stick in the water

<sup>1</sup> This narrative is to be found in the history of William of Tyre, xx. 31, 32.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Jocelin de Bohun was bishop of Salisbury from 1141 to 1184. His son, Reginald Fitz Jocelin, was consecrated bishop of Bath on June 23rd, 1174, by Archbishop Richard of Canterbury and Archbishop Peter of Tarentaise at St. Jean de Maurienne. Reginald was then on his way back from his successful visit to Rome.—L.

that seems broken, and may we not have to believe what we see ! Perhaps many lie when they tell those stories about the lords Templars : let us ask them themselves and believe what we hear. How they behave at Jerusalem I do not know : here with us they live harmlessly enough.

### XXIII. OF THE RISE OF THE HOSPITALLERS.

The Hospitallers <sup>1</sup> had a good beginning to their religion, the aim of succouring the poverty of pilgrims. They entered on their work modestly : their home appeared to be the peculiar abode of charity : they took in guests willingly and, in accordance with the teaching of the Lord's disciples, compelled passers-by to come in to the hospice : long were they faithful to their trust ; not trenching on the purse of their guests, they entertained them liberally from their own resources : the sick wanted for nothing that any care could procure them, and on their recovery their money was restored to them in full. On this good report of them many men and women bestowed their patrimonies on the Order, and a large number gave themselves up to wait on the weak and sick in their house.

One nobleman, who, wont to be ministered to, had come to minister, was washing the feet of a patient afflicted with foul sores : sickened at their loathsomeness, he suddenly drank up the very water in which he had washed them, in order to accustom his stomach to what disgusted it.

These Hospitallers once perceived the Lord in the gentle breeze : but as, by their gains, covetousness, the perverse stepmother of virtues, grew upon them, to them came the wind breaking the rocks, the earthquake and the fire. In the strength of that fire they betook themselves to the lord Pope and the holy senate of the court of Rome, and returned privileged with many injustices against the Lord and against His anointed ones. At the Lateran Council <sup>2</sup> assembled under Pope Alexander III, the whole multitude

<sup>1</sup> The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem organized themselves on the model of the Knights Templars and received papal sanction in 1113.—L.

<sup>2</sup> This was the Third Lateran Council, which opened on March 17th, 1179. Walter Map was present as one of the three envoys of the King of England (*Pipe Roll*, 24 Henry II, Hants). Among the decrees was one which aimed at bringing the Templars and the Hospitallers under episcopal authority.—L.

of bishops, whom that Pope had brought together, with the abbots and clergy, hardly managed to obtain, in presence of the Order, some slight satisfaction as against their privileges. While we were there they held their peace, but as soon as the Council broke up my lady Purse opened her wrinkled mouth—she, “though she be not love, yet masters all things at Rome”<sup>1</sup>—and again we became a prey unto them, for their privileges were confirmed more strongly than ever.

I will not say the purses, but the habits, I will not say the persons, but the wills, of regulars, prevail against the habit and the will of us secular clergy. They increase ever, and we decrease. The livelihood of the altar, given us at first by God, was afterwards continued to us by the patriarchs. We do not succeed to our father’s heritage. We may not trade, we can beg. Yet this modesty forbids, reverence avoids: one’s blushes deny it to one’s will. What support, then, is there for us, and whence? The regulars possess almost all altars: one altar apiece hardly suffices clerics, and there are many more clerics than altars. Whereas the monastery is really the clergy’s prison, and the good Jerome says, “The axe is laid at the root of me, if I bring not my gift to the altar,”<sup>2</sup> they have changed the bargain and got hold of means whereby we live, and we have to pay tribute to them out of our livelihood. And now the monastery is the monks’ prison, where clerics may be held at the monks’ pleasure unless they pay tribute to the altar. Many are the arts by which they supplant and keep us out of the churches. When knights who own rights of patronage are in need and seek for assistance from the resources of the Templars or Hospitallers, they answer: “We have, it is true, the means of relieving you, but we are not allowed to give any part of the funds of the Temple, or of the Hospital, to any but brethren. Yet if you will enter the brotherhood, and confer some possession on the house of the Lord, you shall be freed.” The poor creatures, eager to be loosed from the bonds which keep them in on every side, and owning nothing which they can part with more easily, they think, than the advowsons of churches, are glad to give them as the price of their freedom. By—let me not say frauds, but—pleasantries of law they evade simony, lest the Lord should note

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Virg. Ecl.*, x. 69.

<sup>2</sup> Hieron., *Ep.*, 14 (*ad Heliod.*).

how their houses are enriched : the sons and nephews of the knights and, what seems harder, many worthy parsons, go without a parsonage to their dying day.

#### XXIV. OF THE ORIGIN OF THE CISTERCIANS.

The Cistercians came forth out of England out of a place named Sherborne,<sup>1</sup> where a large number of monks served in the black habit under a very strict abbot. His hold upon the reins was very tight, too tight for some of them ; and four of these, venturing on flight, sought the shores of France, the mother of all mischief. They roamed over the country, where various followers after pleasure (and in such France is especially rich) joined them : in their wanderings at last they encountered a shortage of victual. Stung with the scourge of want, they debated long what they should do. Return they would not, live without aid they could not. How should they find it ? What was to be done ? Finally they decided to settle in a desert under the garb of the religious life, but their desert was not to be that of Paul or Hilarion in the wastes of Libya, or in the trackless wilds of the Black Mountain ; not in dens and caves of the earth, where there is none but God : no, these who resolve to worship man as God must have the favour, though not the neighbourhood, of men as well as God. So they choose a proper place to abide in, a place not uninhabitable but inhabited, clean, fertile, responsive to tillage, receptive of crops, embowered in woods, bubbling with springs, a very horn of plenty, a place outside the world in the heart of the world, remote from men in the midst of men, as wishing not to know the world yet to be known of it, as she who " flies to the willows, hoping to be seen as she flies." <sup>2</sup> To be short, they obtained from a rich man a valueless and despised plot in the heart of a great wood, by much feigning of innocence and long importunity, putting in God at every other word. The wood was cut down, stubbed up and levelled into a plain, bushes gave place to barley, willows to wheat, withies to vines ; and it may be that in order to give them full

<sup>1</sup> The birthplace and early home of St. Stephen or Harding (d. 1134), one of the founders of the Cistercian order.- L.

<sup>2</sup> Virg. *Ecl.*, iii. 65.

time for these operations, their prayers had to be somewhat shortened.

Mary in old time sat still, as if she cared not for Martha's toil : in these men we might see Mary rising, far more indulgent, to aid the anxieties of Martha. Other orders rise at midnight to give thanks unto the Lord (as did the Psalmist), and after the hour are fatigued and sleep again. These are sterner and stricter with themselves, and have ordained that after the hour they will persist in watching and prayer till day. However, after some time the practice appeared too hard for them, and as it was disgraceful to change their rule, they preferred to change the midnight hour into that before dawn, so that their service might end with the night, and the rule suffer no violation. Others rise before the morning star : these, preferring,

"Now that the daylight fills the sky  
To lift their hearts to God on high,"

when the hours and mass are over go out in a body to work.

The four men of whom I spoke decided upon a rule stricter and harder than that of Blessed Basil or of Benedict. Skins they abjure, and linen, and even hemp, contenting themselves with undyed wool ; and so wide is the chasm that parts them from the black monks that they wear a habit of white, the direct opposite of the others. No monk ever partook of flesh or blood before the days of Charles the Great, who by urgent prayer obtained from Pope Leo the use of fresh meat (*lit.* blood) for the monks north of the Alps, and also leave to use animal oil because, unlike those beyond the Alps, they had no vegetable oil. This indulgence the Cistercians do not accept, but observe the prohibition of the old path in all its strictness, so that they are wholly strange to the use of flesh. Yet they keep pigs to the number of many thousands, and sell the bacon—though perhaps not quite all of it. The heads, legs and feet they neither give away, throw away, nor sell. What becomes of them God knows. In like manner it is a question between them and their Maker what they do with their fowls, of which they have great plenty. They have abjured the ownership of churches, and all manner of unjust acquisitions, living like the apostle by the work of their own hands, to the exclusion of all covetousness. That was for a time. What they may have

purposed, or promised in the bud, I know not : but, whatever the promise was, such a fruit has followed as makes us fear the tree. At that time they were all that was simple and submissive : no greed, no self-interest, they were deaf to no cry of distress, did to none as they would not be done by, rendered to none evil for evil, kept their innocence as pure from ill report as nard from mire. Every one praised their sabbaths and would fain be even as they. Thus they grew to be an exceeding great people, and spread into many establishments ; and the names of these always contain some spice of the divine, as Godscot, Godsdaie (Vaudey), Port Salvation, Scale-heaven, Wondervale, Lantern, Brightvale <sup>1</sup> (Clairvaux). From this last rose Bernard, and began to shine among, or rather above, the rest, like Lucifer among the stars of night. A man of ready eloquence he was, and used to have carts driven round through the towns and castles, in which to carry off his converts to the cloister. Through all the bounds of France was he borne in the spirit, and as for the miracles which were done by his means, why, they were written by Geoffrey of Auxerre : <sup>2</sup> believe ye him.

I was once present at the table of Blessed Thomas [Becket],<sup>3</sup> then archbishop of Canterbury ; next to him were sitting two white abbots (Cistercians) who were telling of many wonders done by that man, I mean Bernard—the occasion being that a letter of Bernard's was being read about the condemnation of Master Peter [Abelard], the Prince of the Nominalists, who went further astray in dialectic, by the way, than he did in theology. The latter was the study of his heart ; in the other he laboured against the grain, and drew many into the same difficulties. Well, a letter was being read

<sup>1</sup> Map cites these names without any great effort at verbal accuracy and, though the Cistercian system of pious nomenclature was, no doubt, a fair mark for the shafts of his satire, " Clara uallis " (Clairvaux) and " Vallis Dei " (Vaudey) alone of his list are to be found in the register of Cistercian houses. See Janauschek, *op. cit.* The rest of his pretty titles were probably suggested by such names as " Lucella " (Lützel in Alsace, 1124), " Scala Dei " (L'Escale Dieu, Tarbes, 1137), " Fons Salutis " (Heilbronn, 1133), " Dulcis Vallis " (Vaux la Douce, Langres, 1168). " Casa Dei," near Auch, and " Lucerna," near Avranches, were not Cistercian houses.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Died about 1180 at the Cistercian Abbey of Hautecombe in Savoy. He was the author of three books of the first life of St. Bernard.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Becket was archbishop of Canterbury from 1162 to 1170, and was canonised in 1173.—L.



of Dom Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, to Pope Eugenius,<sup>1</sup> who had been a monk of his—and no second monk of that Order has followed him in that see. In that letter it was said that Master Peter was as proud as Goliath, and Ernald (Arnold) of Brescia was his standard-bearer, with much more to the same vicious effect. The two abbots seized the occasion to praise Bernard, and extolled him to the stars. So John Planeta,<sup>2</sup> hearing what vexed and pained him said of his good master, remarked: "I saw a miracle at Montpellier which made many men marvel." He was asked to relate it, and said he: "That great man whom you so justly extol had a demoniac, bound, brought to him at Montpellier to be healed, and seated as he was on a great she-ass, he commanded the unclean spirit—the assembled crowd keeping silence—and finally said, 'Loose the man and let him go.' But the madman, on feeling himself freed, began to throw stones at the abbot as hard as he could, chased him through the streets, and even when the people caught him, still kept his eyes on Bernard, though his hands were held." The archbishop was not pleased with the tale, and said threateningly to John: "These are your miracles, are they?" "Well," says John, "those who were present said it was a very memorable miracle, because the madman was gentle and kind to every one, and only vicious to humbugs; and it still seems to me that it was a judgement on presumptuousness."

So also, two white abbots were conversing about Bernard in the presence of Gilbert Foliot, bishop of London, and commending him on the strength of his miracles. After relating a number of them, one of the abbots said: "Though these stories of Bernard are true, I did myself see that on occasion the grace of miracles failed him. There was a Marquis of Burgundy who asked him to come and heal his son. We went, and found the son dead. Dom Bernard ordered the body to be carried into a private room, turned every one out, threw himself upon the boy, prayed, and got up again: but the boy did not get up; he lay there dead." *Tum*

<sup>1</sup> Eugenius III had been abbot of the Cistercian house of Tre Fontane in the Campagna. But the letter quoted by Map was, in point of fact, addressed to his predecessor, Innocent II. See Migne's *Patrologia, series Latina*, vol. 182, ep. 189.—L

<sup>2</sup> One of the clerks of Archbishop Thomas. See *Materials for the History of Becket* (Rolls Series), iii. 59, 131.—L.

ego: "*Monachorum infelicissimus hic fuit; nunquam enim audivi quod aliquis monachus super puerum incubuisset quin statim post ipsum surrexisset puer.*" Erubuit abbas, et egressi sunt ut riderent plurimi.

It was a matter of common knowledge that this failure of grace in Bernard was followed by a second which did not add to his reputation. Walter, Count of Nevers,<sup>1</sup> died at the Chartreuse, and was buried there. Bernard hastened to the tomb, and after he had lain long upon it in prayer, the Prior begged him to come to dinner, for it was time. "No," said Bernard, "I will not stir hence till my brother Walter speaks to me." And then he cried with a loud voice: "Walter, come forth." But Walter, not hearing the voice of Jesus, had not the ears of Lazarus, and did not come.

Since just now the name of Ernald of Brescia slipped into my talk, let it be told, if you please, who he was, just as I heard it from a contemporary, a man of mark and well informed, Robert de Burnham.<sup>2</sup>

This Ernald<sup>3</sup>—uncited, undefended and in absence—was condemned after Abelard by Pope Eugenius, on the ground not of his writings but of his preachings. In height of descent Ernald was great and noble, in learning supreme, in religion of the first rank, no way indulging himself in food or dress beyond what strictest necessity demanded. He went about preaching, seeking not his own but the things of God, and became loved and admired of all. When he came to Rome the Romans revered his teaching. Finally he reached the court and saw the tables of the Cardinals loaded with gold and silver plate, and their luxury in feasting. He reproved them in modest terms before the lord Pope, but they took it ill, and cast him out. Returning to the city, he began to teach indefatigably. The citizens flocked to him and heard

<sup>1</sup> William (not Walter), Count of Nevers, entered La Grande Chartreuse in 1147, and died there in 1148 (or 1149) (*L'Art de Vérifier les dates*, second series, 2:1.—L.

<sup>2</sup> A friend of Gilbert Foliot and Archdeacon of Buckingham. See Le Neve and Hardy, ii. 67, and the Oxford edition (1914) of *De Nugis*, p. 264.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Arnold of Brescia first came into notice as a disciple of Abelard and a preacher of apostolic poverty, but closed his career as a political leader at Rome. He became the victim of a temporary understanding between Frederick I and Hadrian IV and was executed in 1155.—L.

him gladly. But it came to pass, when they heard that this Ernald had preached a sermon in the ears of the Cardinals and in the presence of the lord Pope on the contempt of rewards and of Mammon, and had been cast out by the Cardinals, that they gathered together to the Court and abused the lord Pope and the Cardinals, saying that Ernald was a good and righteous man, and the others were covetous, unrighteous and bad, not the light of the world but the scum of it, and so forth, and hardly kept their hands off them. The tumult was appeased with difficulty; and the Lord Pope sent legates to the Emperor and denounced Ernald as excommunicate and a heretic; and the ambassadors did not leave the Court before they had him hanged.

#### XXV. A DIGRESSION OF MASTER WALTER MAP ON MONKERY.<sup>1</sup>

Monks both white and black recognize their prey, as the hawk spies the frightened lark, in the shape of knights whom they can pluck—men who have wasted their patrimony or are shackled with debts. These they entice, and at their firesides, remote from noise and apart from those guests of charity, the fleas,<sup>2</sup> entertain them sumptuously, most amiably press them to repeat their visits frequently, promise them similar cheer for every day and faces always smiling. They show them their larders before they have broken their fast; they lay out before them all the treasures of their house in open view, and awaken their hopes; they undertake to supply their needs, then hurry them to the various altars and tell them who is the patron of each, and how many masses are said there every day: they enrol them in the brotherhood in full chapter, and make them sharers of their prayers. Thence they bring them in the words of Virgil “Indoors in winter cold, to shade in summer heat.”<sup>3</sup>

The black monks, who have the blessed Basil and Benedict for founders, have acquired in our days certain new imitators who profess the same rule and—more fervent in spirit—add thereto some stricter ordinances of their own. These men we call white

<sup>1</sup> This chapter was very likely written as an independent pamphlet, like the Epistle to Valerius Dist. IV, iii., see below, p. 160.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *pulicibus* for *publicibus*.

<sup>3</sup> Virg. *Ecl.*, v. 70.

or grey monks. The black monks by rule wear the cheapest cloth of their district, and by special dispensation lambskins only. The white monks wear the woven wool just as the sheep did, innocent of any dye, and though they taunt the black monks for their lambskins, they themselves are provided in equally good measure with numbers of comfortable habits, such as would become costly scarlet for the delight of kings and princes if they were not snatched from the dyers' hands. The black monks sit with Mary at the Lord's feet and hear the word, and are not suffered to go out for worldly cares. The white, though they sit at the same feet, go out to work: they practise all manner of tillage with their own hands inside their precinct; and outside they are artisans, harrowers, herdsmen, merchants, and in each calling most active. They have no neatherd nor swineherd but of their own number. For the basest and most menial cares, or for women's work, such as milking and so on, they employ no one but their own novices. They are all things for all work, and so the whole earth is full of their possessions; and though the gospel does not permit them to take thought for the morrow, they have such a reserve of wealth accruing from their care that they could enter the ark in the same spirit of security as Noah, who had nothing left outside to look to. They are all under one central authority, the Abbot of Citeaux, who has power to make any change he pleases. Such victuals as they do not use themselves they do not set before their guests, no, nor allow within their walls anything that they do not give. It is a sign that they abstain in order to abound; for one of the hands of avarice is tenacity. They will accept the loan of a team and plough, but cannot lend their own. They may make their own cause appear the better, never the worse: they are defenceless: to the strong they are suppliants. Their neighbours they wrong. Their vanquished opponents they proscribe. Whatever promotes their interest they appropriate under some pretext of righteousness. Inquire into any one of their frauds, and an answer is ready so plausible that he who sees it might accuse the very gospel of error. The man who has charitably invited them into a part of his estate might seem to be their neighbour; but out he goes. "Do not to others as thou wouldst not be done by." Little they care for that or for anything like it.

A different palliation (known to themselves) is ready for every case. But there is one which is universally applicable : In defence of any act of violence or robbery, or whatever covetousness suggests, they say : " We are spoiling the Egyptians and enriching the Hebrews," as if they were the only ones whom the Lord is bringing out of darkness. They are making the Kingdom of God somewhat limited, if no one is in the right way but themselves. If neither the prophets (whom they do not remember), nor the Lord Jesus, nor the Apostles found the way but left it untrodden (*lit.* : untouched by themselves), then God must either have grudged it to us, or not known it, or else it must be wrong. However, the Lord warns us to beware of false prophets who, like these, come to us in sheep's clothing and (like these) within are ravening wolves, who like these pray standing at the corners of the streets, like them make broad their phylacteries, like them enlarge their fringes. He does not make broad his phylacteries whose conversation is in heaven, who says : " God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." I do not think he glories in the cross of Christ who crosses (*cruciat*, *lit.* : tortures) others that he may glory himself ; but they do seem to me to make broad their phylacteries who call themselves the only Hebrews, and everybody else Egyptians.

With the Pharisee they say : " We are not as other men are " ; they omit to say : " We give tithes of all that we possess." With him they say of us others : " Neither as this publican." We say : " God be merciful to us sinners." Well, if God hearkens to pride and does not regard lowliness, then they are very Hebrews, and we Egyptians. Still, if they are true Israelites they have, I suppose, charity—the love of God and of their neighbour : yet he who persecutes his neighbour, how dwelleth the love of God in him ? The unity of charity is twofold, and the God-man has granted to man that he should glory in both parts indivisibly, and that neither part should be acceptable without the other. There is no one, I take it, who does not enjoy benefit from some person : no one therefore who has not a neighbour. So, however far off they keep those who have taken them in, they are still their neighbours : and if they hate them, how do they love God ? Oh ! they say, they love them in the Lord ; and loving them in the Lord they define as wishing for the salvation of the soul of

their neighbour—every aid to his body they exclude. Well, after that fashion I am sure I love all my enemies: I desire that they may depart and be with Christ. I never yet hated anyone so bitterly but that I could forgive him everything on his deathbed; and so I can say with a clear conscience: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." My hate dies with my enemy, and I so forgive him everything that I wish he may be happy in Abraham's bosom. But these people persecute and love. To shut up the bowels to a brother in need, what is it? Is it not further to humiliate the afflicted? How doth Charity sit in robbery, she who doth no wrong? How abideth she in boasting, who is not puffed up? How doth she take with violence another's goods, who seeketh not her own? How thinketh she of gain, who is not covetous? How doth she greedily keep men out of the heritage of their fathers, who is kind? How suffereth she no neighbour, who is patient? If they have charity, whence is it? They entertain her poorly who bring her in stripped of all her virtues. If they have not charity (as I rather think, and God forbid it be so), then they lack the root of all virtues and their branches will wither. If, again, they have her (as it seems) without her kindness or patience, which are her principal wings, she will never get as far as heaven despoiled of her right ornaments, and any extraneous garb she may have put on she will have to restore with shame, so that her nakedness will be revealed.

They say: "The earth is the Lord's, and we, we only are the sons of the Most High, and besides us there is none worthy to possess it"; they do not say: "Lord, I am not worthy to be called thy son, not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof," nor: "I am not worthy to bow down and unloose the latchet of thy shoes." They do not say that they have been accounted worthy for the name of Jesus to suffer reproach, but rather to possess all things; not that they are those of whom the world is not worthy, but who are worthy of the world. If they be peacemakers, they are the sons of God; but are they? I don't see it: there is no peace in robbery. If they are the sons of God, they are also sons of the Most High (*or* others are His sons too): *ergo* they are gods, for "I said, Ye are gods, and ye are all the children of the Most Highest." Anyhow they are not gods of the

Christians, whom they persecute, but of the heathen, the only people beside them who persecute us, now that the Jews have desisted through weakness. In that case let them learn what they are from the prophet who says : " As for all the gods of the heathen, they are devils ; but it is the Lord Who made the heavens." *We* believe in Him Who made the heavens, that He is not a God that willet h iniquity. Our God is not as their god ; our God is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and no new god ; but indeed theirs is a new one. Our God says : " Whoso leaveth not all things for My sake is not worthy of Me." Theirs says : " Whoso gaineth not all things for his own sake, is not worthy of me." Says ours : " He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none." Says theirs : " If you have not two coats, take from him that hath." Says ours : " Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy." Says theirs : " Blessed is he that maketh any poor and needy." Says ours : " Take heed lest your hearts be weighed down with the cares of this world, and that day come upon you unawares." Says theirs : " Take heed lest your purses be not weighed down through caring for this world, lest poverty come upon you as a robber." Says ours : " No man can serve God and Mammon." Says theirs : " No man can serve God without Mammon." And there seems generally to be a good deal of this sort of contradiction among them, more than anyone can follow out in full. It is prescribed to them that they are to dwell in desert places, and desert places they do assuredly either find or make ; so that to whatever region you invite them they follow the hum of men and soon reduce it by main force to a solitude, and " though not rightly, yet somehow make gain."<sup>1</sup> How gratefully do they enter upon lands that are given them by some one who is not the true owner, in defiance of any and every protest of orphans, widows, or men of religion, caring not so much how they get them as how they may keep them. And because their rule does not allow them to govern parishioners, they proceed to raze villages and churches, turn out parishioners, destroy the altars of God, not scrupling to sow crops or cast down and level everything before the plough-share, so that if you looked on a place that you knew previously you could say, " and grass now grows where Troy town stood."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Hor. Ep.*, i. 1, 66.<sup>2</sup> *Ov. Her.*, i. 53.

As I say, they make a solitude that they may be solitaries; and not being allowed to have parishioners of their own, they take leave to disperse those of others: the Rule says they must not keep them, therefore it bids destroy them. Every other invader has some pity, and spares something: either he keeps for himself what he invades, and so preserves it, or after harrying it he leaves it with some hope for the inhabitants when they return. These take every precaution that there should be no return. If the fiercest of marauders fires the place, still iron and walls<sup>1</sup> remain, the soil is left for those who come back. What perishes in the blaze, what the flood sweeps into confusion, what the air blights, may yet be of some profit to its owners: an invasion of this Order (and that alone) leaves absolutely nothing. Does one king seize a kingdom from another by fraud or in battle, tyrannical as he may be, the farmers are left. He does not make a full end; some little prosperity may yet be enjoyed in one's native borders; and men may patiently in their own homes await at God's hand the despot's death, or some other deliverance from trouble. Those upon whom comes an invasion of Cistercians may be sure that they are doomed to a lasting exile. In other cases part of the population are deported for definite reasons. These without any cause proscribe the whole, and they who are weakened by sickness or age succumb the sooner from lack of food, because less support is left to them. They are left destitute; and whithersoever the prospect of food calls the hungry men, they leave their parents and neighbours; all who can follow rushing to any precipice, for hunger fears no attack of death. Some are hooked into robbery or theft, and despairing of an end to their misery, spurn life, care nothing for any punishment—nay, challenge death to attack their throats, since it has long thrust them down into every kind of crime, and are glad to be done with the light which has been hopelessly embittered by the pangs of want. How monstrous, how fierce, how devilish a scourge is hunger! How cruel an affliction, how abominable, how detestable is the oppression which causelessly brings Christian folk into that dungeon! Even Dacian<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Reading *maceria*.

<sup>2</sup> Magistrate under whom St. Vincent was said to have been martyred, sometimes connected with the Seven Sleepers and the legend of St. George.—H.



and Nero dealt more kindly. And as a short agony is more quickly passed through than a long pressure of troubles, so their cruelty appears kinder than that which brings on poverty. Poverty which retains no shade of self-respect, has no virtue, bristles with crime, is foul with vices, has no reverence for God, rages implacably against all that is honourable : (poverty) which fills galleys with pirates, defiles towns with thieves, arms forests with robbers, changes lambs to wolves, drives women from the marriage-bed to the brothel : which, containing in itself every form of torment, has more injustices than justice owns penalties, more offences than she has bolts, more targets than she has arrows. Kind God ! how can these be thy sons who bring such things to birth in thy daughters and in the sons of light ?

The possessions and patrimonies of monasteries and churches, owned by them almost from the beginning and justly acquired, the Cistercians seize and declare to be their own property, whereas to them all things ought to be in common with all Christians. They allege the sanction of Rome, to whom they were lavish in order to bring home in return a privilege for covetousness. I have been young and now am old, and yet saw I never a poor man bring back a privilege, nor his seed obtain a special exemption contrary to the common law, because they in whose hands is unrighteousness have their right hand full of gifts, and because "if you bring nothing in hand, Homer, then out you will go."<sup>1</sup> The Pope, say they, is lord of all churches and has power to root out and to destroy, to build and to plant ; and they have been made by him the rightful owners of their prey. Well, if this be the reason, I have encountered it elsewhere. The nobles of Limoges<sup>2</sup> refused their lord the King of England their due payments and services ; and the King brought in a force and bade them ravage the whole territory. Some out of charity were for sparing the poor, but others, who took pleasure in unrighteousness, harried everything. "This is no robbery nor violence," said they ; "what we are doing is peace and obedience ; the land is our lord the King's ; we are his labourers ; this is our wages ; those who

<sup>1</sup> Ov. *Ars Am.*, ii. 280.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a reference to the war of 1183, when Henry II was engaged in a conflict in this region with his rebellious sons.—L.

oppose the King so unjustly are unworthy, we who toil to fulfil his orders are worthy." Now, is not this the voice of them that take away tithes, that call themselves Hebrews and us Egyptians, themselves the children of light, us the children of darkness? We must indeed confess with tears that we are unworthy of any good thing, but we know that our Master eateth with publicans and sinners, and is not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; and so we repent and pray to Him for pardon. And now, since it is forbidden to do violence to the heathen, and even to compel them into the faith, how can it be right to spurn and spoil those whom God accepts? A broken and contrite heart our God does not despise. It is He who says of his grace that there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. It is thus that He calls and receives sinners. These others despise them and put them out; him that cometh unto Him, He casteth not out; these turn away those who come. Of them spake the Truth: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Let us now hear of some of their good fruits.

First, they have their hands open to the poor: but very little open. They "disperse abroad and give"; but they do not refresh. Every man receives a little; and since they give neither in proportion to their own abundance nor to the need of the poor, it would seem that they give with their left hand, not their right. But indeed, even if they did all this straightforwardly, without any glozing, their gifts would never equal their thefts. There is no house of theirs, or at least there are very few, which have not made more paupers than they sustain. Hospitable they may be to one another—that is, among themselves—without grudging; but "not unto us, O Lord our God, not unto us!" Those whom they receive from fear of their power or with intent to fleece them they propitiate with all the brilliancy of the restaurant. There is no end to the gaiety of face and speech: their bosom is bared with such kindness and sympathy, their stores are poured forth with such freedom and simplicity that you would think them angels, not men, and when you left them you would be lost in wonder and praise. But we, poor wandering Egyptians, who are taken in for God's sake only, and have no plea to urge but charity, we return

not thither so long as anywhere else a door stands open, or a purse which can supply us. After the vesper hymns none of us is invited, or dragged in, no, nor allowed to enter the hostelry, though after a long stage that is just the time when rest and refreshment are most needed and a repulse is most keenly felt.

As to their clothing, their food and their long hours of work, the people to whom they are kind (because they cannot do them any harm) say that their clothing is insufficient to keep off cold, their food to keep off hunger, and the work they do is enormous, and from this they argue to me that they cannot be covetous because their acquisitions are not spent on luxuries. But oh how simple is the answer! Do not usurers and other slaves of avarice clothe and feed themselves most poorly and cheaply? Misers crouch over their treasures on their deathbeds; they do not amass them for delicacies, but for their delight; they mean not to use them but to keep them. If you make a point of toil, cold and food, why, the Welsh lead a harder life in all these respects. The Cistercians have numbers of coats, the Welsh none. The Cistercians wear no skins; nor do the Welsh. The former use no linen, the latter no wool, except for certain plain, short cloaks they wear; the one class has boots and shoes, the other goes barefoot and barelegged. The monks eat no meat, the Welsh no bread.<sup>1</sup> The monks give alms; the Welsh have none to give to<sup>2</sup>: all food is common property, and no one there asks for it, but takes it, and none hinders. I must say that the Welsh carry people captive and kill them with less shame and more open violence than the monks; they are always in tents or in the open, while the monks delight themselves in palaces of ivory.

Now in this regulation about clothing I find cause for surprise in regard of the breeches, in that they are obliged to wear them at the service of the altar, and they are taken off when they go

<sup>1</sup> Wykes, in his account of the campaign of Earl Simon in 1265, says that the co-operation of Welsh and English troops was much impeded by the fact that the latter could not, like their Welsh allies, live on meat and milk; they wanted bread, which was not to be obtained.—L.

<sup>2</sup> So Giraldus Cambrensis says (*Works*, vi. 182): "Among this folk there are no beggars, for the houses of all are open to every one." The starving man who stole food, after passing through three "trefs" without obtaining relief, was declared guiltless under a law which will be found in the Dimetian Code (*Ancient Welsh Laws*, ed. Aneurin Owen, i. 462).—L.

thence. This is the privilege of the sacred vestments ; but this garment is not sacred, is not reckoned among those of the priests or Levites, and is not blessed. It is, however, typical of chastity. A reason why the *Cistercians* do not use it was given me by some one, namely, to preserve coolness in that part of the body. But I say, No. It would be better to shorten the inner tunic from the belt downwards, keeping the upper part, and not discarding the breeches, which are a respectable garment and approved by every other order.

The lord king, Henry the Second, of late was riding as usual at the head of all the great concourse of his knights and clerks, and talking with Dom Reric, a distinguished monk and an honourable man. There was a high wind ; and lo ! a white monk was making his way on foot along the street and looked round, and made haste to get out of the way. He dashed his foot against a stone and was not being borne up by angels at the moment, and fell in front of the feet of the king's horse, and the wind blew his habit right over his neck, so that he was entirely exposed to the unwilling eyes of the lord king and Reric. The king, that treasure house of all politeness, feigned to see nothing, looked away, and kept silence ; but Reric said, *sotto voce*, " *Maledicta religio que develat anum.*" I heard the remark and was pained that a holy thing was laughed at, though the wind was not to blame for what it did. However, if spare diet and rough clothing and hard work (and all these they claim) cannot tame them, and if they must have cold as well, let them go without their breeches. I know that our flesh—worldly and not heavenly though it be—does not need such defences : with us, Venus, apart from Ceres and Bacchus, is cold <sup>1</sup> : but perhaps the Enemy attacks those more fiercely whom he knows to be more stoutly fenced in. Still, the monk who tumbled down would have got up again with more dignity had he had his breeches on.

I cannot forget that they are Hebrews, and we Egyptians. In one respect we certainly are Egyptians—that of being spoiled—and yet the Egyptians of old were spoiled of their own will, since they lent goods to the Israelites. Not so we who are preyed upon consciously, and with our eyes open. And to be sure they are Hebrews in many respects, spoiling as in Egypt, murmuring

<sup>1</sup> Terence, *Eun.* iv. 5, 6.

as at the rock of Horeb, and again at the waters of strife, coveting as when Moses' orders not to keep the manna till next day were transgressed, suffocating the righteous Hur with their spittle<sup>1</sup>; and in many other ways. For was it not said of them, "Forty years long they do always err in their heart"?

Well, let us touch upon some of the doings of these Hebrews though there is much of the bitter record that we must pass over. As, for instance, the incident of the tree which marked their boundary and was removed by night far into the property of their neighbour, an Egyptian knight, at Coxwold<sup>2</sup> (but Roger, Archbishop of York,<sup>3</sup> had it moved back). Let us again say nothing of the field of another Egyptian which was strewn with salt, before the morning dew fell, by the Hebrews, who then turned some rams in, which relished the salt so much that they stripped the ground clean, and it bore nothing for years, until it was sold to them. Or again how the Hebrew brethren of the same place on a sudden<sup>4</sup> copiously manured a field near them one night, sending in numbers of men and carts to do the work, and next day when the Egyptian expressed his surprise at seeing the land that had always been his taken up with all their waggons, they treated him as a madman: how could he call the ground of the Hebrew brethren, which they had tilled so long with great expenditure of labour, his own? As he had never before set up any claim to it, their assertions had some show of probability; and the Whites by this contrivance assured themselves of safety before every judge, until the knight's heir in a passion avenged himself on the monks and their buildings by setting fire to the whole. Nor need we dwell on the duplicate charter, expressed in identical words and referring to the same land, which was fraudulently obtained from a stupid chancellor without his lord's knowledge to replace—so it was said—another that had been lost. They borrowed another in its place from the

<sup>1</sup> A Jewish tradition quoted in the *Historia Scholastica*. Hur resisted the making of the golden calf, and was thus killed. Aaron was intimidated by his death.—M.R.J.

<sup>2</sup> Near Thirsk, Yorkshire. The offending abbey was clearly Byland.—L. This and several of the anecdotes that follow are told by Giraldus Cambrensis in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, iii. cc. 15, 16 (*Works*, Rolls Ser., iv. 225-238).—M.R.J.

<sup>3</sup> From 1154 to 1181.—L.

<sup>4</sup> The word is uncertain.

same lord and returned one copy, keeping the other. Then when the original seller or lender was dead they produced the remaining deed and demanded their ancient estate of his heir; and when exposed in our lord the king's Court, they were covered with confusion after their manner—in other words, made merry over what they should have bewailed with tears, and left the king, acquitted for God's sake, against God's law. Nor need we tell how at Neath<sup>1</sup> they were found to have had a conveyance from William, Earl of Gloucester, of sixteen acres, which number, after the delivery of the deed, they had increased to one hundred.

These incidents, I say, we need not recall. They are diverting trifles, and in the words of their perpetrators "works of good intention," not done to injure others, but to benefit themselves. And really, since the Egyptians are to be spoiled in every way possible, these matters which appear not to entail shedding of blood, and are therefore less horrifying, are comparatively venial. But, alas! in the wood of Woolaston (Wlanstune) they hanged an Egyptian, and following the example of Moses, hid him in the sand: the poor wretch had stolen in after their apples to stay his hunger, and found rest eternal from it at the hands of the brethren. This is a matter not to be kept from their successors, that they may abhor such acts and refrain from them—if they think it will pay them to do so.

The Hebrew brethren had a neighbour, an Egyptian knight, in part of whose estate they had settled; nor could prayer or price avail to move him. So they sent a traitor to the knight under the guise of a stranger to be sheltered for Christ's sake. At night the man let them in, muffled up and armed with swords and staves. In they rushed and killed the Egyptian himself, his children, and his whole household, with the exception of his wife, whom, with her sucking child, he had defended as long as he could stand, until they escaped. She fled a day's journey to her uncle, who called together his neighbours and kinsmen, and on the third day they came to the spot, where he had often been with his friends; and where they knew that there were buildings, enclosures and old trees, they found an absolutely level, well-ploughed field, no appearance of human occupation—no trace—*because they were not*. Still, following

<sup>1</sup> There is no other record of this gift.—L.

up his suspicions, he forced a gate which was not voluntarily opened to the party, and saw—a number of trees uprooted and sawn into great blocks. Assured of what he had suspected, he brought the matter into the courts. The wife of the Egyptian pointed out several of the Hebrews by name, and in particular the layman who had opened the doors. He was arrested by the justices, and adjudged to be deprived of water (*or perhaps* failed in the ordeal by water) until he confessed the facts I have narrated, expressly naming the Hebrews who had been concerned, and adding that they had absolved him in return for his services from all the sins he had committed up to that moment, and all that he should commit thereafter, and had firmly pledged their oath that for the future neither water, fire, nor weapon could put an end to him. The unlucky creature was hanged and paid for all; the Hebrews at the command of the lord King Henry were to remain unharmed for Christ's sake. It was the Hebrews of Byland who did this.

The Hebrews of Pontigny<sup>1</sup> had made a quantity of bacon—otherwise called flitches—out of their big swine, and had sold them, and were keeping them in trust until the buyers could come back with their carts to take them away. They came, carts and all, and found the same flitches, stacked in the same way as before, and the number complete. But whereas they had left them very fat, they now found them to their surprise quite thin, and merely skin and bone. So they applied to the Count of Nevers who bears the sword in those parts. On his way to the place he learned from a shepherd that the Hebrews had squeezed the flitches in a press till the liquor was all gone out of the lard; and this they had sealed up in new jars which had never held any wine. The truth of this was detected before the abbot and the brethren of the house; the Count blushed, and his men were shocked. “Now, pray, Quintilian, out with some excuse. We are perplexed. Let them speak for themselves.”<sup>2</sup> Quoth the lord abbot: “This has nothing to do with us of the inner house: the whole thing has been done without our knowledge. The foolish fellows out of doors

<sup>1</sup> Near Auxerre (Yonne), one of the oldest and most famous of Cistercian houses.—L.

<sup>2</sup> *Juv. Sat.*, vi. 280.

have done this crime in ignorance, and shall be beaten for it." A very comely excuse! Not much ignorance, I think, was shown here, but a considerable knowledge of mischief; and the "fool" who was here blamed is a little too prone to such practices. The above is an excuse by which the cloister-monks often protect themselves against the consequences of excesses committed outside, and lay the blame on the brethren who in fact without them can do nothing. Let the abbots then reflect upon the case of Eli—these fathers who neither rebuke nor correct their sons, but acquiesce in silence, and by consent would seem to encourage them. The rule is the same in every robber-band: some stop at home and others go out to plunder. But David made no mistake when he decreed with such fairness that the shares of him that goeth down to the battle and of him that abideth by the stuff shall be the same. Is it in fact possible for the cloister-monks to be maintained with their eyes closed? And if they hear the bleating of a kid, ought they not to say with Tobit, "Take heed lest it be a stolen one"? At least they were not born in the cloister: let them recollect what they have seen outside it.

Does not the church seem to be the prey of its own monastery? And is it a cloister or a castle that these have joined? Whereas the Rule forbids them to own churches, they obtain the rights of presentations from the patrons, put in a vicar, and possess—not the churches, but—yearly pensions out of them. Let them look to it: is not this an evasion of the law? But, alas! our own guardians have sold us to them; and I think it better to hold our peace, lest they should add to the pain of our wounds, heaping one wretchedness upon another.

The Hebrews have already scented out this booklet, and call me a persecutor of religion. It is faults that I reprove, not a way of life—false professors, not a well-ruled Order. Such as afflict the flesh to keep lust under, feed the poor that God may show them mercy, and rise up at midnight to give thanks, I blame not, but such as find and follow every path to gain with all their might, such as open and enter in at every gate of avarice, such as never think out any cruel way of profit without putting it in practice—these doings are what we ought to hate; and it is our sense of these that leads us to complain. The accomplices of such things



we abhor ; and we accuse them of crime in order that they themselves may not be found therein. I see that I am already become to them a mockery and a byword, so that they compare me to the poet Cluvienus, a man of chalk and charcoal,<sup>1</sup> a tasteless and imbecile writer. That I certainly am. But while my song is of mischief, worthy no doubt of chalk and charcoal—granted, I am an imbecile, yet I do not forge or flatter. And tasteless ? Inasmuch as salt avails nothing against an evil smell, I confess myself a foolish and dull poet—yet not a writer of lies ; for he does not lie who repeats a tale, but he who makes it. But I speak of them, the Hebrews, what I know and what the Church laments, and what I often hear and have had some experience of. And unless they repent, what is now hid in the ear shall be proclaimed upon the housetops. But O that the Lord would turn a mighty adversary against them and change the vessels of dishonour into receptacles of mercy, that they might see themselves more clearly and before the Righteous and Great One think the less of themselves the more they have derided the contrite and humble.

#### XXVI. RECAPITULATION OF THE ORDER OF GRANDMONT.

These also the new fashion of the cult of religion has invented. There is too another sect, as was said above, of them of Grandmont which took its beginning from one Stephen, who copied his rule from the gospel, banishing all love of gain. They have one prior, a priest, who is always at home and on no account goes outside the precinct, cannot be brought out by the summons of anyone, is feared in all the houses by his subordinates, and regulates at will things he has never seen or can see. The clerics are permanently shut up ; they must take their pleasure with Mary, since they are not allowed to go out. The lay brethren look after the guests ; they receive what is offered them, not what they demand, and spend it gratefully. They discharge the duties and business of the house ; and while in every respect they appear to be the masters, they are the stewards and servants of those within, for they administer everything for them, so that no desire of any indulgence can move them. Outside the inner precinct they do no

<sup>1</sup> Hor. *Sat.*, ii. 3, 246.

work ; they accept no place to dwell in, nor do they settle in any parish without the full leave of the metropolitan, bishop, or arch-deacon. Besides which they previously make an agreement with the parish priest for an annual pension which they are to receive in lieu of the tithes and incomings of the place. Animals they have none, except bees : these Stephen allowed, because they do not deprive neighbours of food ; and their produce is collected publicly once a year all together. The desire of sole possession has nothing to look for from them (the bees), and there is no beauty to attract the possessor. When their superior summons them out on business, two or three go forth together, and none among them goes alone, for " Woe to him that is alone ; if he fall he hath none to raise him up." " To every one that asketh they open their hand." When no food is left they go hungry for one day and tell Him whose is the world. If He hear them not, on the morrow two go out and report to the bishop the hunger of the brethren. If he does nothing, they fast until the Lord visits them by some one. They keep their conversation secret within : save the bishop and the greatest princes they admit no one. But those who are admitted report nothing of them that is vile. Our lord, I mean King Henry II, to whom they lay everything open, is so lavishly bountiful towards them in the way of charity that they are nowhere in want. Still, even in their direction covetousness has pointed a finger, and not abstained from a touch. For of late they have arranged to have in each town near them a citizen to provide them apparel and food from the gifts they receive, and for these they have obtained from the rulers complete immunity. The result is said to be that many prominent people are offering themselves and their property to them, and are accepted ; and I judge we must fear that something will come of it. They are already called to counsel, and treat the affairs of kings.

#### XXVII. OF THE RISE OF SIMPLINGHAM.

Master Gilbert of Sempringham,<sup>1</sup> who is still alive, though blind with age, for he is a hundred years old, founded a new fashion

<sup>1</sup> Founder of the Gilbertine Canons, the one order of purely English origin, which took its rise at Sempringham in South Lincolnshire. Gilbert was well over a hundred when he died in 1189 ; he was canonised in 1202 —L.

of religion, which first obtained confirmation from Pope Eugenius. It consisted of regular canons and nuns, with a wall between them that the males might not see or be seen by the females. They have no access whatever to each other, except in an emergency requiring unction or the viaticum; and this is administered through a window most carefully arranged, and in the presence of a number of people. They already possess many establishments, but have not gone outside England. Nothing sinister is as yet reported of them. But there is fear of it, for too often the tricks of Venus pierce the walls of Minerva; nor is there meeting of these two without consent.

#### XXVIII. AGAIN. A RECAPITULATION ON THE CARTHUSIANS.

Again, another fashion, as was said, has been invented in the Grésivaudan. Twelve priests and a prior dwell together, but in separate cells, whose way of life is very well known. And though these times vie in drawing God to them in every fashion, He seems to be less with us than in days when He was sought out of a simple heart without peculiarity of dress or worship. For as He is a searcher of hearts, not clothes, so is He the lover of a well-disposed mind, and not of apparel. Therefore let not those who are clad in cheap attire despise us, for He Who could not be entrapped in speech will not be deceived by dress. Our King Henry II, whose power almost the whole world fears, is always robed in precious stuffs, as is right; but he does not seem to be proud, does not take upon himself to think high thoughts; his tongue never swells with elated language; he does not magnify himself as more than man; but there is always in his speech that cleanness which is seen in his dress. Though at this day there is no one equal to him or like him, he comes nearer to admitting himself to be despicable than to making himself a despiser

#### XXIX. OF A CERTAIN SECT OF HERETICS.

Our King Henry II also banishes from all his lands that most mischievous sect of a new heresy, which with its mouth to be sure confesses of Christ what we do, but (in act) gathers bands of many thousands, which they call Routs, who armed cap-à-pie with leather,

iron, clubs and swords, lay monasteries, farms and towns in ashes, and practise indiscriminate adulteries with force, saying with all their heart, "There is no God." This sect took its rise in Brabant, and is thence called Brabazon.<sup>1</sup> At the first some few robbers set forth and made themselves a law wholly against law, and there gathered to them men banished for sedition, evil clerics, runaway monks, and in fact whoever forsake God in any wise cleave to their horrid bands. They are now multiplied above numbering, and so strong have these armies of Leviathan grown that they settle in safety, or rove through whole provinces and kingdoms, hated of God and man.

### XXX. OF ANOTHER SECT OF THE SAME.

There is also another old heresy newly sprouted forth to a great extent. It has its origin from those who forsook the Lord when He spoke about eating His flesh and drinking His blood, and said "This is a hard saying," and, going backward, they were called Publicans, or Paterines.<sup>2</sup> They have lain hid in all parts among Christians since the days of the Lord's passion and were . . . (*text defective*). At first they had single houses in the towns they lived in, and from whatever quarter they came, each of them could recognize (it is said) their houses by the smoke. They do not receive the gospel of John. On the subject of the body and blood of Christ, the blessed bread, they deride us. Men and women

<sup>1</sup> Henry II made considerable use on the Continent of mercenary troops, known as "routiers," "cotereaux" and (from their supposed country of origin) "Brabançons." But, save for one exceptional occasion in 1174, they were never brought to England. It is, of course, a pleasantry of Map's to class them as heretics; they are in his eyes "practical" unbelievers.—L.

<sup>2</sup> "Patarini" and "Publicani" are two of the many names applied in the twelfth century to the various upholders of unorthodox views who attained at this time considerable notoriety. In the south of France they bore the name of Albigenses, or men of Albi.

It was common in the Middle Ages and later to tell grotesque and unsavoury stories of this kind about heretics and persons accused of witchcraft. Heretics were in fact frequently accused of witchcraft; and witchcraft was believed to involve the renunciation of the Catholic faith and the worship of the Devil under human—or animal—form with obscene rites. See Delrio, *Disquisitiones Magicarum*, 172, 820, 821; Bodin, *De Magorum Dæmonomania*, 226, 250; vii. *Zeits. des Vereins für Volkskunde*, 244, sqq. It was among the charges brought against the Knights Templars (Wright, i. *Narratives of Sorcery and Magic*, 60).—H.

live together, but no sons or daughters issue of the union. Many, however, have dropped their errors and returned to the faith, and these relate that about the first watch of the night, their gates, doors and windows being shut, each family sits waiting in silence in each of their synagogues, and there descends by a rope which hangs in the midst a black cat of wondrous size. On sight of it they put out the lights, and do not sing or distinctly repeat hymns, but hum them with closed teeth, and draw near to the place where they saw their master, feeling after him, and when they have found him they kiss him, quisque secundum quod ampliore feruet insania humilior, quidam pedes, plurimi sub cauda, plerique pudenda, et quasi a loco fetoris accepta licencia pruriginis, quisque sibi proximum aut proximam arripit, commiscenturque quantum quisque ludibrium extendere preualet. Dicunt etiam magistri docent que novicios caritatem esse perfectam agere uel pati quod desiderauerit et pecierit frater aut soror, extinguere scilicet inuicem ardentibus, et a paciando Paterini dicuntur.

To England as yet there have come no more than sixteen, who, by order of King Henry II, were branded and beaten with rods and have disappeared. In Normandy they are not known, nor in Brittany; in Anjou there are many of them, but in Aquitaine and Burgundy they now abound to all infinitude. Their fellow-countrymen say that they entrap their guests by means of some one of the dishes they set before them, and those whom they dare not approach with the private discourses that they commonly make, thus become like themselves. Thence this incident came about which Lord William, Archbishop of Rheims,<sup>1</sup> the brother of the Queen of France, related to me and confirmed by many witnesses: that a noble prince of the region of Vienne, for fear of this detestable kidnapping, always carried about him in a pouch some consecrated salt, not knowing whose house he might be entering, and fearing everywhere to meet the wiles of the enemy; even at his own table he put some of it into every dish. It chanced to come to his ears that two knights had perverted his nephew, the lord of many peoples and towns; so off he goes to his nephew. They duly supped together. The nephew, ignorant of what was

<sup>1</sup> William "of the White Hands" was of the house of Champagne. Alice, third wife of Louis VII and mother of Philip Augustus, was his sister.—L.

afoot, had served to his uncle a whole mullet in a dish, pleasant to the eyes and good for food, as it seemed. The knight sprinkled the salt on it ; the fish vanished in a moment and left in the dish what looked like little pellets of hare's dung. The knight and those with him were sickened ; and he pointed out the prodigy to his nephew and most devoutly preached repentance to him, and with many tears expounded to him the multitude of the Lord's mercies and how all the efforts of devils could be overcome by faith alone, as the evidence of his eyes could prove. The nephew took the advice ill, and went away to his room. The prince, sad at his disappointment, took away with him in chains the knights who had perverted his nephew, and in sight of a large concourse shut them up in a hut, set fire to it, and burnt the whole structure. But the fire touched them not at all, nor was there the least trace of scorching found on their clothes. Upon this there came a riot of the people against the prince. For they said : " We have sinned against these most righteous men, against the faith, which is approved by real works of power." The prince, not induced by this strange phenomenon to any disparagement or doubt of the Christian faith, calmed the anger and shouts of the mob with smooth words and affirmed his good faith with gentle phrases. He then consulted the Archbishop of Vienne, who shut them up in a larger building, bound as before, and going about the whole exterior sprinkled it with holy water to defeat all charms. He then had fire put to it ; but no blowing and no feeding could make it catch on the house or scorch anything. The city, its faith so abused, triumphed over the bishop, many breaking out openly into foolish outcries against him, and had not the fear of their lord the prince kept them back, they would have thrown the prelate himself into the flames and freed the innocent. They broke down the doors, rushed into the building, and when they came to the stake found the bones and flesh of the men turned into charcoal and ashes. The bonds were uninjured, the stake intact ; and the righteous fire had punished only those who had been guilty. Thus it was that the good Lord turned the hearts of the erring to repentance, and their blasphemies into praise.

It is in our times that these things have arisen. And by our times I mean this modern period, the course of these last hundred

years, at the end of which we now are, and of whose notable events the memory is fresh and clear enough; for there are still some centenarians alive, and there are very many sons who possess, by the narration of their fathers and grandfathers, the certainty of things which they did not see. The century which has passed I call modern times—not that which is to come, though in respect of nearness to us the two are of like account—for the past belongs to history and the future to divination. It is in the period of this century that the Templars, the Hospitallers in Jerusalem, the Knights called of the Sword in Spain,<sup>1</sup> with whom our discourse was concerned above,<sup>2</sup> have grown to the zenith of their strength.

### XXXI. OF THE SECT OF THE VALDESII.

At the Roman Council under Pope Alexander III, I saw some Valdesians (Waldensians), simple illiterate men, called after their leader Valdes, who was a citizen of Lyons on the Rhone. They offered the pope a book written in the French tongue, in which was contained the text, with a gloss, of the Psalter and many of the books of the two Testaments. They pressed very earnestly that the right of preaching should be confirmed to them; for in their own eyes they were learned, though in reality hardly beginners. It is the common case that birds which do not see fine snares or nets think that there is a free passage everywhere. Do we not see that those who practise themselves all their days in subtle discourse, who hardly can either entrap others or be entrapped, the explorers of the deepest depths—are not they, fearing offence, always cautious in their utterance about God, whose state is so high that neither praise nor the strength of prayer can mount to Him unless His mercy draws it? In every letter of the divine page there flit on the wings of virtues so many sayings, there is heaped up such wealth of wisdom, that any to whom the Lord has given the means<sup>3</sup> can draw from its fulness. Shall then the pearl be cast before swine, the word be given to the ignorant, whom we know to be unfit to take it in, much less to give out what they have

<sup>1</sup> An alternative name for the order of Santiago of Compostella.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The chapter on these knights, which Map seems to have written, has not been preserved.

<sup>3</sup> Reading *in quo* with the MS.

received? Away with such a thought, uproot it! From the head let ointment go down to the beard and thence to the clothing; from the spring let the water be led, not puddles out of the streets. I, the least of many thousands who were called, was deriding these, wondering that there should be any discussion or doubt about their petition, when I was summoned by one, a great prelate, to whom that supreme pope had committed the charge of confessions, and took my seat, a mark for arrows; and in a gathering of many lawyers and skilled men there were brought before me two Waldensians who figured as leaders in their sect, to dispute with me about their faith, not for love of ascertaining the truth, but that I might be put to shame and my mouth shut, as of one that speaketh iniquity. I confess that I took my seat in fear, lest my sins might require that, before so great an assembly, the grace of speech should be denied me. The bishop bade me try my hand against them, and I prepared myself to answer. First, therefore, I put to them very simple questions which ought to be unknown to no one, for I was aware that when an ass eats thistles, his lips count lettuce unworthy of them. "Do you believe in God the Father?" They answered: "We do." "And in the Son?" They answered: "We do." "And in the Holy Ghost?" They answered: "We do." I said again: "And in the mother of Christ?"<sup>1</sup> And they once more: "We do." And by everyone present they were hooted down with universal clamour, and went away ashamed; and rightly, for they were governed by none and yet desired to become governors, like Phaethon, who knew not even the names of his steeds.<sup>2</sup>

These people have no settled abodes; they go about two and two, barefoot, clad in woollen, owning nothing, but having all things in common, like the apostles, nakedly following a naked Christ. They are now beginning in a very humble guise, because they cannot get their foot in; but if we let them in, we shall be turned out. He who believes not, let him hear what has just been said concerning this kind.

<sup>1</sup> It is pointed out in the Oxford edition of the *De Nugis* that this was regarded as a heretical expression; their ready acceptance of it proved the Waldensian champions to be no theologians.

The heresy, Mr. C. C. J. Webb has rightly pointed out, consisted in putting the Virgin on an equality with the Persons of the Trinity.—L.

<sup>2</sup> *Ov. Met.*, ii. 192.



There are, to be sure, in our days—days which we condemn and despise—some who desire to keep the faith, and if they were called to account like those of long ago, would lay down their lives for their shepherd, the Lord Jesus. But—I know not what fancy has possessed or bribed us—our times have grown cheap in our eyes, as an age of iron, the old times please us as if they shone with gold. We have histories continued from the beginning down to us ; we read fiction too, and perceive by a mystic instinct how it ought to please us. Look upon Cain the envious, upon the men of Gomorrah and Sodom, not one but all to a man saturated with lust, upon Joseph sold, Pharaoh punished with all the plagues, the people with its golden calf-idol, rebelling against God and the Lord's chosen, through all that pure nurturing in the wilderness, the pride of Dathan, the rashness of Zimri, the perjury of Ahithophel, the covetousness of Nabal, and the innumerable portents that have gone on from the first times down to our own, and you will not so proudly turn from the similar or less vile things that happen now. But harder it is to feel evils than to hear of them. Of what we hear we say nothing ; what pains us we bewail. At least, reflecting that worse things have happened, let us observe moderation about those of slighter account. Admonitory stories set before us Atreus and Thyestes, Pelops and Lycaon, and many like them, that we may shun their ends ; and the utterances of history are not without their use : one is the method and intention of the story in either case. For history, which is founded on truth, and story, which weaves together fiction, both of them make the good happy by a flourishing end, that goodness may be loved, and condemn the wicked to a dismal death, wishing to make malice hateful. And in the records there is a constant alternation, now of adversity upon prosperity, now the converse, in frequent change, that so both being ever before our eyes, neither may be forgotten for the other, but men may regulate themselves by a medicinal mixture, that neither rise nor ruin may predominate overmuch, that our thoughts, when we look at the future, may be neither bare of hope nor free from apprehension : the future, I mean, in temporal matters ; for perfect love, which is from heaven, casteth out fear.

## XXXII. OF THE WONDERFUL PENANCE OF THREE HERMITS.

The illustrious Philip of Naples told me that when he was going hunting in the Black Mountain, he came on a wild man covered with hair and uncouth to see, lying down by a spring to drink, whom he seized by the hair and lifted up, asking who he was and what he did there. But by his quietness he induced his captor to let him down again, and then said: "There are three of us who have come to this solitude to do penance here and be followers of the old fathers. The first and best of us is French; the second, far stronger and more patient than I, English; I am a Scot (Irishman?). The Frenchman is of such perfection that I am afraid to tell of his life: it goes beyond belief. The Englishman—rather angel (*Anglicus, sed angelicus*)—is bound with an iron chain so long as to stretch seven feet; and he always carries about an iron hammer and peg, with which he fixes his chain in the ground every Saturday, and within that small compass prays for a week, absorbed in hymns and rejoicing, never complaining or sad. He eats what he finds there, and moves his camp on the Saturday, not at random, but looking for a pleasant place—not specially fertile, nor yet for a nook sheltered from the weather—where he may gratefully gather such food as he finds, in the neighbourhood of water. If you would see him, he is keeping his residence this week on the stream that flows from this spring." With this he made off, swift as a wild creature. The Neapolitan after a little time found the Englishman dead, and out of respect for his virtues did not presume to touch him or aught that was his, but left him, enjoining his company to give him worthy burial. This Englishman, whom no hardship could sadden, bore Christ, the spring of gladness, in his bosom. Yes, let hypocrites, as the Lord says, be of a sad countenance, for perfect love casteth out not only fear but sadness.

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*End of the first Distinction of the Trifles of the Court.*

## The Second Distinction<sup>1</sup>

### I. PROLOGUE.

THE victory of the flesh is against reason, for man believes the things of God little and those of the world much. But reason, when it is held to, is the triumph of the soul, for it renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's. I did promise two *tales*, showing the mercy and judgement of God, which are not only not pleasant, but are even tiresome, and yet are looked for as the fictions of poets, or the imitations of them, are sought out. However, they must be put off, if not put away wholly, and we must begin with some miracles which we either know or believe.

### II. OF GREGORY, A MONK OF GLOUCESTER.

I once saw Gregory, a monk of Gloucester, a man already old, and though age is itself an infirmity, afflicted with other ailments as well, gouty and with ulcers in his shins and legs, yet always cheerful, and even if the attacks of his malady did not slacken, he never slackened in psalm-singing. If ever after a long day's work a pleasant sleep crept upon him, he would say that at that moment he was forsaken or forgotten of the Lord; and when suffering most severely poured out more abundant praise to the Most High, as if, with blessed Augustine, he would say, "Here burn, here punish me, that Thou mayest not rebuke me in Thine indignation." I had commended myself to his prayers when I first crossed the Channel, and when a storm rose so high that the ship was almost covered with the waves and the rest were in complete despair I presumed on the merits of him to whom I had commended myself, and with that devotion wherewith those in peril on a sinking ship approach God, I prayed that of the mercy and by the merits of

<sup>1</sup> Chaps. i.-xvi. of this Distinction form Fragment V. Date, 1182.

that good Gregory He would bring us safe out of the waters, and in the midst of the storm I took a little rest, and lo ! I saw Dom Gregory walking about among the sailors and encouraging and directing each, and putting all right. When I awoke I found everything in the greatest calm and quiet, and rendered due thanks to the Lord. This I told of him afterwards to his Abbot Hamelin,<sup>1</sup> and with many thanks to me he passed it on to a number of others. The noble Gilbert de Laci,<sup>2</sup> who had vowed himself to the Temple, heard of it, and following my example, went to Jerusalem, armed with the prayers and blessing of this Gregory, and afterwards related that he had had a like experience in the Greek Sea.

### III. OF BLESSED PETER OF TARENDAISE.

Later on I saw the blessed Peter, Archbishop of Tarentaise,<sup>3</sup> who lives among the Alps, a man of such virtue and distinguished by so many miracles that he might very properly be proclaimed equal in merit to the old fathers whom we reverence in the Church, by whose hand the Lord—by the mere touch and prayer—cured sick and drove out devils, nor did he ever attempt what he did not perform.<sup>4</sup> He stayed for eleven days with Henry II, King of England, at Limoges,<sup>5</sup> and the care of him was entrusted to me by the King, and I had for that time to maintain him at the King's charge ; he was a cheerful man and of a merry countenance in all circumstances, clean, modest, humble, every way perfect, as I and many others thought. I saw one miracle wrought by the Lord by his hands, and heard of many. Late one day there came a great crowd of people of Limoges, bringing with them a possessed man. After them came the Bishop of Poitiers (who is now Arch-

<sup>1</sup> Abbot of St. Peter's, Gloucester, from 1148 to 1179.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Grandson of Walter de Lacy (d. 1085). He joined the Templars soon after 1158, went to the Holy Land and became preceptor of his order in the county of Tripoli.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Peter was born in 1100, became archbishop of the province of Tarentaise in the Alps (the metropolitan, now episcopal, see is now known as Moutiers, Savoy), died in 1174, and was canonised in 1191.—L.

<sup>4</sup> *Ov. Ars Am.*, i. 389.

<sup>5</sup> This was, no doubt, at the end of February, 1173, when Henry held council for a week at Limoges and discussed with the Count of Maurienne, the Archbishop's lord, the arrangements for the marriage of the Count's daughter to John.—L.

bishop of Lyons,<sup>1</sup> surnamed *Blanches Mains*, a native of Canterbury, a man of remarkable eloquence and great weight of renown), not to tempt God, but hoping to certify himself of what was common belief. He came to me with these words: "My friend, do call the Archbishop out to us that we may be able to bear witness for certain to what every one asserts. I have sometimes seen illusory things happen when people declared they had seen miracles, and I always saw through the appearance, and never once have I seen a real miracle." So I brought the lord Peter, who knelt down and laid his hand on the sick man, who was foaming at the mouth, and was without doubt mad. The lord bishop John and I kept our ears open and heard him saying: "When the eleven disciples were at meat" and the rest. The possessed man was being held against the bed; they had not bound him, for he was their fellow-citizen. He [Peter] said a short prayer after the Gospel, and ordered them to leave hold of him, and at once he wiped his mouth with his right hand and said: "Mother of God, mercy." The lord bishop John gave a sudden start back and said with tears: "The sick man is cured of a truth: this is the only bishop; we are dumb dogs that cannot bark."

#### IV. AGAIN OF THE SAME BLESSED PETER.

Master Serlo of Wilton, Abbot of L'Aumône,<sup>2</sup> told me that the same good archbishop Peter when he was at the chapter at Citeaux, was asked by a monk of that cloister, who had a foot deformed and bent back from his birth, that by his means he might be cured. Peter took the monk apart and made him sit on a bench and take off his shoe, and then knelt down and prayed before him, holding that foot bare between his hands. Master Serlo drew near, and, applying his ear, listened to the lord archbishop: he started back from the monk as if he had been struck, and looking at him with astonishment, said: "Brother, it is better for thee to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven having one foot, than with two to be cast into hell," and sent him away, and turning to Serlo,

<sup>1</sup> John, surnamed "Belesmains," was a clerk of Archbishop Theobald's; he became Bishop of Poitiers in 1162 and Archbishop of Lyons in 1182.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Serlo was abbot of this famous Cistercian house (between Blois and Chartres) in 1171 and 1173 (*Gallia Christiana*, viii., col. 1399).—L.

said : " Brother Serlo, if the Lord had enabled me to the healing of that brother, He would have lost him." Serlo put this down rather to lack of power in him than to foreknowledge ; but in order to make sure of the matter, told the whole to the Abbot of Citeaux and begged him to see the monk in private and order him to confess all the truth. So ordered, he said : " I come of a noble and very handsome race, and when my father saw me with that foot, unlike my family and so deformed as to be ridiculous, he was ashamed at my mean appearance and settled to send me to this place. But just now when the lord Peter had nursed my foot in his hands, it seemed to me that I felt health coming into it, and when I had the promise of it I began to think of returning with joy to the place I had left in sadness and shame."

#### V. AGAIN OF THE SAME BLESSED PETER.

The same Serlo told me that Peter wrought yet another miracle on the day following. He was preaching a sermon to the people at the order of the Abbot of Citeaux, when a woman interrupted him with loud cries, complaining that her master's purse had been cut off. So the archbishop called for silence, and with many prayers besought that what she had lost might be restored to the tearful suppliant : then, seeing that his exhortations were vain, he said : " Take that tall man with the white cap, and the money under his left arm-pit." The money being taken as this true prophet ordered, and restored, the thief's master asked the archbishop what he would have done with him ; his reply was : " Let him go : he can be rebuked but never reformed."

This Peter they say turned water into wine, and miraculously fed a number of people with a few loaves : that you may know that the Lord's grace, even in our times, does not fail such as ask for it and deserve it.

In the parts of Burgundy they commonly tell that a knight who did not greatly fear the Lord, persisting obstinately in the habit of sin, experienced vengeance—or rather rebuke. A lizard clung to his shoulder and fastened its teeth and claws therein ; and whereas by no means, either by the art of Hippocrates or the help of prayer, could it be removed, the mother of mercy was in this case wonderfully magnified. Whenever this poor wretch

entered any church dedicated in her name, the lizard slipped down and was nowhere to be seen, but always as he went out fastened upon him. When Peter was informed of this by the man, he heard his confession, enjoined a penance on him ; and he, when he had duly performed it, was freed.

#### VI. OF A CERTAIN HERMIT.<sup>1</sup>

The Lord makes visible His mercies when repentance is done or begun, to teach us that the truly penitent heart is invisibly freed even from secret faults. The Lord delivered a hermit. At the hour of supper there came to a solitary in the wilderness a small snake, which entered the cell and as if hungry kept by him as he ate, humbly enough, seeming to ask for nourishment by its suppliant attitude. He, having a zeal of the Lord though not according to knowledge, had heard the precept, " Give to every one that asketh thee " and " the little dogs shall eat of the crumbs." Crumbs he gave it, and so entertained his guest, which came every day, till it grew so large that it could no longer go out where it used to come in. Later, as time went on, the visitor, so small was the hut, surrounded the whole place with fiery coils, leaving only room

<sup>1</sup> The story of a snake, harboured unsuspectingly when small, but growing to a gigantic size and a danger to the neighbourhood, is not very uncommon in folklore. Liebrecht (29, 66) refers to the saga of Ragnar Lodbrog, who delivered Thora, the daughter of Jarl Heraud of Gothland, to whom her father had given a tiny snake hatched from a vulture's egg. Thora provides a box and a lair of gold for the creature. It grows so large as ultimately to encircle the whole castle and prevent the approach of anyone but the man who feeds it. Ragnar kills the snake in combat and wins the lady in marriage. But perhaps the most famous worm in this country is the Lambton Worm, which the profane and reckless heir of Lambton in the county of Durham, fishing in the Wear on a Sunday morning, drew from the river and flung into a well. There it grew rapidly, until it encircled the hill still called the Worm Hill. After many knights had fought with the monster it was slain by the heir himself, who had returned from a distant land after seven years (Henderson, *Notes on the Folklore of the Northern Counties*, 287).

Saxo-Grammaticus, in his version of the tale, represents the snakes killed by Ragnar Lodbrog as two (l. ix. in Elton's trsln., p. 364). According to a Persian variant in the *Shahnameh* the snake is found in an apple, and is killed by Ardshir. Liebrecht in repeating the tale (*op. cit.*, 65) refers to other legends of dragon-slaying which do not concern us here. As to the general subject of the slaughter of the dragon reference may be made to the authorities he cites and to Hartland, i. *The Legend of Perseus*, ch. 1 and 2, and iii. ch. 16 and 17—H.

for a seat to its host. The nourisher of the tortuous devil wept and lifted up his whole soul to the Lord in penitence, when he thus learned the result of charity foolishly lavished. And the Lord, who of His grace cannot but have mercy, had mercy on him and sent him a messenger of salvation in the shape of a man who came to visit him : who hearing and seeing the monstrous trick, enjoined the penitent to endure the pressure of the serpent patiently until the fortieth day. He did so, and on the day named he who had not suffered the hermit to find anything but him in the cell, was himself not found. He who forced the enemy to disappear by invisible power is able and surely willing to do away with hidden *snares* unless He finds us obstinate.

#### VII. OF LUKE OF HUNGARY.

I saw Luke of Hungary at Paris, in the school of Master Gerard la Pucelle.<sup>1</sup> He was a worthy man, well instructed, who took his meals in company with the poor, so that they appeared to be invited guests, and not beggars of food. This man the Lord called by means of the King of Hungary,<sup>2</sup> and of the clergy and people, to the archbishopric of Gran. His life and conversation after his accession were related to me by Hugh, a native of Le Mans, and Bishop of Acre. The King of Hungary, whom I mentioned, died, leaving as heir a young son, quite a boy. The king's brother accordingly came to Archbishop Luke, demanding to be anointed and crowned king by him. Luke rebuked him and accused him of treason for wishing, contrary to law and custom and right, to disinherit the innocent, and would not consent. He managed to get himself made king by another archbishop of the realm, who had no rights as regarded the coronation (seeming to say), "If I cannot bend the gods to my will, I will stir up Hell,"<sup>3</sup> and was at once

<sup>1</sup> A clerk of Archbishop Richard of Canterbury, he acquired great fame as a teacher at Paris between 1160 and 1177; he was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield in 1183, and died on January 13, 1184 (*Histoire Littéraire de la France*, xiv. 301).—L.

<sup>2</sup> Geyza II (1141–1161) was succeeded on the throne of Hungary by his son, Stephen III (1161–1172), who had to meet the opposition of his uncles Ladislas and Stephen; the circumstances are differently related by the native and the Byzantine authorities.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, vii. 312.



smitten by Luke with a curse. Forthwith with terrible threats and drawn sword he demanded absolution from Luke. Treated with scorn and excommunicated afresh, he thrust him with violence into prison, and compelled the churches (which Luke had interdicted) to pay no attention to the interdict. After Luke had been long in prison, a friend of his brought to him secretly into the dungeon letters for his liberation from Pope Alexander III, addressed to the king. These Luke wholly declined to make use of when he heard that, like all others to which a bull is attached, they cost twelve pence, for he said he could not be set free by simony. The Lord opened his prison on Easter Day, when the king was at the high mass. Luke entered the chapel to the great surprise of all, tore the cloth from the altar, and threw down the rest of the ornaments, and standing before the cross beside the king, who was aghast and terrified, spoke thus: "O Lord Jesus, whose rising again none but Christians proclaim; by the power wherein Thou didst rise, if Thou account this king worthy of Thy visitation, turn the wicked that he be no more (wicked): but if not, then by that strong right hand which chastised Pharaoh, let him within these forty days know whom he hath pierced." He went out of the chapel, and was at once committed to closer confinement by the ministers of iniquity, yet bore all patiently, wakeful and diligent in prayer and praise of the Lord. And it came about that before the fortieth day the king died impenitent. He was succeeded by his only brother, a man as violent as his predecessor. Him also Luke, after giving him a respite of forty days, slew with the breath of his mouth within the time, and then with all solemnity anointed the boy, the rightful heir. The time of his boyhood Luke spent in perfect calm, but not so that of his youth, for the young man, now become king, had higher ambitions than he could support, and when his own resources failed did not scruple to waste the possessions of the church. After many warnings and tears, Luke seeing that he held stubbornly to his purpose, with weeping laid him under a curse; and then after much prayer to Christ for him earned of God this favour for him, that led by true repentance he hurried to the church of Gran to make satisfaction to Luke according to his will. Luke came out to meet him with all the clergy and people in solemn rejoicing, absolved him, took him and led him

within. Yet while all were singing Luke secretly wept. "Why is it, dearest father," said the king, "that in the midst of such joy you think fit to weep?" "How," said Luke, "can I rejoice? To-day, a year hence, to the confusion and wrath of us all, you will be brought into this same place a corpse." And so it fell out.

#### VIII. OF THE INDISCRIMINATE DEVOTION OF THE WELSH.

In every nation, as is said elsewhere, he that feareth God is accepted of Him. Very uncommon among our Welshmen is a fear of the Lord according to knowledge. There was with the Lord William of Braose<sup>1</sup> (a man most experienced in warfare), as he himself told me, a Welshman of noble race, of keen prowess, who every night at the first cockcrow rose from his bed and kept watch till dawn in prayer, naked and kneeling on the bare earth. He practised abstinence too in a comely sort, and was so strict in self-control that had you known him you could think him more than man, and nearer to the angels. Yet if you saw how fierce he was in battle, how easily provoked to bloodshed, how careless of his own safety, how eager for the slaughter of others, how pleased when any crime or murder was done, you could not doubt that he was wholly given over to iniquity. So strong and one may say innate is the disuse of civility, that if in one respect they may appear kindly in most they show themselves ill-tempered and savages.

#### IX. OF HELYAS A WELSH HERMIT.

I once saw Helyas, a hermit, a Welshman, a man of eminent faith and approved life. He had with him his brother Walenfreit and a number of others, in the Forest which is called Dean (not from any connexion with tithes, but by that proper name), who, not by Helyas' wish but their own, kept a number of beasts in the pastures which abound there. It happened that one of these, a mare, was missing, and not to be found after long search. They complained to Helyas, who said: "Richard the ferryman has taken her from here to Austclive,<sup>2</sup> and she is exhausted with work and

<sup>1</sup> Lord of Brecknock and other regions in the Welsh marches from 1175 until his quarrel with John in 1208; he died in exile in 1211.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Aust on the Severn, where was the "old passage" across the estuary.

want of sleep ; you will find her in the shed near his gate." With that he took out four pence and gave them, saying : " Give him this for his trouble in stealing her, that the workman may not lose his hire." It was done, and nothing said against it. No one doubts that in this case Helyas was a prophet. He has now passed away, and is with Him in whom he believed : upon us be His mercy.

#### X. OF CADOC THE WELSH KING.

Cadoc, King of Wales,<sup>1</sup> heard the Lord saying, " Whoso forsaketh not all things for my sake is not worthy of me," and forsook all, and as a solitary in the desert ate with cheerful and wholesome devotion the bread which he gained by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow. Now, it came to pass that after some days and years, his successor, elected by lot, journeying that way, sent to him to obtain bread for himself and his knights. Cadoc replied that he had but little, and what would not suffice for so many, but that if he asked it for God's sake, he would give it. He sent back to him saying : " If he sends it I will accept it ; but if not, fire shall consume his house and his bread and himself." Cadoc answered : " I would sooner he had the bread than that I should be burnt with it, but cursed are those that eat it." As they were eating—aware of the curse, but not sparing for that—one knight called Iltut, standing in the midst, abstained, and dissuaded them. But they, obstinate and deriding him, were swallowed up in an earthquake : but the earth remained firm under Iltut's feet, and he was saved. Thus much of Cadoc Brenin.

#### XI. OF ILLUSORY APPARITIONS.

Another, not miracle but prodigy, the Welsh relate to us. Wastin Wastiniauc<sup>2</sup> [Gwestin Gwestiniog], they say, stayed by the

<sup>1</sup> This legend of St. Cadoc is found in the life of Cadoc (*Cambro-British Saints*, pp. 45-6) and also in the life of St. Iltud (*ibid.*, pp. 160-1). But in the Welsh sources Cadoc is never styled King (Brenin) ; his royal adversary is his uncle, Paul or Paulinus of Penychen.—L.

<sup>2</sup> This story and the next, that of Edric Wild, are two of the most interesting of the tales recorded by Map. They belong to a well-known group—that of the Swan-maiden, so called because in its most mythical and barbarous form the heroine appears first as a swan or in the form of some other bird,

usually aquatic, sheds her feather-robe and bird-nature, and assumes a purely human shape, in which she is captured by the hero by obtaining possession of her feathers, thus preventing her from again taking bird-form and escaping. The object of her capture is, in most of the variants, marriage, though in one group it is, primarily at all events, to learn a secret of which the heroine is the depository, or to obtain help from her for some other purpose. The marriage is assented to by the heroine upon conditions the violation of which releases her and she flies away, to be recaptured by her husband, if at all, after long and arduous adventures. Where the supernatural robe is part of the story the marriage can be continued only so long as the hero retains possession of it : when the heroine recovers it, she departs. The ramifications of the cycle have been studied by Liebrecht (*op. cit.* 54 sqq.) and by Hartland (*Science of Fairy Tales*, ch. 10, 11, 12). It is found in one form or another practically all over the world.

The late Sir John Rhys collected more than one Welsh version (*Y Cymmrodwr*, vols. iv. and v., and *Celtic Folklore Welsh and Manx*, ch. 1). Most of them are, like the tale of Gwestin of Gwestiniog, connected with lakes ; but none belong to the most archaic type, though in the catastrophe there is a hint which seems like a reminiscence of it. Sir John Rhys came across no fewer than four versions of the tale—that of the bride of Corwrion—and in two of them we are told that the condition of the marriage was that the bridegroom was not to strike the lady with iron. When he broke the condition by accidentally striking her with a bridle, she flew through the air and plunged headlong into Corwrion Pool ; and in one version she actually “flew away like a wood-hen (*iar goed*) into the lake” (Rhys, *op. cit.*, i. 55).

In the story of the Lady of the Van Pool—the most famous of Welsh variants—all trace of the feather-robe has disappeared, and the condition of the marriage is that the husband is not to strike his wife “three causeless blows.” The more usual prohibition is, however, against striking her with iron. This was probably the original form of the prohibition to Gwestin of Gwestiniog, since we find it, in the tale of the Lady of Corwrion and in at least three other tales in Sir John Rhys’ collection fulfilled in the same way, namely, by blow with a bridle. Moreover, in another case the blow is with a stirrup, and on every occasion it occurs accidentally while the hero and heroine are attending to horses. If this be so, the story could not have arisen in its present form before the population among which it was current had itself emerged from the Stone Age and learned the general use of metals but still attributed to the supernatural beings by which it was surrounded, and with which it sought to enter into religious or human relations, an aversion to iron. Such an aversion is frequently ascribed to gods and objects of worship by peoples who retain dim recollections of the Stone Age, as in the familiar instance of the Hebrews (see Exodus iv. 25 ; Joshua v. 2 ; 1 Kings vi. 7).

The tale of Gwestin appears to be a genuine Welsh tradition : the tale of Edric Wild, which follows it, on the other hand, is an English tradition relating to an English leader, of whose existence there is no doubt, and who very early after the Norman Conquest rose against the Conqueror and for three years held Shropshire against him. Making peace in 1070, doubtless on terms, he was probably too independent to be entirely trusted ; and we learn from Florence of Worcester that in 1072 when William made an expedition against Scotland Edric Wild accompanied him as one of his personal followers (*in comitatu suo*), where, from the King’s point of view, he was safer than in his own border country and among his own tenants and retainers. He was a considerable landowner, holding manors in both Shropshire and Herefordshire.

As these had all passed away from him before the date of Domesday Book into the possession of Normans, it is a shrewd guess made by the county historian, Eytton, that he was soon in rebellion again, and was finally overcome and his estates shared among his successful opponents. Of his own personal fate nothing is known.

The story told by Map of him belongs, like that of Gwestin, to the Swan-maiden group. The heroine, however, though a supernatural being, was no water-fairy. The prohibition laid by her upon Edric was that he should reproach her neither with the sisters from whom he snatched her nor the place from which she came. In a subsequent reference to the tale (Dist. iv. c. 10, p. 191) Map says that she "vanished into air in the open sight of many, because she took ill her husband's taunt that he had caught her from among the dead." This will be dealt with hereafter. The tale of Edric Wild is more akin to that of Melusine, as to which see *Science of Fairy Tales*, 273, and *Folklore*, xxiv. 187.

Moreover, the tale recorded by Map is a signal example of the rapidity with which a myth will attach itself to the name of an historical personage whose deeds and personality have taken hold of popular imagination. When Map wrote, Edric had been dead scarcely a century, and there may have been men and women who had talked with others who had actually known both him and his wife (if we may assume that he was in fact married), yet he had already become the hero of a legend and she a purely mythical being. They are still known in the folklore of Shropshire as the leaders of the Wild Hunt (see on the tale of King Herla *supra*, p. 14); and the lady is called Lady Godda. This is an Anglo-Saxon name which, as Miss Burne (*Shropshire Folklore*, 29) points out, "curiously coincides with Frau Gauden or Gode," the Wild Huntress of German tradition, whose name seems to be derived from Woden, and who herself is a double of the god or of his equivalent in modern folklore (Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, ed. Stallybrass, i. 253; iii. 925 sqq.). The epithet of "Wild" was given to Edric in his lifetime. Freeman suggests that it shows the impression made by him upon the Normans. On the other hand, he may have been so called because he was an outlaw in the Forest of Clun or some other of the forests on the Welsh border. He was a nephew of Edric or Eadric Streona, Ealdorman of the Mercians in the reign of Ethelred II. His war against the Norman invaders was carried on in alliance with the two Welsh kings, Bleddyn and Rhiwallon (Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, iv. 64, 110, 738).

The story of Alnod, Edric Wild's son by the supernatural lady, which Map here relates, may have been a tradition of the see or the county of Hereford. It has no foundation in fact. The manor of Ledbury North belonged to the see before the Conquest. Map's contemporary, Giraldus Cambrensis, writing a little later, cites from Asser, King Alfred's biographer, a similar story of one Egwin Shaking-head (*Egwinus Quatiens-caput*), so called from his palsy, whose cure before the tomb of St. Ethelbert was one of the earliest miracles attributed to the saint. The gift of Ledbury North to the see was ascribed to his gratitude and was said to be the first endowment of land conferred on the saint. The passage in question was really due not to Asser, but to an interpolator who wrote subsequently to the Norman Conquest of Montgomery (*Giraldi Cambrensis Opera*, ed. J. S. Brewer (Rolls series), iii. 422; also Pref. xlv.; Freeman, *op. cit.* iv. 501 sqq.). At all events there were two inconsistent traditions concerning the manor of Ledbury North when Map wrote: another example of the untrustworthy character of historical tradition —H.

lake of Brekeniauc,<sup>1</sup> which is two miles broad, and saw on three clear moonlight nights bands of women dancing in his field of oats, and followed them till they plunged into the water of the lake; but on the fourth night he caught one of them. Her captor also said that each night after they had plunged in he heard them murmuring beneath the water and saying: "If he had done so and so he would have caught one of us." So he learnt from themselves the way in which he caught this one. She yielded to him and married him, and her first words to her husband were these: "I will gladly serve you and obey you with all devotion till the day when you are about to rush out at the shouting beyond the Leven,<sup>2</sup> and strike me with your bridle." Now Leven is a river near the lake. This actually happened: after many children were born to him of her, she was struck with a bridle by him, and when he got back he found her fleeing with the children, followed them, and barely succeeded in catching one of his sons, named Triunein Nagelauc.

He, being ambitious, left the narrow bounds of his estate, and chose for his lord the King of Deheubarth,<sup>3</sup> that is North (!) Wales. There he stayed a long time, but could not put up with the boastfulness of his lord, who one day taking his seat at supper and looking upon his household, which was very numerous, strong and well equipped, broke out proudly thus: "There is no province or realm under heaven out of which I could not easily fetch spoil and return without a battle, for who is there that could resist my greatness, and that of my household, and who could escape from before us without trouble?" When Triunein heard this and reflected on the prowess and the tenacity of his own countrymen, he said: "Lord King, saving your royal majesty, Breauc<sup>4</sup> our king so excels in his own valour and that of his men that neither you nor any other king could take away spoil from him by force on any day when at dawn the tops of the mountains are clear and cloudless and the rivers in the valleys covered with mist." At

<sup>1</sup> Llyn Syfaddon or Llangorse Lake.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The Llyfni (or Llynfi) flows out of the lake.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Of course, *South* Wales.—L.

<sup>4</sup> No doubt, Brychan, the legendary king of Brycheiniog from whom it was said to derive its name.—L.

these words the king was enraged, and commanded him to be bound and cast into prison. Hereupon a nephew of the king who loved Triunein, and was named Madauc, said: "Lord, he cannot with any show of politeness or without prejudice to your good name, be bound or harshly treated, before he is proved a liar. For what he says of the mists hanging over the rivers and the hill-tops being clear, these are signs of fair weather; and he means that on a fine day no one can take prey from them. Let us prove if this boast is true, and when we have fair weather, let us put this Triunein at our head, for he knows the lie of those parts and the entrances and exits." The king agreed, and they invaded the kingdom of Brehein of Brekeniauc, and gathered a great store of prey. Now King Brechein was sitting in his bath, and no man brought him news of it; for he was feared for this evil habit, that when any brought him bad news, upon first comprehending the misfortune, as if seized by a devil, he would strike him forthwith with whatever was in his hand, stone, club, or sword, and after the first throw, stroke, or thrust, was sorry and would recall the messenger—hurt or unhurt—and hear him out. He now heard great outcries, and he had a spear by him, for which reason, though his troops were gathered to oppose the enemy, no one dared to tell him anything. At last a youth, one of their noblest, sprang forward and said, "I know that for fear none of you will make himself a herald of this report to our king; but if you will all give me your blessing, I will tell him of the danger," and with bowed head he received the blessing of the hands and tongues of them all, and then went to the king in the bath, and said: "Your land of Reynos<sup>1</sup> (i.e. Brecheniauc) can fight no more from this moment, for there are no beasts left."<sup>2</sup> Out darted the king from the bath, and in the attack of fury hurled a stone which he found near, at him, but missed, and then as usual called him back, and on hearing the report caught up his clothes and weapons, mounted his horse, which was hobbled, and yet carried him as freely as if not shackled

<sup>1</sup> Probably, as Sir John Rhys suggested (Oxford edition of *De Nugis*, p. 265), for Reinuc, i.e. Rheinwg, the land of Rhain. Whether Rheinwg was an old name of Dyfed or of Brycheiniog is an unsettled question (see Lloyd, *History of Wales*, pp. 281-2); the present passage favours the identification with Brecknock.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The sentence is corrupt.

from the mountain Cumeraic, where he then was, into his own territory. Here he was told by a woman to loose the shackle from his horse: he pulled up at once and finding the beast shackled went no farther till it was loosed, and then with a curse on the woman hurried on without a stop till he had joined his men. Relieved and stimulated at the sight of him they rushed upon the enemy, and routed and slaughtered them, and when nearly the whole force was exterminated, the king next day ordered all their right hands to be collected in one place, and the virile members in another, and in a third near the highway all the right feet, and built a cairn over each of these piles of limbs as a memorial of his victory over such boastfulness; they are still there, and each is named after the part that lies in it. But whereas they tell that Triunein was saved by his mother and still lives with her in the lake I mentioned, I think it must even be called a lie, for such a fiction could easily be invented about a man who was missing.

## XII. AGAIN OF SUCH APPARITIONS.

Like to this is the story of Edric Wild<sup>1</sup> (i.e. the savage), so named from his bodily activity, and his rollicking talk and deeds, a man of great prowess, lord of Ledbury North: he when returning late from hunting through wild country, uncertain of his path, till midnight, was accompanied only by one page, and came upon a large building at the edge of the forest, such a one as the English have as drinking-houses, one in each parish (*lit.* diocese), called in English *ghildhus*; and when he was near it, seeing a light inside, he looked in and saw a great dance of numbers of noble ladies. They were most comely to look upon, and finely clad in fair habits of linen only, and were greater and taller than our women. The knight remarked one among all the rest as excelling in form and face, desirable beyond any favourite of a king. They were circling with airy

<sup>1</sup> In Gibson's edition of the *Britannia* of Camden (1695, p. 578, margin), this story is connected with the Herefordshire Ledbury, also held by the Bishop of Hereford. But Map refers explicitly to Ledbury *North*, near Bishop's Castle, and it is significant that Domesday makes "Edricus Saluage" the 1066 holder of the neighbouring vill of "Lidum" (i.e. Lydham). According to the same authority, it should be noted, "Lideberie" itself belonged to the Bishop of Hereford under the Confessor, i.e. while Edric was still alive.—L.



motion and gay gesture, and from their subdued voices singing in solemn harmony a delicate sound came to his ears; but their words he could not understand. At the sight the knight received a wound to the very heart, and ill could bear the fires driven in by Cupid's bow; the whole of him kindled and blazed up, and from the fever of that fairest of plagues, that golden peril, he drew courage. He had heard tell of the fables of the heathen, the nightly squadrons of devils and the deadly vision of them, of Dictynna and the bands of Dryads and Naiads (?),<sup>1</sup> had learnt of the vengeance of the gods when offended, and how they inflict sudden punishment on those who suddenly catch sight of them, how they will keep themselves strictly apart, and dwell unknown, secretly and remote, how they dislike those who try to surprise and detect their assemblies, who search after them to make them public, with what care they shut themselves from view lest, if seen, they be condemned; those vengeance and the examples of the sufferers he had heard; but as Cupid is rightly painted blind, he forgets it all; thinks it no illusion, sees no avenger, and recklessly stumbles because he has no light. He goes round the building, finds the entrance, rushes in, catches her by whom he has been caught, and is instantly set upon by the rest; for a time he is delayed by a fierce struggle, but at last extricated by the utmost efforts of himself and his page, yet not quite undamaged—hurt in feet and legs by all that the nails and teeth of women could inflict. He took her with him, and for three days and nights used her as he would, yet could not wring a word from her. She yielded quietly to his will. On the fourth day she spoke to him in these terms: "Hail to you, my dearest! and whole shall you be, and enjoy prosperity in body and affairs, until you reproach me either with the sisters from whom you snatched me, or the place or wood or anything thereabout, from which I come: but from that day you will fall away from happiness, and when I am gone you will fail with successive losses, and anticipate your day of doom by your own impatience." He vowed by every assurance possible to be firm and faithful in his love. So he called together the nobles near and far, and in a great concourse joined her to him solemnly in marriage. At that time William the Bastard, then newly King of

<sup>1</sup> The MSS. has *et alares*, which is so far unexplained.

England, was on the throne : he, hearing of this prodigy, and desirous to prove it and know plainly if it were true, summoned the pair to come together to London, and with them there came many witnesses, and much evidence from those who could not come. A great proof of her fairy nature was the beauty of the woman, the like of which had never been seen or heard of ; and amid the amazement of all they were sent home again. It happened later, after the lapse of many years, that Edric, coming back from hunting about the third hour of the night and not finding her, called her and bade her be summoned, and because she was slow to come said, with an angry look : “ Was it your sisters that kept you so long ? ” The rest of his abuse was addressed to the air, for when her sisters were named she vanished. Bitterly did the youth repent his perverse and disastrous outbreak, and he sought the spot where he had made her captive, but by no tears nor outcries could he regain her. Day and night he kept calling for her, but all turned to his own confusion, for his life came to an end in that place in unceasing sorrow. He left, however, an heir—his son, borne by her for whose sake he died—Alnod, a man of great holiness and wisdom, who when somewhat advanced in age fell into a palsy and shaking of the head and limbs, and he, appearing to all physicians incurable, was told by discreet persons that he ought by all means to manage to hasten to the Apostles Peter and Paul, and would certainly recover health, in the place where their bodies are buried, namely Rome. He replied that he could go nowhere in despite of St. Ethelbert, king and martyr, whose parishioner he was, before presenting himself to him, and had himself conveyed to Hereford, where on the first night before the altar of that martyr he was restored to his former health and with thanksgiving presented in perpetual alms to God and the Blessed Virgin and St. Ethelbert the King, his manor of Ledbury, which is in Welsh territory, with all its appurtenances, and it is to this day in the lordship of the Bishop of Hereford, and is said to yield its lords thirty pounds a year.

We have heard of demons that are *incubi* and *succubi*, and of the dangers of union with them ; but rarely or never do we read in the old stories of heirs or offspring, of them, who ended their days prosperously, as did this Alnod, who paid over his whole

inheritance to Christ in recompense for his cure and passed the rest of his life as a pilgrim in His service.

### XIII. AGAIN OF THE SAME APPARITIONS.<sup>1</sup>

*Fantasma* is derived from *fantasia*, i.e. a passing apparition, for the appearances which occasionally devils make to some by their own power (first receiving leave of God), pass by with or without doing harm, according as the Lord who brings them either protects or forsakes us or allows us to be tempted. But what are we to say of those cases of "fantasy" which endure and propagate themselves in a good succession, as this of Alnod and the other narrative of the Britons, in which a knight is said to have buried his wife, who was really dead, and to have recovered her by snatching her out of a dance, and after that to have got sons and grandsons by her, and that the line lasts to this day, and those who come of it have grown to a great number and are in consequence called "sons of the dead mother." Surely the acts and permissions of the Lord are to be hearkened to with all patience, and He is to be praised in every one of them; for as He is incomprehensible, so His works transcend our questioning and escape our discussion, and whatever can be thought or known by us (if we know anything at all) is seen to possess that quality, since He is wholly true purity and pure truth.

### XIV. AGAIN OF THE SAME APPARITIONS.<sup>2</sup>

A certain knight had a beloved good and noble wife by whom he had a first-born son, and on the first morning after his birth

<sup>1</sup> See below Dist. iv. 8, p. 187.

<sup>2</sup> This tale is founded on the widespread superstition relating to Change-lings (see *Science of Fairy Tales*, chap. v.), according to which unbaptized babes and women in childbed are specially liable to attack by evil spirits and fairies, and to be stolen or exchanged for their own misshapen offspring. One method of protection against them, used not only in Europe, but also in other parts of the world where similar foes are dreaded, is that of fire and lights; for such beings are everywhere reputed to flee from light. Liebrecht (*op. cit.* 31) justly points out that this is the meaning of the reference in the tale to the fires and torchlight with which the watchers were surrounded. There is nothing to show whether the tale is Welsh or English; but to both

he found him in his cradle with his throat cut : and in a year's time a second was so found, and in the third year a third, his own careful watch and that of his household being miserably eluded. He therefore, with his wife and family, anticipated the fourth birth with fastings, alms, prayers and many tears, and a boy was born to them, whom all the neighbours, in company with them, surrounded with fires and torchlight, and all kept their eyes fixed upon him. Now there arrived a pilgrim, tired, it seemed, with journeying, and besought shelter in God's name, and was most religiously taken in, and shared their watch ; and lo ! after midnight, when all the rest were sleeping, he alone remained awake and saw all at once a reverend lady stooping over the cradle and attacking the child with intent to cut its throat. He sprang forward without hesitation, seized her, and held her firmly till all were roused and surrounded her, and she was recognized by many of them, and in a short while by all, who declared that she was the noblest lady of all in that city, in regard of character, riches, and all honest behaviour, but neither to her name nor to any other question would she answer. This the father himself and many besides attributed to her shame at being caught, and would have had her let go. The pilgrim, however, insisted that she was a devil, continued to keep firm hold of her, and with one of the keys of the neighbouring church branded her face as a sign of her wickedness, and moreover directed that that lady whom they supposed this one to be should at once be brought to him. She was brought while he still held the other, and was seen to be like

Welsh and English the superstition was familiar. It was known in Wales up to quite recent times (Mrs. Trevelyan, *Folklore and Folk-stories of Wales*, 266). Readers of the *Mabinogion* will be reminded of the tale of Pwyll Prince of Dyfed. There, however, the child was only stolen, whereas in Map's tale it was slain : a proceeding attributable rather to witches than to fairies. It is accordingly probable that in an earlier form of the story the perpetrator was so described. Countenance is given to this conjecture by the branding incident. It is one of the common-places of the witch-superstition that when a witch is met with in other than her proper shape (for witches have, of course, the power of shape-shifting) any wound or injury inflicted on her is reproduced in her true form, as in this case the noble and pious lady, when fetched, " was seen to be like in all respects to the captive, *even to the branding*." Map's change of the story is perhaps not unconnected with his constant interpretation as devils of the fairies and other supernatural beings not worshipped in Christianity ; but it throws the narrative into confusion.—H.

in all respects to the captive, even to the branding. Quoth the pilgrim to the astonished and stupefied group: "This lady who is just come is, I trust, an excellent person, and dear to God: by her good works she has drawn on herself the anger of the devils, and therefore this evil emissary of theirs and minister of their wrath has been made like this good woman, and hostile to her as far as she might, in order to throw the infamy of her crime upon her. That you may see the truth of this, note what she will do when I let her go." She flew out through the window with appalling shrieks and lamentations.

#### XV. AGAIN OF THE SAME APPARITIONS.<sup>1</sup>

What is to be said of these and of like stories? Paul and Antony, rightly called heremites, inasmuch as, nomad dwellers

<sup>1</sup> During the third century the extravagances of religious asceticism culminated round the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean in a frenzy which drove men into the deserts away from their own kind to spend their lives, not in wholesome or useful work, but in lonely prayer, fasting and pious but inane emotion. The result naturally, inevitably was, if not insanity, at least a disordered imagination: they believed themselves surrounded by devils, who tempted or openly attacked them in the shape of wild animals and all sorts of queer and impossible creatures. They were regarded as of extraordinary sanctity, and miracles were believed to be continually wrought by them or on their behalf. Such men were called hermits. Among the earliest and most famous were Paul and Antony, who dwelt in the Egyptian deserts, and whose lives were written, that of the former by St. Jerome and that of the latter by St. Athanasius.

The story here presented was originally recorded by St. Jerome in his life of St. Paul the Hermit. It has been presented in abstract by Map, probably from memory, with a characteristic classical embellishment. St. Jerome tells us, professedly on the authority of Antony, that Paul and Antony were living as hermits apart in the desert, apparently in ignorance of one another. When they were both old men, Paul one hundred and thirteen and Antony upwards of ninety years of age, it came into the latter's mind that beside himself no perfect monk had settled in the wilderness. But in the quiet of the night it was revealed to him that there was another who far surpassed him, and whom he ought to visit. Accordingly the venerable old man, when the returning light broke forth, started to go he knew not whither, staying his infirm limbs upon a staff. He journeyed until he was oppressed by the baking rays of the midday sun; but not diverted from the journey he had undertaken he exclaimed: "I believe in my God that he will show His servant what He has promised me." Immediately he beheld a creature, part man, part horse, called by poets a hippo-centaur. He made the sign of the cross on his forehead and called out to the apparition: "Ho you! whereabouts does this servant of God dwell?" But the creature, gnashing his teeth and rather tearing to pieces his words than speaking out with an intelligible voice, indicated the way with his right hand, then flew away and vanished from Antony's sight.

in a vast wilderness, they sought God alone in loneliness, these, though strangers to each other, were warned in the spirit, the one to act as guest by arriving, the other to be host by receiving ; the one was to expect, the other to await. And as the comer journeyed, doubtful of the way, there crossed his path at speed a centaur, a beast of double nature, man from the base of the

Jerome is unable to determine whether it was an appearance of the devil to terrify the holy man, or whether the desert, fertile of monsters, had brought forth this wild beast also. Antony astounded went on his way, and shortly afterwards in a rocky defile beheld a little hook-nosed man with horns on his forehead and whose lower limbs degenerated into goat's feet. Grasping the shield of faith and the breastplate of hope the traveller hurried up and boldly addressed him, asking who he was. The little man replied : " I am a mortal and one of your neighbours in the wilderness whom the gentiles, deluded with manifold errors, worship, calling us fauns and satyrs and incubi. I am charged by my fellows to pray that you will entreat on our behalf our good God whom we know to have come for the salvation of the world, and whose sound has gone out into all the earth." The aged wayfarer, hearing this, was overcome with joy of Christ's glory and the ruin of the devil. The tears welled out over his face. He struck the ground with his staff and burst forth : " Woe unto thee, Alexandria ! who instead of God dost worship monsters ; woe unto thee, harlot-city, into which the devilry of the whole earth has flowed ! What wilt thou say now ? The very beasts speak of Christ, while thou dost worship monsters for God ! " But before the oburgation was ended the frisky creature had fled, leaving Antony to these saintly emotions. He continued his journey, though he did not know what to do or in which direction to turn. All night he spent in prayer, and the next morning he saw in the distance a she-wolf panting for thirst and creeping to the foot of the mountain. He followed her with his eyes to a cave ; and when she had gone away he approached with the intention of exploring it. Entering it, he saw a light at a distance and thought he heard sounds within. As he hastened he kicked a stone. The noise aroused St. Paul, whose hermitage it was. He shut and bolted the door, leaving his unknown visitor without ; nor did the traveller gain entrance until after a parley and a humble request for admission. All these things and more Jerome relates with holy rhetoric for the edification of believers, and they have remained part of the tradition of the Church.

In the west of Europe monastic life (life in communities) was more in favour than solitary life, though solitary ascetics are exceptionally found throughout the Middle Ages. St. Guthlac, who settled in the Fens at Crowland at the beginning of the eighth century, was the most celebrated in this country. The loneliness, fasting and self-torture, the perpetual religious brooding, and the dismal surroundings, produced their usual result of at least partially unhinging his mind. He saw devils everywhere, he was dragged into the waters of the fen, he was hurried to the very door of Hell and " saw the foulness of the smoke and the burning flames and the horror of the black abyss," and the torment of the souls of unrighteous men. His prayers were interrupted by the howlings of cattle and various wild beasts. " He saw the appearances of animals and wild beasts and creeping things coming in to him. First he saw the visage of a lion that threatened him with his bloody tusks ;

chest, horse below : who to his question uttered a roaring in place of words, and with his hand gave him instruction of the way. After him, there put himself purposely in his view another creature with goat's feet and hairy belly, on his breast a fawn's skin with starry marks, with fire-red face, bearded chin and upright horns. Such was Pan as described by the ancients, and the meaning of *pan* is *all*, signifying that he has in him the form of all nature. This *creature* told Antony the way in distinct speech, and when asked who he was replied that he was of the angels who were cast out with Lucifer, and were scattered throughout the world, each one according to the deserts of his pride.

#### XVI. AGAIN OF THE SAME APPARITION.

Is not this yet another "fantasm"? At Louvain in the march of Lorraine and Flanders, at the place called Lata Quercus, there were assembled (as is still the custom) many thousands of knights to play together in arms after their manner, a sport which they call a tournament, but the better name would be torment. A knight was there, before the contest began, mounted on a great horse : he was handsome, in stature somewhat over the middle height, and duly equipped with fine weapons. Leaning on his spear, he kept sighing so dismally that many of the bystanders remarked him, and he was called to give the reason why. With a deep sigh he answered : " Good God ! What work I shall have to beat all those who have gathered here to-day ! " This saying went forth to every one, and he was pointed at by all and sundry with expressions of envy and indignation. But he was the first to fly upon his opponents with the spear, and all that day he did so mightily, gained so many successes, so prevailed and shone out victorious over every single foe, that not the most envious could keep from praise, to his detriment, and for very wonder all spite of hate was turned to affection. But of a truth it is at the end that

also the likeness of a bull and the visage of a bear, as when they are enraged. Also he perceived the appearance of vipers and a hog's grunting and the howling of wolves and croaking of ravens and the various whistling of birds ; that they might with their fantastic appearance divert the mind of the holy man." Such is the record of one who wrote his life at the command and for the edification of Alfwold, King of the East Angles, within a few years of the holy man's death (see the Anglo-Saxon version with translation by C. W. Goodwin, London, 1848, 35 sqq., 47).—H.

praise is sung, and at evening that the day is approved. He seemed to be luck's own child,<sup>1</sup> but at last when all was near an end, and every one was going away, he was pierced to the heart by the spear of an obscure knight of no account who opposed him, and died in a moment. Both sides were called apart, and when he was disarmed and shown to each and all of either party, no one could recognize him, and to this day it has not been ascertained who he was.

### XVII. OF GADO,<sup>2</sup> THAT MOST VALIANT KNIGHT.<sup>3</sup>

You may rightly admire Gado as a rock steadfast amid storms, who throughout Herculean labours always balanced himself evenly, inclining neither to hope nor fear, so as never to lapse and end in the disrepute of either. He was the son of the king of the Vandals, whose realm he left in boyhood, not in order to escape the troubles of his country, or the restraints of his father, but because, having a soul above the world, he scorned to be confined within his native bounds. So after gaining a sufficient knowledge of letters he took up arms and overcame the monsters of all the world. Though not a monster himself like Alcides, in gigantic height, nor like Achilles, by fairy descent, he deserves to be no less exalted than they, nay, he seems even to have excelled them in worth and strength. Thoroughly inured to battle, skilful in the taking of fishes, birds and beasts, he so excelled in distinction in time of peace and war alike that he was reputed to know everything,

<sup>1</sup> Hor. *Sat.*, ii. 6, 49.

<sup>2</sup> A euhemeristic version of a fragment of the ancient English legend of the mythical hero Wade, whose name, apart from this chapter of Map, now seems to survive in this country only in a few scattered names of places, such as Wade's Gap in Northumberland, in local ascription to him of great feats of engineering or architecture, and in rare literary allusions, such as that of Chaucer to Wade's boat (*Marchantes Tale*, l. 1424). He is found in continental Teutonic Tradition; but the references are few and obscure. He is credited there too with a boat, as well as with leech-craft. Grimm identifies him as the father of Wielant (Wayland Smith) and concludes by saying that the whole group to which he belongs "are heroes, but also ghostly beings and demigods" (Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, i. 376 sqq.; iii. 1148; iv. 1392). The story given by Map has evidently passed through the hands of some monk with pretensions to learning of a kind familiar in that age, who has distorted it in the interests of patriotism. The earlier form of the tale is now irrecoverable.—H.

<sup>3</sup> Fragment VI. Date uncertain.



and though a whole mass of armed men could hardly withstand the sword of his right hand, he was an eminent lover and defender of peace, and went about the world taking part in every notable contest, yet always inquiring into the claims of both sides, so that he might be the putter down of wrong and the champion of right. As he never flinched from a task begun, or rested from his purpose, or went back upon his acts, all declared him to possess universal wisdom ; he spoke the language of every kingdom, and by his constant prosperity and success seemed to own a lordship over every department of life : it was as if everything that lived and moved obeyed his wish, and that consciously.

Landing upon our island, I mean England, he met that valiant king Offa, then at the age which separates boyhood from youth—the happiest of all times of life, if it were but realized ; but our days so slip by that happiness is not perceived when it is with us ; only when it is past are our eyes opened to it. The king had girdled in the Welsh into a small corner of their Wales, by means of the dyke which still bears his name : the going over or outside it they paid for and had to repent, with the loss of a foot.<sup>1</sup> He had raised his kingdom to the greatest degree of prosperity by great care and pains, and had taken to wife the daughter of the Emperor of Rome. Many such unions between Romans and Britons are recorded, which turned to the grief of both, of which this is one. Romans had often come there as ambassadors from the Emperor to Offa, and had gone back enriched by him and full of the praises of the king and kingdom, and when Rome beheld them glittering in raiment and gold, its native covetousness was straightway kindled. No wonder, for this very name of *Rome* is made up out of the beginnings of avarice and the definition of it ; it is composed of R.O.M.A., and the definition goes with it—*Radix Omnium Malorum Avaricia*. They therefore suggested to their lord the emperor Cunnanus (of whom a nun seeing his ugliness once said *Domnus Cunnanus nichil est nisi cunnus et anus*) that Rome was of right the head of the world and the mistress of all lands, and that England should become tributary to her ; nor did

<sup>1</sup> Map is the only authority for this penalty of a lost foot, though his contemporary, John of Salisbury, has a similar story (*Polycraticus* vi. 6) as to the right hand.—L.

they desist from egging him on thereto, till they had converted him to their own greedy view. The only bar to beginning an attack was that they knew Gado, the defender of all the unoffending, to be yet alive, and were sure that so great an undertaking could nowhere be set on foot, near home or far off, but that he would be called upon to protect the right. Long time therefore the emperor sighed for this, and the Romans with him, and kept the project secret. Offa, ignorant of the business, sent away Gado, though only after keeping him long with him and always honouring him with the greatest respect. He bore away all the wealth he desired, though not all that was offered, and, well loaded, left England for the farthest parts of India, summoned by panting posts and pressing letters from there, as one who was a sword in the Lord's hand, and an avenger of all wrongs in which appeal was made to him. Once removed so far, the recollection of him was blunted in the minds of the Romans, and there were even those who invented for the emperor reports of his death with place and date, to do away with his fear of invading England. The empire was therefore summoned by instant proclamation; and an army gathered, numerous, nay innumerable, assailed Offa and the English, unprepared—unprepared, that is, in their own view, for God had indeed prepared them. For Gado, having freed the Indians from their difficulties and now hurrying by sea to his father's kingdom, was borne by winds (contrary to his wish, but made favourable by God for the help of the English) and arrived, a defender and ally, on the same day and at the same shore as the invading enemy. He was presented to Offa *who* (or and) was stationed with his gathered forces in Colchester, the birthplace, it is said, of Helena<sup>1</sup> who found the Lord's cross, and his army had returned to him after applying for peace and being denied. Gado, therefore, when he beheld the face of war, felt that it was the Lord who had brought him to that place, and gladly undertook to obey. He now prepared for a public appearance, clad in the splendid robes he used, and, accompanied by a hundred chosen horsemen, went quickly to the emperor's tent. The first who

<sup>1</sup> Both Henry of Huntingdon (i. § 37) and Geoffrey of Monmouth (v. 6) make Helena (mother of Constantine the Great) the daughter of Coel, King, or Duke, of Colchester.—L.

caught sight of him, struck with amazement, hurried to report it to the emperor, and said : " Here is approaching a huge man, with a sprinkling of grey hairs, you may say half greyheaded, most beautifully clothed in silk—a man in likeness angelic and already made glorious by God, and with him are about a hundred knights, the best that could be got from any part of the world, very great and very handsome." Now it is to be noted that Gado always had at least a hundred such with him. The emperor, alarmed at this news and guessing what had happened, was struck dumb with perplexity, and charged with treason those who had advised him to come. At that moment Gado appeared in their midst and said : " Cometh my lord the supreme prince peaceably ? " The emperor answered : " What is that to thee, who never stayest at home ? Comest *thou* peaceably, who for ever huntest up disputes and quarrels the world over ? " Thereat Gado, as he was a man of most constant soul and not to be moved from truth, gently replied : " Peaceably ; for by the grace and power of God there shall be peace to the unoffending, and whereas you call me a hunter-up of quarrels, you are right, for I diligently seek them out and when I find them I put them down with all my might : those who make them I hate, and unless they cease to foster them I will have no kindness for them." With these words he left the tent, rejoined his men who awaited him outside, and departed, with a salutation to the Romans. It was not for love of them that he saluted them, or because he wished to be saluted in return ; but it is always well to remember good manners, for no point of polite behaviour ought to be neglected, lest forgetfulness of what is good, always liable to be dropped, should come on us ; for which reason politeness should be practised where it is not owed ; happy is he who preserves his good manners by constant use.

The Romans were in wonder and fear, for Gado's knights were conspicuous for great stature, remarkable beauty, and rich equipment, and were to be preferred not only to the Romans but to any they had ever seen. Gado came in to Offa, unexpected, and to him brought as much relief and hope as he had brought fear and misgiving to the Romans, and, when he learned of the goodness of Offa's cause and the badness of theirs, he armed himself first, and

encouraged the army to a just warfare. He stationed the king and the whole force, except five hundred of the best, in the middle of the town in a spacious open place : he himself, with his own men and no more, hastened to the gate which favoured the first attack of the enemy (*or* hastened to oppose the enemy at the gate which promised an entrance to the first attack), and put Suanus, a nephew of the king, an admirable youth, who guarded the next gate to him, in command of the five hundred I mentioned. The first squadron of the Romans approached and, avoiding Gado from fear, attacked Suanus. He met them with such valour and resisted them so bravely that, disbelieving their own eyes which had seen Gado elsewhere, they thought they had come on him here, and tried their best to crush by force of numbers him whom they could not defeat by skill in war. At last two squadrons of theirs had been routed and put to flight, and of the five hundred, two hundred had fallen. A force of five hundred was rushed upon the three hundred before they could rest from their fatigue. Suanus sent a knight to Gado asking for reinforcements, and received the answer that he was to fight bravely. He complied without a murmur, and attacked so recklessly, casting himself into the midst of the foe, that it seemed less a battle than a flight of lambs before wolves, or hares before hounds, and even when outside the gate he kept on slaying them as far as the fourth rank. Then blushing that he had asked for help, he scorned to live, he was ashamed to return from the enemy, and meant to wipe out by death the reproach of cowardice, till Gado in pity ordered him to retire. Not caring about himself, but wisely obedient to his elder, he at once left the gate as ordered and hurried to his king. The enemy like a great mass of water that has burst its dam,<sup>1</sup> rushed in through the gate, sure of victory, but in the square were bravely met by Offa, and dashed themselves against a firm barrier. In the rear Gado came upon them by that same gate, and like a sickle in a reed-bed broke through the midst of the miserable crowd, leaving a street behind him wherever he went. Thus shut in, they yielded and were cut down ; and since neither hope remained in the vanquished nor fear in the victors, these thought scorn to pursue them, and Gado called the king back. Those who had brought war were summoned to make peace :

<sup>1</sup> *Virg. Georg.*, ii. 479-80.

the king gave them ships, and they bore their dead back to Rome to bury them there.

#### XVIII. OF ANDRONIUS, EMPEROR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.<sup>1</sup>

When Louis the Fat was reigning in France, and Henry I in England, the emperor at Constantinople was Andronius,<sup>2</sup> who rejoiced in two sons, Andronius and Manuel. Andronius, sent by his father on an expedition, stayed long abroad, and meanwhile his father died. Manuel therefore usurped the empire illegally, being the younger, and repulsed the returning Andronius. He, bearing his complaint of such injustice through country and city, armed almost half the world against Manuel, and would have succeeded against him, but that Manuel, lavish of treasure and sparing of honour, and aware that the Greeks are soft and womanly, voluble and deceitful, of no constancy or valour against an enemy, made clever use of them for the time, pouring out riches and feigned promises, and brought in, a few at a time, men of our side of the mountains, ostensibly to protect and save their persons, and to be exposed to danger in their stead; and since there was no stint of pay, these hungry ones flew in in hosts and filled the land, and entering foot by foot made themselves at the end into a great nation. So Manuel by their exertion and help gained the country, and then took pity on his brother, vanquished and now wholly expelled, and gave him a kingdom next door to the Parthians—I mean the Turks—a territory profitable enough and extensive, but a long way off; but first took the pledge of an oath, and a perpetual renunciation of the empire both from him and from Andronius his son and heir. He considered that he had thus satisfied justice in respect of his usurpation, and mercy in respect

<sup>1</sup> Fragment VII. After 1185 (?)

<sup>2</sup> In this account of the Comnenian dynasty there are many errors. Alexius Comnenus (1081–1118) was followed on the throne by his son John (1118–1143), and he by his son Manuel (1143–1180). Alexius II, son of Manuel, was married to Agnes, daughter of Louis VII, and succeeded his father in 1180 at the age of twelve. He was murdered in 1183 by Andronicus, son of Isaac, son of Alexius I, who reigned for two years and was then put to death (1185), to be succeeded by Isaac Angelus. The “Arm of St. George” is the Sea of Marmora.—L.

of the unforced gift. Later, Andronius the father died, and Andronius the heir renewed and reaffirmed the pledge to Manuel. It was faithfully kept down to the time of Pope Lucius,<sup>1</sup> who succeeded Pope Alexander III, and Manuel ruled the empire very prosperously and received in marriage for his son Manuel the daughter of Louis, king of France, and died full of days in faith and good circumstances, except that he left a son of no more than seven years old in the charge of a Greek, who from his office is called proto-salvator.<sup>2</sup> On hearing of this, Andronius, as he is a man of the most wicked daring, who has twice denied Christ to wheedle help from the Turks, now, as they say, has denied Him the third time, and collecting a great force of Saracens has borne his complaint throughout the islands neighbouring to Manuel, and the adjoining provinces: pretending that the proto-salvator is too intimate with the wife of his lord and means to marry her, and that the two have conspired to kill the boy Manuel, or have already killed him, in order to reign themselves under a semblance of piety; asserting too with tears that he would be a most faithful protector of that ward, if by their good will and help they should think it proper to follow up that design, and would have this offence and deceit removed from among them. To these promises he adds gifts, weeping, and shows every appearance of real sorrow. He is believed, and is adopted by all as guardian and protector of the ward. So arriving with a great force he crushed the army sent against him by the proto-salvator; it was not overcome by skill in war, but by its own generals sold traitorously to death. Such is Greek faith.

At last they reached that sea which is called the Arm of St. George. From this point he crossed, sending on before some Greek citizens of Constantinople, by favour of Alexius and by their help, and was let in by the gate of the Dacians after paying money and giving a pledge to do no injury. Now there were living in Constantinople, on Manuel's invitation, people who went by the name of Franks—really driven from almost every nation—whom the

<sup>1</sup> Lucius III was Pope from 1181 to 1185.—L.

<sup>2</sup> A corruption of the Greek "protosebastos," one of the titles invented by Alexius I for members of the imperial family. Ralph of Diceto has it in the scarcely less corrupt form of "prothosalvaston" (*Ymag. Hist.*, Rolls edition, ii. 12).—L.

Greeks for envy persecuted with extreme hate. For to such extent has their strength died down since the Trojan war that since Ajax, against whose worth craft unjustly prevailed, there is nothing in any Greek to be proud of, nothing excellent : so weak are they that even the dregs of all nations and the very abjects of the people are an object of envy to them. For we know that the fugitive bands of proscribed and condemned have had recourse thither, and those whom their inborn vice has exiled from their homes have attained such influence among the Greeks that their envy now burns against them as if they were Trojans come to life again. I do not speak as grudging the fame of that holiest of virgins (St. Katharine) whom the Lord honoured from her cradle to the day of her death with signs and wonders ;<sup>1</sup> I detract in nowise from those whom the Lord has chosen. It is of their knights that I speak, for that class has degenerated in knightly practice since the destruction of the army of Troy, and nothing of soldierly honour has appeared among them since the days of Achilles, Ajax, and the son of Tydeus. [*This Chapter is unfinished.*]

#### XIX. OF GILLESOP THE SCOT, A MOST VALIANT MAN.<sup>2</sup>

I once saw a man from Scotland whose renown there has attained to immortality ; his name was Gillescop, i.e. bishop. He, who took part in almost all the conflicts of chiefs, princes and kings in those parts, in each gained the prize of either party, whether he were on the side of the victors or the vanquished, being from youth to age a man of the luckiest daring ; for on no occasion did his rash presumption act the stepmother to him, though he rushed like a blind man into every danger, and seldom or never was success denied to his foolhardiness. He was called bishop, not from his office, but from a circular patch of baldness. To continue : there are many islands near Scotland, ruled by single chiefs. One of these, whose land was but two miles from the mainland, was a man of approved boldness according to their idea of knighthood ;

<sup>1</sup> Map is prudent here. But he might first of all have enquired whether "that holiest of virgins" ever existed outside of historically worthless ecclesiastical legends.—H.

<sup>2</sup> Fragment VIII. Date uncertain.

and he, just before the dawn of a Sunday, carried off the mistress of this Gillo. He had news of it in the first hour of the same day, and took it in such savage sort that without advising with his friends, without waiting or even asking for a boat, unarmed but for a sword, in breeches split at the seat and otherwise naked, he dared to breast the sea, himself his own tiller, oarsman, and sail, ship and captain, invading army and general; and though his rash venture had everything to fear, he crossed and landed in safety. He entered the kidnapper's house from the rear, and peering in through a small hole, he saw, surrounded by three hundred or more guests, his mistress in the king's embrace. Madly and without thought he leapt in, killed the king with a single blow and leapt out again. The guests were amazed, and some in sorrow for the death, and yet more kindled to anger by insistent grief, decided to arm and pursue him. He holding the bloody sword in mid-sea, sought safety by swimming; like a boar with dogs barking at him from a distance, who are kept from attacking by the fear of wounds, and yet from retreat by their rancour. However, after stabbing two in the water he dwelt safe at home, inventor of a novelty in daring and of the sharpest of vengeance. The same man made answer to his lord the king of Scotland, who could not because of illness safely go out against an enemy: "Lord, you send me out in your stead and ask me to fight well. Be sure that whichever way victory goes, to you, I mean, or to the enemy, I shall gain more praise than anyone there." And so he did.

Again, when he had won and put many foes to flight—his legs had been pierced with a broad lance—he left his company to the spoils, and leaning on his spear was making his way back on foot. When at a distance from his party and out of sight of them, he was suddenly attacked by three footmen of the beaten side; the first had a lance, the second a knife, the third a bow. He had no weapons but a lance, and, except those mentioned, they had none. The first, as he came on, Gillescop received with his lance and pierced him to the heart, turning aside his lance with his left hand: then pulling out his own he took the second in the middle of the groin. The third found him staggering, and without more ado threw his arms about him, as if to choose what death he pleased for his enemy. But the other at once buried his knife in his breast and received



in return a knife between his shoulders ; so all four fell, but he only escaped, and was found by his men and carried to a place of safety. Amidst such perils and chances he survived to old age, and from cases like his, perhaps, comes the soldier's proverb, " You may go where you list, but you'll die when you must," as if anyone could rush upon every sort of death and not anticipate his death-day. But it is just as well that soldiers should believe this ; it will stir them up to do the like.

## XX. OF THE MANNERS OF THE WELSH.<sup>1</sup>

My compatriots the Welsh, though wholly unfaithful to everybody—to each other as well as to strangers—are *probi*. I do not mean morally good or specially strong, but in the fierceness of their assault and the keenness of their resistance, only *probi* in *improbitas*, prodigal of life, greedy of liberty, neglectors of peace, warlike and skilled in arms, and eager for vengeance ; most liberal of all goods, very sparing of food<sup>2</sup> to themselves and lavish of it to others, so that every one's food is every one else's, and none among them asks for bread, but takes it without question when he finds it, or any victuals he finds ready set out for eating. To escape the reproach of miserliness they so punctually observe respect for generosity and hospitality that before the third day no one will ask a guest whom he has taken in, who or whence he is, lest he should be put to shame or seem to be suspected by his entertainer of taking forcible liberties ; nor need he answer any call, so that he may rest free from control. But on the third day it is permissible to put the question respectfully.

## XXI. OF THE HOSPITALITY OF THE WELSH.

There have been cases when this custom has been broken. A man of those parts took in a stranger, left him at home, took

<sup>1</sup> Fragment IX, consisting of cc., xx.-xxx. and xxxii. Date, before Feb. 17, 1187.

<sup>2</sup> Giraldus Cambrensis also praises the abstemiousness of the Welsh (*Descriptio Kambriæ*, i. 9).—L.

his leave next morning and went about his business, spent the night away, and returning on the second morning did not find the guest he looked for and asked his wife what had become of him. Said she : " He was lying in bed early to-day, with the door opposite open, and when he saw the great storm of wind and snow he said : ' Good God ! what a perilous tempest.' And I answered : ' It is a good day for a fool to dawdle in a wise man's house.' He gave a heavy groan, and said : ' You villainous woman, I am not dawdling,' and rushed out with his spear, and I could not call him back." The husband exclaimed that he was undone, pierced her through with his spear, and with bitter laments followed upon the track of his guest, and after a long pursuit found a slain wolf, and after, near the track of the man ahead, eight more, and last a broken spear. Thereafter he saw, seated afar off, the man he was following, and a single but very large wolf attacking him at close quarters. He made all speed, drove away the wolf, and casting himself at the feet of his guest, entreated pardon for his wife's fault, and told how he had punished her. The other poor wretch, now almost dead, saw the wolf waiting for the event, and said : " On these terms I will allow you to be innocent of my death, that you get away while I have yet any strength and life left, that when this wolf who sticks to me so implacably attacks me, I may kill him." So entreated, the man moved away, the wolf rushed on the wounded one, and was transfixed by him with the spear which the spectator had lent him. The host bore home the guest and a little after buried his corpse. This was the beginning of a feud between the descendants of the survivor and of the dead, and of mutual revenges which have gone on to this day, and though the kin of the survivor are free from guilt, they are not free from reproach in consequence of the suspicion cast by the words of the grudging wife.

And since I have begun to discourse of the Welsh, let me set forth a judgement which was long discussed among them and slowly brought to an issue (*or long drawn out*).

XXII. OF THE WELSH KING LUELIN.<sup>1</sup>

Llewelyn<sup>2</sup> king of Wales, a man faithless as were most of his forbears and successors, had a very beautiful wife,<sup>3</sup> whom he loved more ardently than she loved him, for which reason he gave his whole energies to spying on her chastity, and, burning with suspicion and jealousy, cared for nothing but that none other should touch her. It chanced to come to his ears that a young man of those parts, most exalted in reputation, nobility of character, race, and beauty, and most prosperous in affairs and person, had dreamed that he had espoused the queen. The king declared himself undone, was as enraged as if the thing had been real, was in agony, seized the innocent man by guile, and, had not respect for his kindred and fear of vengeance restrained him, would have tortured him to death. As is of custom, the whole clan offered themselves as bail for the youth, and protested against his being brought to trial. The king refused bail, and demanded instant judgement. The repulsed party complained of their repulse, but deferred vengeance as long as the youth was in prison. On many occasions numbers were summoned to try the matter, now at the king's order, now by invitation of the other side, but, baffled in every discussion, went on to summon more sages from all parts. Finally, they consulted one whom report described as pre-eminent and whom his position proved no less; and to them he said: "We

<sup>1</sup> Fine paid by the reflection of the *kine* in the Lake of Behthen.

Liebrecht (33) notes a number of parallels in stories of strange judgements, the nearest of which to the text is the decision of Bocchoris the Just, who decreed a youth who had embraced a certain courtesan only in a dream to pay her with the shadow of a purse of money (Clement of Alexandria, *Stromata*, iv. 18).

Jacob Grimm, however, has shown that the principle of merely apparent penalties or compensation was widely adopted in the Middle Ages in the cases of claims by classes of the population who were unfree or contemptible, and as such had no right to substantial satisfaction for any alleged injury. Cases from the laws of various European nationalities are cited for these *Scheinbussen* (Grimm, *Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer*, 677). Was it possible that Llewelyn (or Gruffydd) was the more angry at being treated like one of these classes, and so unworthy of a more substantial recompense?—H.

<sup>2</sup> This should be Gruffydd ap Llywelyn, who ruled over the Welsh from 1039 to 1063 (*History of Wales*, ch. xi. § 1).—L.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps Aldgyth, daughter of Alfgar of Mercia, whom William of Jumièges describes as beautiful, or, it may be, an earlier wife.—L.

must follow the laws of our land, and can by no means annul what our fathers ordained and what has been established by long use. Let us then follow them and not produce anything new until a public decree directs us to the contrary. It has been promulgated in our oldest laws that he who outraged the consort of the King of Wales should pay 1000 kine<sup>1</sup> to the king and go free and unharmed. With regard to the wives of princes, and every class of magnates in like manner, a penalty was appointed according to the rank of each, with a certain number specified. This man is accused of dreaming that he abused the queen and does not deny the charge. Had the offence confessed been real, it is certain that 1000 kine would have had to be paid. In respect that it is a dream, we adjudge that this young man shall set 1000 kine in the king's sight on the bank of the lake of Behthen,<sup>2</sup> in a row in the sunlight, that the reflection of each may be seen in the water, and that the reflections shall belong to the king, and the kine to him who owned them before, inasmuch as a dream is the reflection (shadow) of the truth (reality)." This decision was approved by all and ordered to be put in execution, in spite of the angry protests of Llewelyn.

### XXIII. OF THE SAME.<sup>3</sup>

This Llewelyn when young, in the reign of his father Griffin, was lazy and sluggish, and sat among the ashes of his father's hearth, a good for nothing and abject creature, who never went

<sup>1</sup> The Welsh laws fix the "sarhad," which was the payment involved, of a prince or ruling lord at one hundred cows for each cantref of his dominions.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The lake of Brycheiniog, which suggests where Map got the story.—L.

<sup>3</sup> The custom here referred to, of taking omens at the New Year, was formerly very prevalent, and it still is not only in European countries, but as far East as China; for as Ovid observes (*Fasti*, i. 178), "Omens are wont to dwell in beginnings." But the old Welsh auguries described in the tale, though perhaps not peculiar to them, have given way everywhere to more harmless enquiries—either prognostications of the weather and the crops of the year, or the prospects of life and death of members of the family or acquaintances, still more commonly love-divinations, or that known as "first foot." It is hardly necessary to enumerate them, but examples may be found in Brand and Ellis, *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, i. 7, quoting Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*; Sir John Rhys, *Celtic F.L.*, i. 318, 336; Wuttke, *Deutsche Aberglaube*, 65 (s. 75), 238 (ss. 341, 342), 246 (s. 357), 248 (s. 359); *L'Anthropologie*, vii. 355; *Globus*, xcii. 286. These are all European. Similar superstitions are reported by a missionary from China, *Anthropos*, i. 862.—H.

out. Often had his sister reproached him, and on the eve of the Circumcision (Jan. 1) she came to him with tears and said: "Dear brother, it is to the great shame of the king and of this realm that you are become a scorn and a byword to every one, you who are the only son and heir of the king. And now I beseech you to do something which is very easy and quite without risk. It is a custom in this country that to-night, which is the first night of the year, all the young men should go out to raid and steal, or at least to listen, that each may make trial of himself thereby: to raid, like Geginus (*? Geltinus, Gellyn*) who went far afield quietly and without trouble brought back what he seized, and all that year flourished with a series of successes: to steal, like Golenus the bard who brought a straw from a pigsty without rousing a single grunt, and that year was able to steal whatever he liked without complaint or noise; to listen or eavesdrop like Theudus <sup>1</sup> (Theodosius in Latin), who stole privily to the house of Meilerius and heard one of those who sat within say: 'This morning I saw a little cloud rising out of the sea, and it became a great cloud so that it covered the whole sea,' and going thence he considered that he—a little one—was the little cloud, risen out of the sea, (i.e. born from Wales, which is always in motion,) and was to become king: and this the event proved. Now then, dear brother, do you go out at least to listen, which you can do without any risk." The boy, awaked by this, as if his soul were roused from a heavy sleep, and rising to a mood before unknown to him, became instinct with strength, agile, quick and ready of resolve, and calling to him a number of companions, placed himself by the wall of some one's house in secret, with attentive ears. Many were sitting within, and waiting for the cooking of a bullock cut up in a pot in their midst, which their cook was stirring about with a flesh-hook, and said the cook: "I have found one very strange piece among the rest; I am always pushing it down and putting it under the others, and in a moment it turns up above them all." "That," said Llewelyn, "is myself, whom many have tried and will try to keep down, but I shall always break out mightily, against all their wills." Gladdened by so plain an omen he left his father, pro-

<sup>1</sup> Tewdws is an unusual Welsh name, but there was a King of Dyfed who bore it about 750.—L.

claimed war on his neighbours, and became a most crafty and formidable raider of others' goods; every band of scoundrels flocked pell-mell to him, and in no long time he was feared even by his father, after whose death he peaceably possessed all the bounds of Wales—peaceably, that is, but for the tyrannies he inflicted on his subjects. For he resembled Alexander of Macedon and all others in whom covetous lust destroys self-control, liberal, vigilant, quick, bold, courteous, affable, extravagant, pertinacious, untrustworthy, and cruel.

Whatever young man he saw of good and strong promise, he either murdered him by some craft, or maimed him to prevent his attaining manly strength, ever mindful of his own safety; and very quickly he became supreme, and this was his saying: "I kill no one, but I blunt the horns of Wales, that they may not hurt their mother." Now Luarc, nephew of Llewelyn, a boy of good abilities, tall and handsome, who attained great successes and showed many signs of strength and worth, was one who, the king foreboded, would become great, and he feared for himself, and, vainly, tempted him with assiduous flattery. After long seeking he found him in a spot where the boy had no cause to fear for his safety, and said: "Tell me, my dear one, why you should fly me, who am the surest of refuges for you and yours? It is an obstacle that you put in your own way and that of all your family, and there is nothing that can atone for the shame you put on me, but that kindly intercourse should join you to me who am already one with you in blood: if you have any fear of me, I will give you any sureties you may choose." "Then," said the boy, "I name as surety Hoel, whom you caused to be smothered in secret when he was upon your errand; Rotheric, whom you left-handedly received with a kiss and embrace and slew with a knife in your left hand; Theodosius, whom as he walked and talked with you you tripped up with your foot and cast down the sheer rocks; and your nephew Meilin, whom you privily seized by guile and let him die loaded with chains in a dungeon"; and in like manner he reminded him of many more whom he had destroyed.

In the midst of his works of wickedness there is one thing he is recorded to have done nobly and courteously. In his time he was so oppressive and obnoxious to his neighbours that it became

necessary for Edward, then king of England,<sup>1</sup> either to use entreaty on behalf of his subjects, or take up arms in their defence. Ambassadors were sent from both sides and then they negotiated from opposite banks of the Severn, Edward being at Austclive, Llewelyn at Beachley. The nobles went to and fro between them in boats, and after many exchanges of messages, the question was long debated which of them ought to cross over to the other. It was a difficult crossing owing to the roughness of the water, but that was not the ground of the dispute. Llewelyn alleged his precedence, Edward his equality: Llewelyn took the ground that his people had gained all England, with Cornwall, Scotland (? Ireland) and Wales, from the giants, and affirmed himself to be their heir in a direct line: Edward argued that his ancestors had got the land from its conquerors. After a great deal of quarrelsome contention Edward got into a boat and set off to Llewelyn. At that point the Severn is a mile broad. Llewelyn seeing and recognizing him cast off his state mantle—for he had prepared himself for a public appearance—went into the water up to his breast and throwing his arms lovingly about the boat, said: “Wisest of kings, your modesty has vanquished my pride, your wisdom has triumphed over my foolishness. The neck which I foolishly stiffened against you you shall mount and so enter the territory which your mildness has to-day made your own.” And taking him on his shoulders he seated him upon his mantle, and then with joined hands did him homage.

This was an admirable beginning of peace, but, after the Welsh manner, it was only kept till they felt able to do mischief, and this gave me occasion to answer in a parable blessed Thomas,<sup>2</sup> then Chancellor of my lord King Henry II. He asked me, who am a dweller on the marches of Wales,<sup>3</sup> what was their faith, that is, their faithfulness, and how far they could be trusted, and I said to him: “A knight, Franco, was an exile from Germany in France, and as he came through the midst of the forest of Bihere he saw King Louis, the son of Charles,<sup>4</sup> sitting alone upon a stone, for his

<sup>1</sup> The Confessor. The incident cannot be precisely dated, though 1056 is a possible year. Map, no doubt, got it from local Gloucestershire tradition.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Becket was chancellor from 1155 to 1162.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Map was clearly not a Welshman himself.—L.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Louis d'Outremer (936–954).—L.

servants had taken a stag in that place, and seeing another stag run by they rushed off and left him and followed it. Franco wanted to speak to the king, but knew not that this was he, and turning aside to him asked where the king was. Louis, who wished to keep his incognito, said: "He will be here shortly," and when the knight dismounted, the king rose and held the stirrup for him on the other side, as the manner is, lest the saddle should slip over; and seeing the knight girt with a very long sword, asked to look at it, and after admiring the size and beauty of the sword, which he had drawn, he forgot his purposed concealment, and said in a kingly manner: "Bring me a stone to sit upon." Franco, in fear of the sword, brought it, and asked for the sword back again, and when he had it in hand said: "Take that stone back to its place." The king saw the raised sword, feared, and carried the stone back. By this incident I demonstrate to you the faith of the Welsh; while you hold the sword they will submit, when they hold it they will command. But to let you know what became of Franco: the king when rejoined by his men called him back—for he was making off in terror—with great praises, and told his people how bravely and courteously he had made him carry the stone back, and gave him Crêpy-en-Valois for an inheritance."

The glory of the Welsh is in plunder and theft, and they are so fond of both that it is a reproach to a son that his father should have died without a wound. For which reason few grow grey. There is a proverb there, "Dead youth or poor old man," meaning that every one should brave death early rather than beg when he is old.

#### XXIV. OF CONAN THE FEARLESS.

Conan the fearless, so called because he never flinched, a brigand and leader of robbers, wanted to plunder a knight who lived over the Severn in Glamorgan, and was valiant and rich. He issued alone from a wood which commands the whole district, leaving a large force hidden in it, and laid a murderous ambush for the unoffending man. But when towards evening he saw a knight journeying to the house of the first, and, after sending on his page, being received as a guest, he turned back and said to his company: "This knight whom we meant to rob must be left in peace, for he



has taken in a knight who asked hospitality in the name of charity, as our custom is ; and in him he has God for a guest, and with God any contest is unequal.”<sup>1</sup> These words brought scornful looks and words on him from all : “ Bah ! ” they cried, “ how rightly he is called fearless ! ” with many like reproaches. So preferring death to the charge of cowardice, he followed them, and they reached the knight’s house in the small hours. The dogs came at them, and at sight of the numbers left the yard, as they do, and barked outside. The guest lay in the hall under the windows, which were large and near the ground : he guessed by the barking outside that an attacking band had come, and in all haste and silence he threw on his coat of mail, and spear in hand took his stand in the middle of the floor opposite the windows, listening, and was aware of the numbers, though they kept as quiet as they could : all at once came a nephew of Conan, who stealthily opened the window and put his foot in, meaning to enter. Instantly the knight plunged his spear into his heart and thrust him out backwards : his brother thinking he had started back in fear, swore at him, pushed by him, and was thrown back by the knight with just such another wound. Then Conan took up his dead and fled with all haste, saying to his men : “ I knew that God was in there, and I know that Judas Maccabæus, that strongest of all champions, said : “ Not in the multitude of an host is the victory in battle, but it is from heaven that might cometh,” and therefore I was afraid to prolong this assault ; and the Lord has not forgotten to avenge on my nephews the pride of their abuse.”

#### XXV. OF CHEUESLIN <sup>2</sup> THE THIEF.

Cheueslin (Genillyn ?) of North Wales, wearing a bridle on his neck and spurs at his belt, asked shelter in South Wales at the

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, i. 475.

<sup>2</sup> Genillyn is a name occasionally found in Welsh mediæval documents.— L.

This is not a native Welsh legend, but a story belonging to the cycle of the Master-Thief, a common stock of which the earliest known example is the tale, given by Herodotus (ii. 121) as Egyptian, of Rhampsinitus and his treasury. Stories of this cycle are known from India and Siberia to Ireland and the North of Africa ; they are known even beyond the Atlantic among several North American and Central American tribes, sometimes in a rude and barbarous form which quite precludes the possibility of their having been carried thither by European travellers or settlers. Map’s tale only includes

house of Traer ; and when after a sober and frugal supper they had sat long silent, he said to Traer : “ You are all wondering, yet out of respect for our customs no one asks who or whence I am. But, as you are all eager to know it, I am from the north part of Wales and have been attracted to the southern parts by the renown of a noble mare which a man who lives on our and your marches keeps with such care that for a whole month past all my ambushes have been frustrated, all my attempts defeated, though, as was proper and as you know to be the rule, I have always kept these tokens of bridle and spurs hid.” Traer laughed and replied : “ It is certainly with right and reason that your people are called cowardly and slow by ours. Any one of us would sooner for honour’s sake have been caught in a valiant, though foolhardy, attempt at theft, and have died a hard death, than have dawdled a whole month in slack laziness about a valuable prize ; see how abject and dull you are not to blush at confessing such a reproach. Expound to us who has this mare, and where and how it is kept, and wait here with my wife and children till the third day from my reaching the place, that you may hear that I have either fallen gloriously or returned to

one episode out of many to be found in the variants current in different parts of the world. It is, however, a favourite, and is found in one form or other in Germany (Grimm, *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, No. 192, Mrs. Hunt’s trsln., ii. 327 ; Kuhn und Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen*, 362 ; Schambach und Müller, *Niedersächsische Sagen und Märchen*, 317) ; Flanders (Wolf, *Deutsche Märchen und Sagen*, 35) ; Italy (Pitrè, *Nov. Pop. Toscane*, 216 ; Finamore, *Trad. Pop. Abruzzesi*, i. 117 ; Straparola, *Le Piacevoli Notti*, Night i., Story 2) ; Spain (several variants) ; Lorraine (Cosquin, *Contes Pop. de Lorraine*, ii. 273) ; Brittany (Sébillot, *Contes Pop. de la Haute Bretagne*, i. 211 ; Id., *Litt. Orale de la Haute Bretagne*, 121) ; Scotland (Campbell, *Pop. Tales of the West Highlands*, ii. 258, 260) ; and among the English Gypsies (Groome, *Gypsy Folk Tales*, 41). There is an Irish variant referred to by Cosquin, ii. 277, which I have not seen, as well as a Serbian and a Russian variant. Groome also gives abstracts of two versions, one from South and the other from North Wales (both Gypsy ?). The tale was doubtless current in Map’s day throughout the West of Europe, and he had probably heard it in Wales. His story is in fact the earliest recorded version. It was also recorded by Straparola and alluded to by Cervantes in the sixteenth century. The best account of it is given by Cosquin, *ubi sup.* ; but the reader may be also referred to Liebrecht, *op. cit.* 34 ; Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, i. 111 ; Groome (*ubi sup.*), who gives copious notes on it with references to variants. Usually, but not invariably, the hero secures his prize by making the guardians drunk ; and the story reaches a climax when the hero steals a priest, by persuading him that he is an angel come from God to fetch him to Paradise, and so getting him to enter a sack, which he promptly carries off.--H.

your surprise with the spoil." Said the other : " We have heard of many of the loud boasts of your people, that they end like the tamarisk plant which is made into a besom. Cadolan <sup>1</sup> whom you know, the son of Uther, has her, at Gelligaer. By day she feeds in the midst of his troop ; at night she stands in the farther corner of his house, with the whole household sleeping between her and the only door, and four of his best men to guard her closely, between her and the fire, on a brachan <sup>2</sup> (i.e. a fine carpet) ; and if you bring that back with you on the mare, ten kine shall be the prize of the mare and five of the carpet." Traer snatched the bridle and spurs ; and as in Wales no thief caught in the act is arrested or redeemed, but killed on the spot, he unconcernedly approached near and laid his plans, and discovered that the case stood as had been reported. On the first night he watched close to the house with ears attent and sleepless eyes, and the night was one suited to his exploit, very dark and starless : so watching his time he made as noiselessly as he could with his knife a hole beside the door, by which he put in his hand and opened it to himself. Having got the door wide open, he stole to the mare and loosed her. Then noticing the four men who slept on the carpet, in his excitement of spirits he was emboldened to tie tightly to the tail of the mare the fringes of the carpet, which were long and very strong, and dragged the four bodily right through a huge fire which lay covered with its ashes, outside the door, and left them gaping. A hue and cry was raised, and the whole band set out after him, guided only by the sparks which he bore ahead of them in the rug. These he quenched, and got back home safe, handed over the mare and rug, received the cows, and gained for himself and his people, so far as in him lay, a renown for daring as against the men of the North.

#### XXVI. OF THE RAGE OF THE WELSH.

To show you how indiscriminate and foolish in its fury is the anger of the Welsh : a boy from the fort that is called the Cut

<sup>1</sup> This is pretty certainly intended for Cadwallon ab Ifor Bach, lord of Senghenydd (in which stood Gelli Gaer) in the time of King John.—L.

<sup>2</sup> According to Giraldus (*Descr. Kamb.*, i. 10) the " brachan " was a rough, coarse coverlet, of native manufacture.—L.

Hedge <sup>1</sup> (Hay) went out to cross the water, to wit the Wye ; he carried a bow and two arrows. He met two enemies and took to flight ; one of the two followed so close on him as he ran that he already seemed as one that grasps the prey. But the lad pierced him in the middle of the heart with one of his arrows. He called to his fellow : " After him. I am dying ; bring me back my life from him ! " The other chased the boy as far as he could, seeing the nearness of the town, and then came back to his comrade : the boy following his return at a distance to learn the companion's end. He saw that when the unhurt man reached the wounded one among the bushes, the latter asked him if he had brought back his life from the boy, and on being answered " No," said : " Come here and take a kiss from me to carry to my wife and my sons, for I am dying." And as he kissed him, the wounded man who lay undermost opened his stomach with his knife. " Lose your own life," said he, " since you are such a coward as not to have brought mine back." With a like stroke the man on the top cut into his entrails with his knife, saying : " You shall have nothing to boast of in my death, and the only thing I am sorry for is that I must die of this wound of yours before I can pass on such another kiss to your wife and children." See how foolish and unreasonable is the wrath of these Welsh, and how swift they are to shed blood.

## XXVII. OF A PRODIGY.<sup>2</sup>

I know of a strange portent that occurred in Wales. William Laudun, *or* Landun, an English knight, strong of body and of proved

<sup>1</sup> The " *Sepes Inscisa* " of Map is a translation of " *La Haie Taillée*," which again appears in Welsh as " *Y Gelli Gandryll*." The adjective has been dropped in both the Welsh and the English names of Hay.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The belief in vampires, reanimated corpses that rose from the grave and sucked the blood of the living or otherwise killed them, or at least inflicted serious injury upon them, was very prevalent in barbarous times. In Scandinavia and all over the North of Europe it was in force in all its horror down to, at least, the seventeenth century. Saxo-Grammaticus relates (l. v. c. 161) that Aswit, son of Biorn, ruler of Wik, made a league of friendship with Asmund, son of Alf, King of Hethmark, vowing that when either of them died the survivor should be buried with him, according to an ancient custom whereby on the death of a person of importance his wives, followers and friends were slain or buried with him. Aswit died and Asmund carried out his vow. But the dead man, become reanimated, attacked his friend in

the grave and inflicted severe wounds upon him. Asmund, however, defended himself, mastered the unruly corpse, cut off his head and impaled the body with a stake. By the aid of some grave-robbers who hoped to find treasure Asmund was afterwards delivered from his living tomb. This is by no means the only such tale among the Northern traditions, and in Germany the belief was well known. William of Newburgh, writing a little later than Map, tells some stories of the buried dead who rose again and attacked the living. The scene of one of these stories was laid at Buckingham in the year 1196. In it the dead man repeatedly resorted to his widow's bed, for such occurrences were widely believed (see Hartland, *Ritual and Belief*, 202 sqq.), and on being thwarted proceeded to molest other people. In this case, by the advice of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, the grave was opened and a scroll was affixed to the breast of the corpse, containing an absolution of the dead man under the bishop's hand. This was at length effectual in giving peace to the dead and relieving the widow and others of his unwelcome attentions. Usually, however, the measures were not so mild. In a second story told by William of Newburgh a rich but evil man at Berwick, who had died and been duly buried, rose from his grave at nights and affrighted the neighbourhood, retiring again to the tomb before morning. It is not alleged that he did any damage to persons or property; but to put an end to the trouble ten bold young men were found to dig up the corpse, dismember and burn it. The results of this drastic action seem to have been satisfactory, for the people are recorded to have had rest thereafter. The monks of Melrose had similar tales, which they confided to William of Newburgh, but which it is needless to retail here (*Hist. rer. Anglic.*, l. v. cc. 22, 23, 24).

The method adopted for putting an end to the depredations of the deceased at Berwick was more complete than that which Map tells us was advised by Bishop Foliot without satisfactory results. Everywhere the corpse was dug up and subjected to treatment that the excited people believed was sufficient to stop its activities. In Germany it was believed that the proper course was to cut off the corpse's head and put it between his feet. So lately as June, 1913, four men were convicted at Putzig in the district of Danzig of thus treating the corpse of the mother of one of them, a conviction afterwards confirmed by the district court of Danzig, and the criminals were sent to imprisonment (*Arch. Rel.* xviii. 292). Nor has the superstition disappeared even in this country. But since in civilized conditions the mutilation of a corpse is not tolerated, the milder measure of opening the grave and turning the corpse upon its face has been resorted to, though ineffectually, as at Capel-y-ffin on the Welsh border, apparently within living memory (Mrs. Leather, *F. L. of Herefordshire*, 35). In the islands off the west of Ireland skeletons have been found buried on their faces and with ashes on their feet (*F. L.*, xxviii. 207). The *Times* correspondent at the front during the late war relates in a letter which appeared on July 29, 1915, that he was told by an officer concerning the grave of a German soldier which he saw: "The German was a huge, scowling man, and he was tackled by a youngster of ours, a slim little fellow, really no match for him. But the German it was who died [killed by a bayonet thrust], and I remember his face afterwards. He might have been asleep dreaming of some wickedness. Later, I found our men burying him—face downwards. You know why. If he began digging his way out, he would only go deeper." Such were the means taken by British soldiers to prevent the corpse of a specially dangerous enemy from rising again to trouble them.

In Germany *revenants* of this kind are frequently called Bloodsuckers.

for the sucking of the blood of the living was attributed to them as their principal activity and the means whereby they accomplished their evil work. The Slavonic peoples of the south-east of Europe are the centre of this belief. The word Vampire, generally applied to these beings, seems to be a Slavonic word, and numerous ghastly tales are told of them. In Greece they are called *vrykólakes* (sing. *vrykólakas*), and under ecclesiastical influence they are attributed to a posthumous possession by the Devil of the body of a man of evil life—very often of one who has been excommunicated by his bishop. Such a body does not decay or turn to dust, but issuing from the grave goes about, chiefly at night, knocking at doors and calling one of the household, as in Map's tale. To reply is certain death the following day; but inasmuch as a *vrykólakas* never calls twice it is prudent to wait for a repetition of any call before replying. It also appears, even at noon, and frightens people literally to death. Hence, when a number of sudden and unexplained deaths occur, the peasants assemble and open the tombs to find the *vrykólakas*. If they find an undecomposed body, it is taken out of the grave, while the priests recite prayers and exorcisms, and burnt to ashes. The superstition appears to be native, though doubtless modified and intensified by contact with the adjacent Slav populations, and pre-Christian (Lawson, *Mod. Greek F. L. and Ancient Greek Religion*, ch. iv., where will be found a very interesting discussion on the subject. See as to Roumanian belief, *F. L.*, xxx. 100). It is in fact in Europe a survival from ancient barbarism, when very crude notions of life and death and the relations of soul and body prevailed (Simrock, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 450; Kuhn, *Märkische Sagen und Märchen*, 30; Id., *Sagen, Gebräuche und Märchen aus Westfalen*, i. 174; Wolf, *Deutsche Märchen und Sagen*, 226; Schreuer, *Das Recht der Toten*, *Zeits. für vergl. Rechtswissenschaft*, xxxiii. 349, 366 sqq.; Kuhn and Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche*, 120; Temme, *Volkssagen von Pommern und Rügen*, 307; Globus, xcii. 88). In the ancient Chaldean legend of the Descent of Ishtar the goddess having arrived at the gate of Hades demands that it be opened, and in default threatens not only to break it down, but "I will raise the dead to be the devourers of the living; upon the living the dead shall prey!"—thus indicating a similar belief in Sumerian times. Among modern savage and barbarous races the belief is very widely current. In Africa it is a common practice, if after a death other deaths or repeated sickness follow in the family or neighbourhood, that the first corpse is dug up and burnt (*F. L.*, xx. 55; *Anthropos*, v. 801; Gouldsbury and Sheane, *Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia*, 114; *J. R. A. I.*, xliii. 38; *L'Anthropologie*, xvi. 375; Pechuel-Loesche, *Volkskunde von Loango*, 317, 318; Talbot, *In the Shadow of the Bush*, 198; Thomas, *Ibo-speaking Peoples of Nigeria*, i. 39, 40). In the East Indies the *revenant* most feared is not the corpse of an evildoer, but a *pontianaq*, a woman who has died in childbed. The dead are generally regarded in the lower culture as envious of the living, discontented and desirous to draw the living after them. But throughout the Malay Archipelago there are none so envious and dangerous as a woman who has suffered the supreme penalty of childbearing. Such a woman gets out of her grave and wanders about with long hair and nails and a hole in her neck, though otherwise fair to look upon. She is particularly dangerous to women in childbed and to men, the latter of whom she persecutes, endeavouring to seduce them and then emasculating them with her nails. To prevent these evil doings the people of the Molucca Islands take strong measures. After the body of a woman who has died in giving birth has been washed, sago-thorns and pins are stuck between the joints of her fingers and toes and in her knees, elbows and shoulders; and

valour came to Gilbert Foliot,<sup>1</sup> then Bishop of Hereford, now of London, and said: "My Lord, I come to you for advice. A Welshman of evil life died of late unchristianly enough in my village, and straightway after four nights took to coming back every night to the village, and will not desist from summoning singly and by name his fellow-villagers, who upon being called at once fall sick and die within three days, so that now there are very few of them left." The bishop, marvelling, said: "Peradventure the Lord has given power to the evil angel of that lost soul to move about in the dead corpse. However, let the body be exhumed, cut the neck through with a spade, and sprinkle the body and the grave well with holy water, and replace it." When this was done, the survivors were none the less plagued by the former illusion. So one night when the summoner had now left but few alive, he called William himself, citing him thrice. He, however, bold and quick as he was, and awake to the situation, darted out with his sword drawn, and chased the demon, who fled, up to the grave, and there, as he fell into it, clave his head to the neck. From that hour the ravages of that wandering pestilence ceased, and did no more hurt either to William himself or to any one else. The true facts of his death I know, but not the explanation (cause).

under her knees and beneath her arms chickens' and ducks' eggs are placed. When she is laid in the coffin tresses of her hair are brought outwards and the lid nailed fast down upon them. The object is to render it impossible for the body, if reanimated, to move. Similar precautions are taken by other peoples of this part of the world; and in addition the Toradjas of Central Celebes lay a pisang-stem in the coffin to delude the dead woman with the belief that it is her child, and so to persuade her to quiet (Kruijt, *Het Animisme in den Indischen Archipel.*, 245-268, where a full discussion of the subject will be found). The vampire superstition is also found among various tribes in both North and South America (Curtin and Hewitt, *Rep. Bureau of Ethnology*, xxxii. 458; Barbeau, *Huron and Wyandot Mythology*, memoir of the Canadian Department of Mines, 113, 152). The Arawaks of Guiana, to prevent the pranks of the deceased, go by night to the grave and stab and mutilate the body. It is said that it is with the same object that the common practice of binding the corpse is carried out (*Internat. Archiv. für Ethnographie*, Suppl. to xiii. vol., 92. See also Liebrecht's note on the tale, Liebrecht, *op. cit.*, 34).—H.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Hereford from 1148 to 1163.—L.

## XXVIII. ANOTHER PRODIGY.

I know too that in the time of Roger, Bishop of Worcester,<sup>1</sup> a man, reported to have died unchristianly, for a month or more wandered about in his shroud both at night and also in open day, till the whole population of the neighbourhood laid siege to him in an orchard, and there he remained exposed to view, it is said, for three days. I know further that this Roger ordered a cross to be laid upon the grave of the wretch, and the man himself to be let go. When, followed by the people, he came to the grave, he started back, apparently at sight of the cross, and ran in another direction. Whereupon they wisely removed the cross: he sank into the grave, the earth closed over him, the cross was laid upon it and he remained quiet.

## XXIX. ANOTHER PRODIGY.

In the book of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, on the gesta of Charlemagne<sup>2</sup> (whose inseparable helper he was till death), I find it recorded that a knight of Charles' army, departing this life at Pampeluna, left all his goods to a cleric, his dear friend, to be distributed to the poor. The cleric duly distributed everything else, but for a long time covetously kept back the knight's horse, which was one of the best in all the army. Thrice was he warned in sleep by the knight himself not to take to his own use what was left to the poor, but against right he paid no heed. A fourth time, therefore, he appeared to the cleric awake and said: "Thou art now judged, and the Lord hath hardened thy heart against repentance; and whereas thou hast trifled with His long-suffering, hast not heeded warnings, and hast proudly refused honour to God, thou shalt on the third day after this be caught up

<sup>1</sup> From 1164 to 1179.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The "History of Charles the Great and Roland" was a Latin romance which professed to be written by "Turpin," Archbishop of Rheims, as a contemporary record, but was, in fact, composed in the early part of the twelfth century in the interests of the great Spanish pilgrim centre, Santiago de Compostella. An English translation was published by Thomas Rodd in 1821; the story told by Map will be found in chapter 7. See also Ward, *Catalogue of Romances* (Brit. Mus.), Vol. I., p. 546.—L.



alive by devils into the air at the third hour." When Charles heard of this message, he encompassed the cleric about with his whole army at the hour named. The clergy took their stand armed with reliquaries and candles, the laity with swords and such weapons as befitted them; yet there broke out a great howling in the air, and the cleric was snatched out of their hands, and on the fourth day after was found among the rocks, three days' journey off, with every limb broken.

### XXX. ANOTHER PRODIGY.

A knight of Northumberland was seated alone in his house after dinner in summer about the tenth hour, and lo! his father, who had died long before, approached him clad in a foul and ragged shroud. He thought the appearance was a devil and drove it back from the threshold, but his father said: "Dearest son, fear not. I am your father, and I bring you no ill; but call the priest and you shall learn the reason of my coming." He was summoned, and a crowd ran to the spot; when falling at his feet the ghost said: "I am that wretch whom long since you excommunicated unnamed, with many more, for unrighteous withholding of tithes; but the common prayers of the church and the alms of the faithful have by God's grace so helped me that I am permitted to ask for absolution." So being absolved he went, with a great train of people following, to his grave and sank into it, and it closed over him of its own accord. This new case has introduced a new subject of discussion into the books of divinity (*lit.*, the divine page).

### XXXI. OF CERTAIN PROVERBS.<sup>1</sup>

A knight<sup>2</sup> who was hereditary seneschal of France, said on his deathbed to his son: "My dear son, by God's grace you are liked

<sup>1</sup> Fragment X. Date uncertain.

<sup>2</sup> It is unfortunate that no more than the commencement of this story has reached us, for it is the opening of a very widely known tale. Its variants fall into two groups: the one, as here, in which a dying father or one who is sending his son forth into the world gives counsels for the son's guidance; the other, in which the counsels, apparently banal or trivial, are bought at a great price, and turn out to be of the utmost value.

Of the former we have already mentioned, in discussing the story of

by all, and the Lord is plainly with you. But now, for your own safety and the well-being of your person and goods, and that your

Hameric (p. 31), a Welsh version in the *Fables of Cattwg the Wise*. Another appears in the *Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry*, written by Geoffroy de la Tour in the fourteenth century and translated into both German and English before the end of the fifteenth century. In this book a story is related of "the wyse Cathon" [Cato], who on his deathbed gave his son these three pieces of advice—to "take none offyce of your souerayne lord, yf so be that ye haue good ynough and good suffysaunte after as your estate ought to have, and no more ye ought to aske of God"; to "respyte no man that hath deseruyd to deye and specially yf he be custommed to doo euylle"; and lastly to "preue and essaye your wyf, to wete and know yf she shalle kepe secretly your counceyll, whiche paraenture myght be cause of your dethe" (*Bk. of the Knight of La Tour-Landry*, E.E.T.S., 1914). In an Armenian tale a king's daughter fixing her affections on the son of a poor woman is driven away with her lover, and they take refuge in the poor woman's house. After some time the lover takes service with a merchant. By the king's daughter's advice he asks a certain old man for counsel, and is told: "These are the counsels I give thee: She whom the heart loves is the fairest; patience is the beginning of safety; one always profits by patience" (Macler, *Contes Armeniens*, 139). This form of the story is also found in India, where a prince, who has spent all his wealth and resolves to leave the country, obtains before leaving from a fakir these four maxims: Act according to circumstances; never forsake ready food; clothe the naked; and never proceed without premeditation (Clouston, *Pop. Tales and Fictions*, ii. 450). In another tale, told at Mirzapur, the dying father gives the son four pieces of advice; but the son is too big a fool to profit by them. Acting upon them with literal absurdity, he comes to grief (*N. Ind. N. and Q.*, iv. 156); hence the variant lies outside the group. On the other hand, a not very lucid tale told among the Altai Tartar tribes relates that a petty king has an officer whose son was a fool. To him when dying the officer gives his last counsels: Not to tell his wife anything he hears; but to take counsel with a man with a full, black beard, and to follow his advice, or to take counsel with a blonde, beardless man and to follow his advice. To test his father's injunctions he steals the king's horse and hides it. He tells a black-bearded man, and subsequently a blonde, beardless man; and they keep his secret. He tells his wife, and cannot find her the next morning; but the king sends for him and questions him. He tells the truth, and the king sends first for the black-bearded man and then for the blonde, beardless man and examines them; lastly he sends for the wife, whom he similarly questions as to the fool's confession to her and when. Finding that she had been told only the previous night, whereas the two men had been told some time before, he cuts her head off, but he makes both men his ministers, and restores the fool to his father's place, giving him his daughter to wife, and saying, "Though thou art a fool, by God's blessing a child of thine may be sagacious" (Radloff, *Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stämme Sud-Sibiriens*, i. 191). A Greek tale collected in the Peloponnesus, and found elsewhere in Greece, relates that a king's son, setting out to find his father, is cautioned by his mother to return if he meet a beardless man, and not to travel with him. After twice obeying he determines the third time he meets such a man to go on with him. The beardless compels him to change clothes with him, then pretends to be himself the king's son, and makes the king's son his servant, thrusting him treacherously into various

undertakings may enjoy a prosperous issue, observe these my last precepts. Never release one who has been condemned by a just

adventures in the hope of getting him killed (Legrand, *Contes Pop. Grecs*, 57; cf. Dawkins, *Mod. Greek in Asia Minor*, 234, 575). Whatever may be the significance of the beardless man in the Tartar story, this is apparently of Mohammedan origin. In Palestine "Beards are universally worn by the men, and one who cannot grow a beard is looked upon as something uncanny, and the Moslems especially think it most unlucky to meet such a man on setting out on a journey. There is a proverb about this which runs: Meet goblins in the morning rather than a beardless man (Wilson, *Peasant Life in the Holy Land*, 273; cf. Hanauer, *F. L. of the Holy Land*, 310. See also Gibbs' translation of the Turkish History of the *Fcrtly Vezirs*, 295).

The other group, in which the counsels are bought, is much more numerous. Variants are found repeatedly in India, from which country it is claimed that the story originated. In the Panjab a weaver buys two pieces of advice from an unknown stranger (Swynnerton, *Ind. Nights Entertainments*, 213). In the Santal Parganas a rajah's son buys from a ploughman (Bompas, *F. L. of the Santal Parganas*, 53). In Kashmir a king's son gives a lac of rupees for four pieces of advice (Knowles, *F. T. of Kashmir*, 32). During the Middle Ages the tale got into some recensions of the *Gesta Romanorum* (Oesterley's ed., 431, 727, where a number of variants are noted; Swan, Bohn's ed., 177). In this version the Emperor Domitian buys for a thousand florins three maxims from a merchant. A story given in Llyud, *Archæologia Britannica*, as a specimen of the Cornish dialect (Grimm, *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, iii. 311; a modified version, Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales*, 195, 264) relates that Ivan hires himself for £3 a year to a farmer, but compounds three years successively for a piece of advice, and then leaves the farmer. As a parting gift the farmer gives him a cake. Adherence to the farmer's counsels saves him from highway robbers, from a charge of murder, and from himself committing murder in consequence of unfounded jealousy; and when he cuts the cake he finds all his wages inside. Similar is the Highland version (*F. L.*, iii. 183). In the Irish form of the Odyssey, Ulysses buys from "the Judge of Right" three counsels at the price of thirty ounces of gold for each (Meyer, *Merugud Uilix Maicc Leirtis*, 21). As the tale is told in the neighbourhood of Vannes (Brittany) St. Mathurin gives three counsels to a costermonger in exchange for three apples. One of these counsels is: Do not bet but when you are certain of winning. He bets with a personage who turns out to be the devil, on the comparative powers of their horses, and loses. The devil demands his wife in payment of the wager. But she is saved by a device of St. Mathurin (*Revue des Trad. Pop.*, vi. 406). The Spanish tale, written by Don Juan Manuel early in the fourteenth century, tells of a trader who bought brains from a merchant of that article and obtained in exchange for his money two pieces of advice. One of these is: Never to act on impulse, but to wait until he had considered all the circumstances. Returning home after many years he finds his wife with a young man. His impulse is to kill her for adultery, but remembering the advice he waits, and discovers that the youth is his own son born after his departure (*Count Lucanor*, tr. by York, 208). The story is well known in Italy, where it seems to have got into the *Disciplina Clericalis*. In modern times it has been found in various parts of the peninsula, and more than once in Sicily, where the last-mentioned incident (a favourite in many countries) is reproduced (Pitrè, *Fiabe, Nov. e Racconti Pop. Siciliani*, No. 197, iii. 391; Crane gives a transl., *Italian Pop. Tales*, 157; Gonzenbach,

sentence : never drink of old water whence no stream runs : never promote a slave : do not marry the daughter of an adulteress :

*Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 81, ii. 133). The same incident recurs in two Greek tales from Asia Minor (Dawson, 238, 293). In the *Forty Vezirs* a king buys from a dervish for a thousand sequins the advice : Whenever thou art about to do a deed, consider the end of that deed, and then act. The king is so pleased with the advice that he causes it to be inscribed all about the palace. A barber who has been bribed to slay him when shaving him sees it on the rim of the basin, and changes his mind, thus saving the king's life (*Forty Vezirs*, 220).

So far as we can judge, however, none of these tales approaches so near to that which Map set out to tell us as one told by Straparola in the sixteenth century. It is the first story of his famous *Piacevoli Notti*, and runs thus : A rich man dies, having made his will and left everything to Salardo his son. Apparently by the same document he desires him to bear in mind three precepts, and not to depart from them : 1, to reveal no secret to his wife, however much he loved her ; 2, to bring up no child as his son and heir whom he had not in fact begotten ; and 3, to become subject to no lord who ruled his state as an absolute monarch. Salardo marries, but after some time, having no children he adopts Postumio, the son of a poor widow, and removes with his wife and the boy from Genoa to Monferrat, where he becomes a great favourite of the marquis. Once, reflecting on his father's will and his own disobedience, he resolves to put his father's wisdom and experience to the test. The marquis was devoted to sport and had a favourite falcon which he valued much. Salardo secretly abstracts it and gets a friend named Fransoe to take care of it for him. Then he gets another falcon, kills it and takes it home to his wife, whom he tells it is the marquis' favourite falcon, pledges her to secrecy, and it is cooked for the table. She, however, will not eat of it, and when she refuses all efforts of her husband to persuade her he boxes her ear. She vows vengeance. Accordingly, the next morning she goes before the marquis and tells her story of the death of the falcon. The marquis is furious, and commands him to be hanged and one-third of his possessions to be given to his wife, one-third to Postumio, and the other third to the hangman who puts him to death. With the wife's consent Postumio volunteers to execute him, so that he and the widow may obtain the whole property. He goes to the prison, binds the unfortunate Salardo like a felon and conveys him to the gallows. Meanwhile Fransoe has hastened to the marquis, and with some difficulty has mollified him sufficiently to hear Salardo, who is sent for from the gallows. He tells his story, produces the falcon alive and is at length forgiven. Postumio is driven away with ignominy ; Salardo's wife flies and ends her days in a convent ; Salardo himself returns to Genoa. A similar tale is told by an anonymous writer of the fifteenth century, but the scene is laid in Persia ; and Del Tuppo, another Italian writer, has inserted in his edition of Æsop a variant still more nearly approaching Straparola's, which seems to have come from the Caucasus, for it has been found there again in folk-tradition in more recent times (*Le "Piacevoli Notti" di Straparola, ricerche di Giuseppe Rua*, 66). Along some such lines as these Map's tale would have developed, had he told it. A current story in the Middle Ages, he probably heard it at Court, or perhaps more likely still in his travels in France, and having found it a striking tale, intended to record it, but for some cause abandoned the intention.—H.

do not trust a red-haired man of low birth." So the son buried his father, and was received by the king into the hereditary office which his father had held ; and at first was liked by the king and acceptable to all France, for he was a man of mildness and wisdom, and one who duly conformed to a good way of life. Yet, less heedful than was right of his father's precepts, he took to wife the daughter of an adulteress ; more, he had a red-haired servant, like " the hungry Greekling," whose care and diligence and quiet attention to business he marked, and counted himself lucky to have acquired him, so that with him God's blessing had entered his house : and him he set over his household, his finances, and all his affairs.

*(Unfinished.)*

XXXII. THE CONCLUSION OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.<sup>1</sup>

I set before you here a whole forest and timberyard, I will not say of stories, but of jottings ; for I do not spend time upon cultivation of style, nor, if I did, should I attain to it. Every reader must cut into shape the rough material that is here, that thanks to their pains it may go forth into the world with a fair outside. I am but your huntsman. I bring you the game, it is for you to make dainty dishes out of it.

<sup>1</sup> End of Fragment IX. See p. 99.

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*End of the Second Distinction of the Trifles of the Court.*

## The Third Distinction.

### I. THE THIRD BEGINS. PROLOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN palace officials come down from the palace business, wearied with the wide range of the affairs of monarchs, they like to stoop to talk with commoners, and to lighten with pleasantry the weight of serious thoughts. In such a mood may you be pleased, when you snatch a respite from grave counsel with the philosophic or the sacred page, either to read or listen to the insipid and bloodless follies of this book for recreation and sport. I do not touch upon the suits of the lawcourts or upon grave pleas: it is the theatre and the arena that I haunt, a naked unarmed fighter, and you have insisted on sending me forth in that guise to meet the squadrons of my detractors. Yet if even Cato or Scipio, or both, should visit this theatre, this arena, I hope for pardon from them, provided they are not overstrict in their judgement. You bid me record examples (stories) for posterity, such as may serve either to excite merriment or edify morals. Though it is beyond my powers to obey—for the poor poet knows not the caves of the Muses<sup>2</sup>—it is not hard to gather or write something which the goodness of the good may turn to their profit (for to the good all things work together for good), or to commit to good ground seed that may prosper. But who can till a mind that is vicious and ill-conditioned, since scripture says, “Vinegar upon nitre is he that singeth songs to an evil heart”?<sup>3</sup>

There was a song that Sadius sang. Will you hear it?

### II. OF THE FRIENDSHIP OF SADIUS AND GALO.

Sadius and Galo, compeers in character, age and looks, and skilled in the lore of arms, loved each other with equal and pure

<sup>1</sup> The whole Distinction forms Fragment XI, of uncertain date.

<sup>2</sup> This line occurs at the end of a ninth- or tenth-century MS. of Aldhelm's Riddles. It has not been traced to its source, I believe.—M.R.J.

<sup>3</sup> Vulgate of Proverbs xxv. 20.

affection, and well proved as they were in contests, were an example and proverb to all both near and far. For this is the happy reward of faithful friendships, that when they subsist among the good they wring praise even from enemies.

Now Sadius was the nephew of the King of Asia (in whose palace both were knights of equal rank), and was so tenderly loved by his uncle that apart from Sadius he could neither breathe nor live ; nor without reason, for in worth of soul and strength of body he was such an one as you would wish to become yourself. Galo, though a stranger, endowed at every point with equal gifts, save only such liking from the king, had in silence often to lament this misfortune, which by others perhaps would be reckoned a success : that he was ardently loved and persecuted with violent assaults by the queen ; with all the words and signals which could avail to bend the stubborn, soften the hard, or infatuate the wise ; with gestures of eye and hand, desirous and not desired, received but not accepted ; with a constant flow of presents, torques, rings, belts and silken apparel ; for indeed love is neither lazy nor forgetful. No point of watchfulness or insistence was missed by the queen ; by her importunity she made herself nothing but a paramour ; whatever expectant passion can suggest to its mad victim she tried. Galo too tried denial, by every means, respectful and modest, and without repulsing her in peremptory form ; anxious to keep her off, without driving her to despair, until she came to her senses, and hoping that she might profit by gentle reproof. She rushed after to stay him as he slipped away, and tore along with slackened rein ; he strove so to run that he might not be attained, locked the doors of modesty, and—what is no light merit in the sight of the Most High—defended the citadel of chastity against the beauty and delights of the queen and the warfare of his own flesh, and by His counsel who neither mocks nor is mocked, finally rejected her gifts, refused her letters, turned from her messengers, made every possible effort to make her despair of success.

At last, O Sadius ! you perceived the anxiety of your friend and, on learning what it was, made it your own.

Sadius went to the queen, and, as if ignorant of her error, sang a song to an evil heart. He praised her for the height of her descent,

for the beauty of her body and face ; he spoke, too, of the virtue of her character, and above all extolled the marvel of her chastity, in that, full of charms as she was, rich in all that could excite the desire even of the rigidly virtuous, she shunned the ardent suit of the noble and the *élite*, and, though there was none that could resist her will, was no way a slave to pleasure. "Henceforth," said he, "let Lucretia confess herself excelled ; nay, let there not even be a man who dares to hope for such strength of soul. Yet one, and one only, do I know whom I could praise for a like firmness, did nature allow of his going astray. That that is his case I doubt not, in the matter for which all admire and are amazed at him." "Who is that ?" said she. And he, "Truly, he who is not to be compared to any man ; yet the Lord Who has enriched and endowed him with every kind of good fortune, in this alone has condemned, or, as he himself avers, saved him." The queen, now suspicious, and deeming that her own case was being in some way alluded to, took her seat near Sadius, questioned him diligently, and strove with all possible blandishments to learn the name and know the person. Sadius besought her earnestly to keep it secret : she gave a true promise to do so. "It is," he said, "my Galo, who, though he could extort every favour from women, confesses, to me alone, that he cannot." At those words the queen in secret groaned, nor could she wholly refrain from tears. Sadius made his salutation, thought he had instilled a scruple, and, when leave was given, departed, joyful. She hastened to be alone ; he, to talk with his friend, who repaid his trouble with loving thanks, and rejoiced at the rescue which he hoped and foresaw would come of it.

But it proved otherwise : for she whom Sadius had moved to greater anguish, slept not. After revolving all that love could teach her, she decided on one, but a perilous, plan : by the means of the noblest of the palace ladies she yearned to find out what for shame's sake she durst not try herself, whether Sadius spoke truth or lied. She sent her forth with all instructions . . . sent her forth and envied her whom she had sent, yearning to be in her place ; and casting herself on her couch, she communed with herself : "Thus she is going, and that way : there that chamberlain whom of a truth I love no more, nor will name him, is coming to meet her, as he meets me. O how faithful and kind was he always to me, how



pitiful and sympathetic ; and how has that hard Demea <sup>1</sup> who has so often repelled me, and freeing himself from my embrace, escorted me with words that were kind, but surely poisoned ! He would call me queen, most beautiful, and lady of all, and his<sup>4</sup> own lady besides. His own ? Ah ! how truly his own, to whom I played the handmaid as much as was possible, and more than he allowed ! With what gentle reproof would he tell me I was spouse and consecrated to the king, that he was his sworn man, and that he would for my sake do everything—but added : ‘ Except that ! ’ Good God ! how huge was that ‘ that ’ ! All that I sought was ‘ that ’ : ‘ that ’ was everything. Why, then, did he say, ‘ All except that ’ ? Why not ‘ all except all,’ which is, being interpreted, nothing ? And certainly he could have said more truly, ‘ My lady, for your sake I will do all nothing.’ And would that<sup>5</sup> by such a nonsensical phrase he had shown me his true meaning, and condemned me with an eternal repulse. O God, who ever snatched himself so harshly from such an embrace ? Either the sighs of the young, and of the old too, are false (yet my mirror is of the truest), or this face could rouse the ardour of any man. O, but I had forgotten ! Sadius is faithful and truthful. . . . O, it is not as I believed ! Sadius lies. . . . What a wretch and fool am I to have sent the cleverest of girls on my own errand ! Where were my wits, whither had my sense fled ? She will steal on to him, and bear herself soberly and warily, till it is perceived and realized at the first touch that she is not I ; and even if not that, she will acknowledge it herself and be kindly received, and it will turn to my anguish. . . . I do not *believe*, I do not *think*, I am sure and without doubt, that already she is where I should have been, but for the consecration of my head, but for my being a spouse : but his faith kept him from me. With her, where is the obstacle ? What of this concerns her ? Nothing. . . . There was no saying ‘ All except that.’ How gladly, how quickly she caught at the order from my lips, how unquestioningly ! She was not slothful, not timid ; there was no bear in the path, no

<sup>1</sup> “ Durus Demea ” is a character in Terence’s *Adelphi*, and the two words became a cant phrase. Dr. Bradley compares the unmeaning use of it to the phrase of the Babu, who wrote of Lord Roberts as “ the venerable Bede, Lord Roberts.” The analogy is excellent. The MS. reads “ durus ille de mea,” and Dr. Bradley has the credit of interpreting it rightly. I made nothing of it.—M.R.J.

lion in the streets, when she went out. And now it is day. O, how quick to go, how careless ! How slow to return, how full of fear ! Now the bear is in the path, the lion in the streets. But ah ! she is being kept back by that masterful man, that he may make her his for ever. Little does she resent the constraint she suffers. Yet why do I complain ? What man, what woman can I justly blame ? I have been my own deceit, my own betrayer, my own snare. Certainly she has not : she has but done what I, what every woman would. But can Sadius have spoken truth ? No, no ! There is nothing in it. . . . Could one less than a man have pierced through so many armed phalanxes, dimmed the glories of all men, raised his own repute to such a pinnacle of praise ? I am sure that Sadius lies. But she whom I have so cleverly guided to the object of my own desires, who now boasts herself of my loved one, who in his company thinks nought of me, has not hurried *back* to me, has not obeyed me so willingly, as she has served herself and her own will. She for certain has gladly robbed me of my delight : and what can I say, but that all lovers are witless ? Yet I will hear when and how she went. If she were in gay attire, if graced, if adorned."

And calling a companion of her of whom she spoke : " You, Lais, when did Ero go forth ? " Said the other : " Now, at the first cockcrow." *Queen* : " She who was sent at dusk ? " *Lais* : " The same." *Qu.* : " Why so late ? " *L.* : " Sent late, she will return late." *Qu.* : " Do you know the business, and why she was sent ? " *L.* : " Nay, but I know that she made herself ready in all haste, and went out in the highest spirits, and at a late hour." *Qu.* : " She is in mourning : how adorned ? " *L.* : " With necklaces, rings, perfumes, purple, fine linen, eye-paint, curling-irons ; not a pin was lacking to make her smart." <sup>1</sup> *Qu.* : " Alack for me ! Why was all this ? " *L.* : " Indeed, I know not ; but she forgot nothing that could help one that was going to her lover : scented, washed, tired,

<sup>1</sup> This is a highly conjectural rendering of " nec ei deficit acus ad glabellam." In the old edition of Martianus Capella (lib. II., p. 34, *Grotius*) *glabellæ medictas* is read, and interpreted to mean the smooth space which separates the eyebrows. Now, the reading is *glabella medictas*, the smooth interval : and glabella is an adjective, not a substantive. The passage is the only one adduced for *glabella subst.* If Map used old scholia on Capella, which took the word as a substantive, the clause may mean " nor had she neglected to use the pin (needle) for smoothing her brows." *Acus* is often the pin with which ladies smoothed or disentangled their hair. *Lais* may mean that Ero was so careful as to smooth hers where there was none.—M.R.J.

rouged, fully decked-out she went : she could not complain that she lacked aught in gold, vesture, or any accessory : she looked herself carefully over, and gave no thought to a speedy return." *Qu.* : "I thought her such a simpleton, so ignorant of all arts." *L.* : "Ignorant ! Ignorant ! O how experienced in such matters—were it fair to confess it." *Qu.* : "My dear Lais, tell me all." *L.* : "It is Galo she is attacking, I know not at what summons." *Qu.* : "What will he do ?" *L.* : "Pretend that he is loved in another quarter, that she may love him." *Qu.* : "Loved, you say : yet it is said that he cannot." *L.* : "Ero knows by this time if that be true." *Qu.* : "Alas for me ! Ero ?" *L.* : "Ero." *Qu.* : "Our Ero ?" *L.* : "I know no other." *Qu.* : "How know you that she knows this ?" *L.* : "By certain signs." *Qu.* : "They sometimes deceive." *L.* : "O love, unhappy beyond all other madness ! When it tries with all its might to hide itself, it is known to every one before it knows. And, if I had leave to speak boldly— " *Qu.* : "Dear Lais, be as bold as you please." *L.* : "They say Galo was brought up among strangers, yet he reaches the veins and the heart."<sup>1</sup> *Qu.* : "Whose veins and heart ?" *L.* : "I hope, not yours, as some falsely say, for he has filled my heart with all kinds of anguish, as whose has he not ? But I hear the door (hinge)." *Qu.* : "Perhaps she is come. Go you elsewhere : quick, lest she find us talking. You, Ero, are you come ?" *Ero.* : "I am." *Qu.* : "What happened ?" *E.* : "I came to him, but was repulsed. . . ." *Qu.* : "Why did you not come back at once ? What pleasure was in delay ?" *E.* : "Any time seems delay to desire." *Qu.* (*question lost*). *E.* : "What haste I made when I now went out ! How could I have come quicker ?" *Qu.* : "Between now and the time of my order to you, you could have come back from ten miles off ; but you would not go without decking yourself out. Were you going to your wedding ?" *E.* : "It was right for me to try to please him : and I nearly did . . . but when he noticed that I was smaller, and less suited to him than you, I was cast out at once." *Qu.* : "Now I know that you are a shameless wanton !" And she seized her by the hair and maltreated her, and wounded her with fists and feet, and handed her over half dead to her com-

<sup>1</sup> Pun on *advenas*, stranger, and *ad venas*, to the veins. I cannot reproduce it.—M.R.J.

panions, to be strictly watched and have no licence allowed her. Then she cast herself on her bed, apart, and kept nothing back that baneful love can teach dark hearts, and now at last turned the whole stream of her wrath upon Galo, and rent him with all the abuse that rage can suggest.

The cruel anger, the pitiless revenge of women persecutes him they hate beyond all limits. The queen, repulsed, ceased not to smart at the failure of her attempts, and as once she was swept along by the violence of love, so now she rages with the savagery of hate. Any offence kindles them to resentment, but only those causes which love originates make their hatred lasting—love, either stolen by a competing rival, or baffled by the object of desire. The queen perceived herself baffled and beaten off from her desire, yet would not trust her perception, but, strange to say, wrestled with all her heart against all her own heart's presages. Galo received a command from her to come, and came, and between them a conflict, assault, and defence took place openly. She assailed, he defended; she cast darts of shamelessness, he received them on the shield of modesty; she set Venus at him, he put forward Minerva to meet her. Finally, massing a force of firm refusals, he drove her into certainty of despair. The queen, no longer a queen but a tigress, nay, fiercer than a she-bear, sank from love into hate; and deploring her wanton advances, beaten off by firmness, was for dragging him, as one guilty of treason, through every humiliation, and declared that she would hurl Galo down.

It was the birthday of the King of the Asians, and there sat beside the king the magnates of half the world, and eminent guests who had been summoned to assemble. While all were feasting, Galo alone sat with troubled eyes fixed on the table. Now the king's table was arranged in a large half-circle with his own seat in the centre, so that all who sat in the half-circle might be equally near the king's seat, and, all risk of jealousy removed, no one would be vexed by his remoteness, or boast of his nearness. Galo and Sadius sat side by side. But the alert queen, ever keeping watch upon him, kindled by Cupid's bow, yet crushed with leaden depression, was the first to remark how careful and preoccupied was the soul of Galo, and she made sure that he was anxious to keep wholly secret whatever he was ruminating with such intensity of

recollection, and the more she believed him determined to conceal the matter, the more eagerly she thirsted to drive him to an exposure, willing that in the face of that noble company the man whose repulse she inly grieved at suffering should be put to shame.

Now it was the king's custom every year on his birthday to make a present to the queen of whatever she chose. She asked, therefore, and obtained of her lord for a present a gift without naming it. The king swore and did repent, for it was not the Lord who swore. She at once demanded that he should make Galo confess, there at the table in presence of the guests, the wrapped-up matter of secret thought which he had been revolving with himself during all the time of the feast. The king turned pale and shuddered, and both ends of the table were shocked. More than all, Galo's first and dearest friend Sadius sympathised with him, and was the first to beg that the wish might be changed, while the king, repenting his thoughtless oath, felt himself to be the third thus guilty of an unknown promise. You might see the confusion of Herod and the insistence of the dancing girl, the blushes of Phœbus and the obstinacy of Phaethon, in the perplexity of this king and the frantic assaults of his queen. The whole company of nobles begged gentler treatment for Galo, but in vain: she, wholly bent on revenge, insisted on her base purpose, and thought herself victorious, though in fact vanquished by her own evil passion. So this shameless woman rudely pressed her demand as if her honour depended on the dishonouring of an innocent man. Galo meanwhile sat motionless, and conscious of no guilt, feared no ambush, and noticed nothing of what was afoot. At length, roused by Sadius, he looked up and ended his reverie with a deep sigh. Then when he learned of the queen's request and the king's consent, he groaned, and sought to be let off telling his story. But after a long tussle between the men who supported him and the woman who refused, he began and spoke thus:

"Just a year ago, on Whit-Sunday, I, weakened by the heat of a long fever, was seated on my bed at Salona on the fifth day after the crisis of my illness. The day was a holiday and my attendants, fatigued with their tiresome labours, were gone with the rest of the household to take part in the customary sports of the place. I experienced a wish to dress and go out, to make

trial of my strength, my horse and my weapons. I put on my shirt of mail, and with difficulty equipped myself with my helmet and the rest, weak as I was : I mounted my horse who had waxed fat in long idleness and was over fresh, and leaving the town made choice of a path through a deep forest, nor from dawn to dark did I draw rein. My charger had hurried me without my noticing it to a very remote region, and when I became aware of it, I wished to turn back : I perceived that it was love that had led me so far astray ; for I loved and was not loved in return, and, all ignorant of the road, I was borne to a large and marvellous castle. I wondered at palaces which rose high above the lofty precincts, at houses of ivory, at the brilliance and rare fashion of the buildings. The inmates were either in hiding or there were none. I passed through the midst, ruminating on my pain, and without perceiving or acquiescing, guided as much as carried by my horse to a palace in the inner ring of wall, the tallest and most brilliant of all I had seen, I drew breath, looked up, and was struck with wonder. Through it I went on horseback, and finding no one, passed by way of one vast room and two beyond it into a spacious garden, and found under a leafy terebinth a maiden seated like a queen on a silken carpet. I attempted to dismount, and faint with weariness, fell, and for some time lay at her feet in a pleasant trance. She made no movement to show that she either saw me or was alive. I rose, cast aside my shield and spear, bent my knee humbly before her, and gave her lowly greeting. She was silent. I added all I could to earn a reply, but not a word could I wring from her ; she was still as a statue. I was ashamed to return without some token, and alas ! attempted to snatch an embrace. At last, unable to protect herself, she cried out and called for Rivius. Rivius rushed to the spot. He was a giant of unheard-of stature, of a size never seen ; no knight except my lord the king and Sadius could be a match for his onslaught.<sup>1</sup> He came armed, mounted on a steed answering to his weight, his eyes seen through the apertures of his armour blazing like lighted torches. I, I confess it, feared him, and I blushed—but now, out of respect for the king and the princely company that sits by him, let the queen take pity on me, lest the rest of my story prove my lasting shame.” The

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Virg. *Æn.*, i. 475.

king and all around him were moved with compassion and interceded for Galo even with tears, but could not move that unconquerable tigress to look at any one of them, and change her purpose, or even deign to reply : she looked only at Galo, and insisted that he should go on as he had begun.

Galo began again : " The giant, though furious with anger, bade me resume my weapons, deeming an unarmed man unworthy of his attack. We met in a contest all too unequal and perilous for me. Lightly and without any effort he cast me at the extreme length of his spear into the fork of a neighbouring tree, and there held me fast, abusing and chastising my helplessness, triumphing in his own strength and to please his maiden, thus avenged by my wretched plight. Does not this yet suffice, O queen ? " The king supplicated and all besought that image, deaf and dumb to all, save that she bade him continue. Galo : " God in whom I trusted sent to my help another maiden whom I knew not, who, throwing herself at the feet of the cruel lady, begged of her pardon for my fault : she kissed her feet and flooded them with tears that were vain, for the giant's lady in her overweening pride bruised with her foot the tender lips of mine against her teeth. Is it not enough, O queen ? What stranger or more pitiable case ever befell any man ? But I know you have no pity : I will confess all. My love, a maid worthy of one far nobler, kissing the giant's feet with lips that alas ! bled, pleaded that I was weak from long sickness, and urged that it was altogether disgraceful to compel a man drained of strength and blood to a single contest. The giant blushed but desisted not ; he waited for the request of his own lady, who sat there motionless and inexorable, and looked to her, who did not return his glance. Then mine, whose heart tenderly sympathized with me, weeping bitterly for her failure to gain me peace, begged for a year's truce, and offered herself as a hostage (surety) that on the same day in a year's time, if not prevented by death, she would bring me forth to engage Rivius in single combat : and with tears which might have melted the anger and the heart of any tyrant, though she could not move the maiden, conquered the giant, and turned him to her will. The day is now come, and the saviour of my life, escorted by five hundred knights, is at the gate : the giant with a band of five thousand is following her. This is the

thought that has made me silent at the table, for to me it is fearful and notable.<sup>1</sup> Yet now, O best of kings, have me excused from telling the too shameful sequel." To this the queen: "Of a truth the giant's lady, whom you belittle because she did not attract you, is of a firm and courageous spirit, and deserves praise for the very qualities which you abuse: but that is always your way, nay, your fault. Weep now if you please, let tears break out, which will not move me—I am no giant—or let your maiden come, the object of your praise and love, who overcame the giant, whose tears avail to save the dead, it seems, and stay the devil's anger. How well, to be sure, you praise her whom you do praise; how notably—according to you—does her weeping excel the songs of Orpheus, which only earned Eurydice on very insecure terms. And what was Amphion compared to these tears? They would have raised the walls of Thebes without any music. Hercules the tamer of monsters sweated to the benefit of the whole world, but yon lady, had she pleased, could have helped more by crying. Well, now let her weep, if our noble king so will. Let this person go on with his speech; listen, you the company, and I am sure, with all respect to the king and you, that I shall remain mistress of the field. We will hear every word." Galo: "You will hear what is yet worse than the rest, and a greater reproach—that between the entreaties of my lord the king and those about him, and your refusals, I had at last settled firmly in my mind that on the appointed day I would not either for my faith's sake, which you tear to pieces, nor for loss or gain, shame or honour in any other respect, appear at the place of assignation to meet the giant, either armed or unarmed. Yet we had agreed with an oath that our lord the king and he should be on the spot, each with his army; but now there is no need for that, for I shall not go to meet the giant. Let Hercules be summoned and let him visit with his club the monsters that are the due prey of his valour, the exploit reserved for his toil—renown such as is given to a God, not to a man. See, you have heard all: not one jot of my shame has been kept back from you: I have disclosed the ignominy of my past failure and my fears for the future. What further will or power to injure me is left to the queen? For me nothing remains but to seek an abode

<sup>1</sup> There is a pun here on *in mensa* and *immensa*.



in waste solitudes and regions unhaunted by men, to shun the company of all mankind, to let my memory be blotted from the earth with all speed, to leap like Empedocles into the fires of Etna, fall on my sword like Pyramus, or cast myself to Neptune's monsters, lest a longer life make me an enduring beacon of infamy, a monument of disgrace, and a mark for the finger of reproach. Let those enjoy this light of day (which I shall quietly leave) who can claim liberty of action, can be bold to say what they please, and keep back what brings death. It was a free head that I bore hither ; now silence has been imposed on these lips ; I can no more utter a word save that which I would not, nor withhold one, save that which I should not. O deadly slavery ; nay, worse than death ! The mind even of the fettered criminal is free, and runs whither it will unforbidden : for me—my soul is in fetters, the lot not of even the most hopelessly condemned. ' The knight has been delivered a victim to an obdurate forehead.' Knight, indeed, once, but now a monster among knights, the victim of a woman, doomed to expiate a crime unknown." He ceased and rushed from the table, and not alone ; for many of the princes and a whole troop of the best of the king's household accompanied him, in sorrow. But the queen, this long time vexed with heavy pain,<sup>1</sup> added anguish to his anguish, crying out after him : " We have heard from Galo's own mouth the best evidence of his cowardice, that he will not fight the giant. So much for the venal praises of the hired mob that extolled him to the stars ; so much for his own tales and proud swaggerings. He calls him a giant. I should dearly like him to be summoned, for us to see if he really is one. Why, we know for certain that all giants were exterminated by Hercules. It is the tale of a frightened, beaten man, a well-thrashed craven. Still he is giant enough, since with a single blow he has dwarfed one who was more stuck-up than any giant. It is time for the gods to look to themselves and use their best precautions lest the Titans come to life and strike their talons into them. Mulciber and his men Sterops and Pyracmon had better sweat for it lest Jupiter find no arms against the mountain-masses ; that same Jupiter should pick up his thunderbolts, Mars his helmet, Phœbus his arrows, Pallas her ægis, Diana her quiver. Or if the giants really

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, iv. 1.

are as big as Galo makes them, Stilbon should exercise his cunning arts against the enemy that they may submit to his father. Galo has declared war, war to which the very gods are unequal. You, Sadius, who are so sorrowful, may triumph, and rejoice that your innocence is freed from his envy."

So Galo went forth, accompanied from the queen's presence by these and like invectives; his silence made him the winner in the altercation, as his patience had helped him to triumph over her wantonness. He was now at some distance from the city, and the others had turned back, but Sadius stayed to plead with genuine tears, saying: "I know that all men burn with reverent emulation of your knightly skill and that you have a sure place in the affections of the king and his nobles: yet none will deny that you owe all to me, me, whose soul you hold in your heart as the handmaid of your own. So, just as no prohibition, however powerful, can restrain me from fulfilling any wish of yours, let no impulse move you to shun my presence and company. I can believe that in all the story which the queen wrung from you you spoke truth, except in your confession of fear, a thing which never came into your mind. I would not have you engage in single combat with the giant, since you have declared against it; yet do consent to expose me to the risk in your armour and under colour that it is you, so that I may wage battle in your name, and no one know it, and you be kept safe, without danger of bewailing defeat, or being cheated of the triumph if I win; so will envy have no chance of exulting over a breach in our friendship." Thus Sadius, with faithful tears and suppliant sighs. Galo was held from replying for a time by his quick sobs; when he could speak he said: "Now let kind constancy rejoice; long banished, let her return with gladness, nor fear to proclaim herself in Sadius' keeping. My dearest friend, your love has found out a path for my return, if only your desire may be a little changed. Let us privately exchange our armour; I will meet the giant in yours and cheat the belief of all; if I fall, the truth will be manifest; if I survive, you shall secretly put off my armour, and the glory of the triumph shall be celebrated for you with full honours. This more I add, that before the fight you shall make known to my lord the king and the lady queen that I am bound to you by the condition that you are to

bear the peril of the fight in my stead. And this further service let your friendship do me : at the beginning of the conflict, when all the company of spectators is gathered, take to you the lady who freed me, and to her alone disclose the truth of our trick, and all the time of the fight converse with her and console her, if any ladies of our own or of the other party chance to engage in dispute with her. You will recognize her, as near in height to the tallest, above the mean ; her head is high, her shoulders low ; her comely stature marks her out among all, and the beauty you behold enkindles the desire for that which is unseen."

This plan made and faithfully carried out, see ! the lists duly filled, one half by the giant's band : the other left to the king, so named, of the Asians, and splendidly crowded. The giant's tent, a costly one, was set up, and in front of its curtains, before the eyes of all, throned like a queen on silken carpets, was the maiden who had struck Galo's lady in the mouth, in such fashion as we have heard. Forth came the giant in armour ; and at his huge size all the company grew pale, and a universal murmur voiced their genuine surprise. The giant was mounted on a great horse, answering to his huge weight, whom he spirited up with curvetings and circlings, to teach him his coming task, thus preparing him by sport for graver things at hand. All who saw wondered and feared, and raised a cry of sympathy with Sadius, lavishing as much hate on Galo as love on Sadius. These two listened unmoved, but under praise and blame Sadius remained loyal, Galo undaunted.

The giant rushed upon Galo, and blows were exchanged : the giant left his spear broken in Galo's shield. Galo clove the giant's horse from forehead to shoulder and cast horse and rider to the earth. Beholding him overset, with his steed, like some tall oak tottering under the final blow of the axe, he said : " Inasmuch as you allowed Galo to arm himself when he was as you are, so as not to meet a defenceless man in unequal fight, I dismount, to avoid an unequal contest with one who is horseless." He dismounted : they stood up on their feet, and attacked each other fiercely. The king sighed deeply in anxiety for his nephew, who in truth was exposed to no risk. The queen uttered her wailings in the face of Sadius, and assailed with many a reproach one who

was not there. Sadius enjoyed her mistake and bore all in silence, nay, to augment her spite, he turned from her, and addressed himself lovingly, within due bounds, to her whom he had taken in hand to console. The queen saw and was enraged, thinking the other chosen and herself scorned, and with redoubled rage doubled and trebled her attacks on both. At any ill chance that befell Galo, all eyes were turned against Sadius. Abuse was conceived and uttered at Galo, but it fell wholly upon Sadius.

Judged by the figures of the combatants, the contest seemed unequal; judged by their blows, equality seemed complete, and the weaker man the more daring. The giant would recoil on purpose to break the attack of the advancer by some sudden unexpected charge: but Galo pressed him so close, so keenly, so steadily, as to disappoint him of his hope, and turn his feigned flight into a real one. He now staggered on the edge of his lady's carpet, and with a sudden push Galo drove him to stumble on her with his heel and fall over her. A shout arose on one side, a low groan on the other, and there was no concealment of feeling—quick anger or exuberant joy. The king and his company yearned to see Sadius attack the giant as he lay, and so far as reverence for pledged peace allowed, urged him by gestures. But Galo with due courtesy bade the fallen man rise and regain his weapon.

The giant accordingly rose with alacrity, and at the sight of his loved one's tears forgot the indulgence just accorded to him and no longer heeded what generosity or fairness prescribed, but rushed headlong at his foe with all the fury in him and dealt his hardest blows in face of a stout resistance, "and his good fighting made his fighter good." At length, raising high his arm, he would have ended the duel with one stroke and when the sword dashed down upon the helmet, it broke off short at the hilt. The giant now feared for himself, and inwardly admitted himself almost beaten; but, as usual, Galo stepped back—showing himself throughout noble—and granted the giant a respite and leave to fetch another sword, with the words: "Honour must be gained by valour, not by luck." Glad were the giant and his people; sorry were all the friends of Sadius, complaining that a victory already in his hand was turned by his own act into a danger. To me, however, it seems hasty and unjust for any so to act purposely

as to cause joy to his foes and sorrow to his friends. The giant retired to his tent, and took from his chamberlain's hands a huge and splendid sword, and on drawing it recognized the blade as one whose sharpness neither wood, bone, nor iron; nor any armour could resist. "I was deceived," he cried, "by him who brought me the other." And with it he clove the bearer from his head through his backbone and reins to the earth, saying: "Worthless slave, this sword would have won me the day at the first blow, and added: "Ho, you that in Galo's stead have engaged in fight with me, and are assuredly a far better man than Galo, surrender yourself to my prison, if you prefer life to death." Galo retorted: "What courage of soul or what exultation that sword has given you comes not from your valour, but from the respite I allowed you. You are free to make any gain of it that you can. Strength of body and valour of mind are my security—not advantage of arms: my renown is my help." The giant rushed angrily upon him; with the first stroke he cut from Galo's shield all that he touched, as with a thunderbolt, and with the next a great part of his mail-shirt and shield. Galo clearly realized that no armour could protect him from that sword, he saw that safety must be sought by strength and craft; against such a pressing sort of peril he planned not to take flight but to cause it, and so rapidly did he wield the sword of his right hand against his enemy's front that the giant's hand could never come from behind his shield without a wound. Hard he pressed him and, though he did not make his foe turn his back, forced him to retreat, and finally driving him headlong upon his lady, made her a stumbling-block for his feet. Galo then stepped back and though in fear for his own life made a decision perilous to his safety. He bade the giant rise, and gave occasion to the queen to praise Sadius and triumphantly abuse himself. The giant, delighted at the respite and making clever use of the indulgence given him, leapt on him with confidence and dashed his sword with such a mighty downstroke on Galo's shield that he cut his mail-shirt through and with the point of the weapon made a deep wound in his face. Out flowed the blood and stained Galo's armour to the feet. Wherever he stepped, backward or forward he left tracks full of it—a sight hateful to his friends, a boast to his enemies. Galo, no wonder, feared the sword which

he saw could penetrate any obstacle. He evaded its strokes, sometimes offering his shield, his chief care being that the sword should find no solid object to cut into. The king, in fear for his nephew, would gladly give his whole realm for his safety. The queen clutched the reins, called on Sadius' men, ordered them to drag him away by force, and failing to be obeyed left the theatre, in doubt whether to exult in Galo's shame or bewail Sadius' death. Galo, seeing his foe now waxing fiercer, and rash in his assaults, his hand striking blindly with lucky vagueness, watchfully and deftly laid ambush for that hand, caught it on the move, and with sudden downstroke cut it off, quickly snatched the sword, sheathed his own, and mounted his horse. Victor now, he presented the beaten giant to the king, posing as Sadius, and speaking through [or leading him by] the nasal of his helm. The gift was welcome and was greeted with profuse thanks. All crowded about the conqueror and begged to see the wound in his face. The king, yet more impatient of delay, put forth his hand to strip Galo's head, but he would not allow it to be done, and took Sadius and the maiden away with him, to effect the exchange of armour in secret. Galo then remained at home with the maiden, while Sadius, eagerly expected, betook himself to the Court. The wound was looked for by the king; the whole company of knights were stupefied at seeing his face untouched. Quickly came the queen, reproach of Galo and praise of Sadius ever in her mouth, and brought golden boxes of precious unguents. "None of your unguents for me," said Sadius to her; "know that he has won the day who bears the mark of victory, who was indeed wounded, he who is no more a dwarf, but is shown to be greater than the giant. I am he who was the target for your taunts, who, standing by his lady, listened to your mistaken praises of me and most undeserved abuse of Galo, whose incomparable valour, thank God, has now triumphed over all jealousies." At this the queen, as if she had beheld a Gorgon, stiffened in stupefaction, trying to disbelieve the truth she feared. From that moment none doubted who was victor, all were assured of Galo's triumph and Sadius' faith, all raised a shout and vied in bearing him the eagles of victory: at sight of the wound the king approached him with the respect of a suppliant and asked forgiveness for the injustice inflicted on him. And now that the whole city was given

up to joy, the queen alone was plunged into such confusion on all sides that she shrank, sick and bruised, like some snake at evening, which, caught in the day's heat, could find no shade from its burning, and has vengefully spewed out all its venom upon any and everything that crossed it, and now, emptied of poison, lies late among the grass trying to lay wait for beasts returning from the pasture, willing death for them all, yet unable to inflict it. So she, powerless, pined in vain desire ; all that was left her was the useless will to hurt. Truly it was by a just judgement of God that Galo enjoyed a good end, and, purged in the furnace of Venus, shone out a pure pattern of continence ; while the queen, her malice exposed, was rightly left to weep, the scorn and byword of every idle hour.

This story will perhaps be thought foolish and frivolous, but only by the foolish and frivolous, and to them we do not offer it : of such perhaps we shall speak when occasion offers, but not to such. Our powers and our knowledge we spend on the well disposed and the clever ; for we know that the busy bee tastes both wormwood and thyme that it may gather into the treasure-house of wisdom the honeycomb it has collected both from bitter and from sweet, yes, and from such frivolities as these it gathers too, by God's grace given to it, to the end it may choose and love the bitter paths of righteousness, like Galo, and not, like the queen, obstinately persist in shameful pleasures. So will a song be sung to a good heart.

### III. OF THE VARIANCE BETWEEN PARIUS AND LAUSUS.<sup>1</sup>

Let the reader approve and the hearer love the fact that the comradeship of Galo and Sadius was serene and cloudless, and let

<sup>1</sup> This tale was widely known in the Middle Ages ; but it has not been traced farther back in any written record than the *Contes Dévots* of Hugues Farsi, a Latin collection of the twelfth century. It speedily became popular, and was incorporated into many of the edifying collections of stories intended for the use of the friars and other preachers. Of these the version in the *Gesta Romanorum*, already (p. 33) referred to, is perhaps the best known. During the last century variants Arabic, Turkish and Indian were discovered. Their relation to the European variants has not been exactly determined. It has been assumed by some scholars that the place of origin of the story is India ; but this is doubtful. The earliest Indian version appears to be given by Somadeva in the *Kathā sarit Sāgara*, which was written in the eleventh century. It does not contain either of the two striking motives of Map's

both wonder at the cloud and fraud that stained the friendship of Parius and Lausus. Born in the heart of Lucifer, envy first raged against God, and dared the worst of crimes: cast out of heaven, she crept into Paradise, the first and noblest region of the world; thrust out thence, conquering and conquered, she now roams over all she finds outside and, mindful of her high birth, despises all she sees below her; she directs her efforts upward, and hating to fall lower, is ever trying to climb up, as if she did not despair of mounting step by step and regaining her old home. She feigns herself equal and like to all, though her attacks are not aimed at equals; for she rebels always against those above her. Among the mean she is small, among the mighty high, in the hovel poor, in the palace rich. Every other vice seems to have some limits marked out to it; this one alone oversteps all bounds, repines at being shut within the world, has her pestilent abode in all that live in earth, sea, or air, so that even worm may be seen

tale, namely, the fetid breath, and the death of Parius by the very means he had contrived for Lausus' son. It is only in quite modern times that these elements have been found in a story claimed as a variant in India. In the *Contes Dévots* both occur. When an official called the master of the king's sons enrages the king against his seneschal's son, whom the king has adopted, as Parius enrages Ninus in Map's tale, the king resolves to have the youth burnt to death, and orders the superintendent of a kiln to throw into the furnace the first messenger he shall send to him. For this purpose he despatches the seneschal's son on some pretext thither the next morning. On his way, however, the youth passes a monastery and hears the bell sound for mass. He goes into the chapel and stays to hear mass before carrying out the king's errand. Meanwhile the master of the king's sons, too eager to await the success of his scheme, goes himself to enquire whether the king's command has been executed, and being the first to arrive is seized and flung into the furnace (Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, ii, 444; Lee, *Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, 232). The story appears to the same effect in the *Cento Nouvelle Antiche*, though perhaps not in the earliest edition (Nov. 68, Ferrario's edn., Milan, 1804, 182), and in the *Gesta Romanorum* it is similar (Oesterley, 688; Herrtage, *Eng. Gesta*, 322). Oesterley gives a long list of variants not only in Europe but also in the East, where it also became popular. Clouston and Lee have also dealt exhaustively with its history. In many of the variants the incident of the fetid breath is replaced by a different motive—that of jealousy, as in Schiller's ballad of *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, Boccaccio's use of the incident is quite different (*Decameron*, 7th day, story ix.), but it coincides with the use by Jacques de Vitry (No. 248, F. L. Soc. edn., pp. 104, 238), perhaps Boccaccio's source. The hero's salvation by his delay for the purpose of attending mass appears of course only in the European variants. See also note on the story of Hameric, p. 31, and on the Letter of Death, p. 238.—H.



to envy worm ; infects all in life that is described as worse or better, when entertained by that below her, turns against that above her, and now that she is beaten back from her attempts against God, blasphemously pulls away all that is high, because it seems nearest to God. Cast out of heaven, banished from Eden, she suffered exile at first with us, and in no long time made our place of exile her home.

This Envy came in secretly to the throne of proud Babylon, found the king Ninus in every point enviable, and made him envious. So that he who had been the lover and the peace of the world was turned by her into its hate and scourge. Of his tyranny, and how jealously and graspingly he exercised it against his neighbours you may read in history. But this same Envy that slew Ninus, conceived hatred against two of his chamberlains, Lausus and Parius, men who were friends and in every point united ; these, as being next after the king, she thought good to overthrow after him, and, unable to infect the better of them, rubbed off upon the worser her own cursed colour. Thus Parius secretly envied Lausus ; the vile envied the righteous, the froward the kind, and ever on the watch pursued him with foul trailings, seeking how, when and by what device he might do him hurt. All that used to please him in Lausus' character he now loathed, and like the worst of diviners interpreted all as an injury to himself. That he devotedly waited on his lord, that he administered economically and wisely, served faithfully, prospered in his lord's favour, nay, that he was a sincere lover of Parius himself and helped him to preferment—all this Parius called double dealing, and charged his loyal benefactor with deceit. Lausus, as innocent of fiction as he was unconscious of faction, showed him in kind simplicity every mark of friendship. In the outward expression and the words of each there was alike the openness of innocence, but their inner feelings were unlike, and there was a veiled opposition of hearts. Affection and envy vied in doing equal service, and the false love was so like the true that no one detected the real meaning of what appeared outside. Men wondered at them as at Nisus and Euryalus, but God saw them as Peirithoüs and Theseus.

By this time Parius could no longer bear the fires of hate which himself had kindled : they burst forth vehemently from the

furnace that nourished them, and the design that had long been brewed and basely sweated over lusted to come forth into action. Now did Parius in his sinister mind revolve all fashions of death for his friend ; but though he desired for him every possible disaster, he sought out privily a single and most secret one. The child of night must not leap to light, nor crime to the knowledge of all. He knew how the women of Scythia have in each eye two pupils, and slay those on whom they cast an angry look.<sup>1</sup> He knew how the astrologers of Thrace can kill bystanders with the mere force of their spells. What more secret than these pests ? What way of death affords less ground to the accuser ? Yet in both he found grounds for misgiving, he feared the workers of the crime ; what he knew himself he thought could be no secret to any, so dared God, to whose eye he stood naked, and trembled before common report, fully equipped as he was. To blot out alike the man and the murder, he befouled his whole mind, and let himself wholly dissolve into strange designs, and so gained a new name, that of morticide as well as homicide. He decided on poison, but the poison must be no common one, unique, as secret as it was virulent, unlike any of Scythia or Thrace. Circe and Medea he passes by, has nothing to say to any that betray a vestige of the fact. He sets on foot a crime unseen, unheard of, and leaves no stone unturned. Finding nothing that does not hail from antiquity, his obstinacy recoils, repulsed. Yet again his mind, on the track of a novelty, and lacking the power to invent, has recourse to antiquity once more. At last he remembers Hercules and Deianira, and prepares for his friend the poison of Nessus. Lausus, wrapped in envenomed sheets, dies.

All talk of his death, but the manner of it no one knows, nor can find what to say about it. As there is no suspicion of the traitor, no whisper of treachery is breathed against him. The

<sup>1</sup> A reference, apparently derived ultimately from Pliny, vii. 2, but probably immediately from Solinus, *Polyhistor*, i., a work largely used during the Middle Ages, to the common belief in the Evil Eye. Pliny quotes Apollonides as an authority for the existence of these women with the physical peculiarity and the malignant power referred to ; and he attributes to Cicero the statement that all women everywhere who have double pupils can inflict injury by their glance. It seems to have been a general belief in antiquity ; but where are such women to be found ?—H.

death dies with the man, and no one guesses its cause. All mourn and weep, but the lamentations of the traitor overpass the tears of all. The murderer tears his hair and beats himself with his fists, masking his cruelty with pity, turning aside the fact of his hate under the guise of love, he casts himself into the grave upon the corpse, and resists with threats and abuse the efforts of those who will not suffer him to be buried with it. The funeral Parius ordained was for a murder, not for a man; and that murder he entombed wisely in the sight of all. At last, and reluctantly, he consented in public to receive the comforts which his inner man needed not, and now alone with erect head sat proudly on the high throne, and filled the whole room with no sharer of his seat.

But Ninus, a prey to sincere grief, took into the palace the surviving son of Lausus, a boy of lovable refinement, noble alike in character and in beauty. He was delivered to his father's slayer to be instructed in his father's duties; the wolf took the lamb into his arms, and showed in his face the joy to which his heart was a stranger. The lad was clever and learned quickly, and made good progress in his duty; he gained such favour with Ninus as to be preferred even to Lausus, as well as Parius. By this time all the king's talk was with the boy, not with Parius;<sup>1</sup> he was constantly called to the tendance of the king's head, hands and feet, once the duty of Lausus. Thereat the spoiler of men burst into fury, and stirred up all the boldness of his rage. The author of the crime burned with rekindled ardour, reduced to his former perplexity. He cast behind him all scruples, present or possible, and having triumphed over the father, now took arms against the son. The One who inspired the envy now suggested the means, for the Author of crime is the guide of all iniquity, and lest, once created, it should falter or wander astray, stimulates it with the goad, shows it the path, and orders its wicked goings. He therefore who was Parius' master taught him and led him into the commission of a fresh fraud.

Parius summoned the lad whom he had brought up. He began with a eulogy of the beauty of his speech and bearing, and, in order that flattery should easily descend to an accursed lie, he told him

<sup>1</sup> At this point several lines are blurred in the MS., and the translation is to a slight extent conjectural.—M.R.J.

that no other was so worthy of the confidence of the great king, so fitted to do him private offices ; he marked and praised his diligence. In one point only, in the kindest terms, he criticised him, and said : “ My sweetest son, while nature has blessed you beyond measure, and has endowed your every limb with her finest fitness, she has—not to excite the envy of the gods—stopped short of perfection, and lest the tender blossom of your sweet mouth should overcome every heart by contact as it does by the sight of it, has brought herself to allow an ill odour to grow there : I speak to you, my dearest one, as a father to a son, and I want to impress upon you by all means to avoid coming so near our lord the king when you are tending his head and face ; be a little more restrained and careful, lest that defect, which in loving consideration he does not let you know of, and which, though most patient, he can hardly bear, should by persistence make you intolerable to him.” Thus said Parius, and tears sprang forth as he spoke, and false as they were, distilled belief into the boy. The poor lad was confounded and stiffened with horror ; the extreme pressure of his grief checked his tears, and his speech, and drove his life, so rudely shocked, from his veins into his heart. When he regained breath, he paid his instructor all the thanks he could, and, all affection, fell at his very feet. How hard was the villainy that would not pity him, or relent ! He that was of heavenly mind rose from before the hellish one ; the humble head ceased to touch the feet of towering pride : but the sadness of his sick soul passed into his body, and the anguish of a mind sorely afflicted, became flesh. He lay down on his bed, and would not leave his couch. Ninus sought and found him whom he had missed, and sat sadly by the head of his bed, kindly comforting him with whom he keenly felt. The boy in modesty turned away his face so as not to offend his lord with the pretended evil odour. The king, ignorant of the truth, set it down to the strength of his disorder, engaged all the best physicians for him, and after a considerable time received him cured at their hands. Restored to health and to his duty, the boy never presumed to approach his lord if not summoned, carried out his service with bowed head, and did all his offices about the king with averted face. Ninus noted this and thought that not yet was he wholly recovered : the brain must be ailing,

he said, or still weak. He bore with him long, and made no charge of malice or deceit, kindly putting the best interpretation on his conduct.

Parius, who had now almost gained the end of his vile deceit, often took the boy's place, sent him away when he approached, blamed him, and as if anxious to supply his shortcomings, would rush quickly to the king when he called for the other, kept him at a distance by rebukes, by advice, and by interposing himself; when he came scolded him, praised him when he stayed away, and befooled him as by evil spells. Every day the boy was continually in tears. Ninus was surprised and sorry, and enquired the reason. The youth, confounded by shame, said nothing. The king then addressed himself privately to Parius and with threats bade him reveal the truth. That traitor, falling at his feet, interceded for pardon thus: "Have pity on me, most merciful of kings, do not make me the accuser and the cause of death to this boy whom I have brought up, and loved with singular affection, as I loved his father. This matter I have kept from you, I confess, through my excessive love for him, yet by some exercise of mercy let his fault meet with pardon. I have by my silence invited death, led astray partly by kindness to the boy, partly by my own simplicity: what my lord now compels me—weeping and reluctant as I am—to confess, I barely wrung from him by extreme insistence, and—though I well know he lied—he swore to me, against my certain knowledge, that in tending the king's head and face he suffered great discomfort, and he compared your breath (which undoubtedly in its excellent savour excels the fruits of summer or fresh balsam) to bilgewater. I die and deserve death as I speak the words. This is why he avoids my lord so despitefully, why he turns away his face, bows his head, puts his hand before his mouth, and shuns speech with you."

Who could disbelieve such a plausible tale? What boy *so warned* would not shun his master? What master *so deceived* would not shed innocent blood? What crueller crime was ever devised? What viler poison ever invented or heard of, or by whom? What dark and fierce conspiracy was here against each party! What pestilent and savage iniquity is this, in the house of the devil, "clad in double garments," of a truth!

Yet assuredly it will have to be afraid of the cold and snow.<sup>1</sup>

The king believed Parius, and was nearly mad with rage; he had now no mercy for him who loved him, yet though nothing exceeds an angered king in cruelty, he put off his vengeance, to try whether he could show mercy, for he would rather pardon than punish. Meanwhile the accustomed yearly games of the city drew near, at which the king was bound to be present, decked with the regal robes and insignia, or else to send one clad in that festal garb to take his place, on whom the king conferred the primacy for that whole year over all the realm of Babylon.<sup>2</sup> The king therefore ordered the boy to be decked out for the games, and to mount the horse reserved for that solemnity, and assigned to him the power and command for the full year. Parius, hearing of this, reckoned that "not enough was gained," and eagerly set about "to gain what yet remained."<sup>3</sup> The king he durst not approach, the boy he did, and urged him by every means, nay, with tears, now at last unfeigned, besought him, that in recompense of all the kindness he had shown him or would show, he would yield him this honour without telling Ninus. Readily did the boy consent, eager for the advancement of his dear foster-father. So on the holiday Parius left the palace glorious in royal crown, robe, sceptre and horse. Ninus mounted to a high seat in a tower, to see what he had devised against the boy, enacted, when lo! Parius appeared splendid at the gate, and all eyes were turned on him. He stopped awhile, in order to add dignity and brilliance to his coming by delay, and not spoil his majestic approach by hasty speed, when on a sudden a youth (suborned for the purpose) rushed

<sup>1</sup> The obscure allusion is to *Prov.* xxxi. 21.—M.R.J.

<sup>2</sup> The account in the text is an inaccurate version of the Saturnalia as annually enacted at Babylon. The king's deputy was always put to death as representing the sacred being who was sacrificed every year. Map's ignorance of this rule is obvious. See Sir James Frazer's elaborate discussion of the rite and its relation to the Hebrew Purim and to the narrative of the Crucifixion of Christ, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd edn., Vol. ix. (The Scapegoat), 354-407 and 412-423; also Andrew Lang, *Magic and Religion*, 76-204; and J. M. Robertson, *Pagan Christs*, 144-162.

The difference of this catastrophe from that of the tale in its more usual form in Europe renders it impossible to suppose that Map drew his version, as has been suggested, directly or indirectly from the *Contes Dévots*. Whence he did obtain it must remain a mystery.—H.

<sup>3</sup> Lucan, *Phars.*, ii. 657.

on him from an ambush, and paying righteous and obedient disrespect to his unworthy regality, thrust his sword into that heart, the bed of so many treasons, to slake with the cold of the steel the furnace of all that rage. He went down slain, for on his wrath the sun had gone down. The youth took sanctuary at an altar hard by, the whole city ran together, and there was, not a murmur, but a tumult, of men. The king, supposing that it was the boy who was so bewailed, came to see him who had sinned against him. He saw Parius dead, and the boy cast as in death upon him, calling amid tears upon his dearest master, bewailing with torn hair and beaten breast the care of his faithful foster-father. Ninus when he saw it declared himself deceived, yet could not tell how: he summoned the boy away from the crowd, and went apart into an inner chamber. The boy, instructed by the dead Parius, knelt before him with bowed head, his hand on his mouth. The king's anger rose afresh, and, inwardly designing another death for him already, said: "Why do you put your hand to your nose? How is it that to you only I am become loathsome? Is the stench of my mouth so strong that you can come no nearer?" The boy: "Nay, rather that of mine, lord, and I shun your perceiving it." The king: "Who told you of it?" The boy: "Parius told me, whom he loved as none else, that which all had kept from me, that the stench of my mouth was so evil that my presence was offensive to you. Therefore my hope of waiting upon you near at hand was cut off. Therefore is my hand always held before my breathing, that my foulness may not trouble you, or the calm purity of your serene countenance be tainted by my defect. And as a recompense for this warning and for all the other faithful care he has bestowed on me, he begged of me that honour which you had conferred on me, and obtained it. So now is all my soul poured out before you, and here am I prostrate at the knees of your mercy, awaiting either the pain of my due punishment or the joy of pardon." Ninus, moved, and no wonder, discerned after brief thought what had passed, and informed his nobles of the double treason of the pestilent Parius, and the most righteous punishment of his envy by the judgement of God. He restored the boy to favour, and ordered the carcase of the author of the conspiracy to be hanged on a gibbet, that the body might manifest the evil life.

Our merciful Father corrects His children with His rod and staff, and by correcting preserves them from the avenger of wrath, until they wholly despise Him, like Parius, who at once yielded to the hatred he had conceived against Lausus at the motion of envy, and went not back therefrom, but ever pressed forward. Now howsoever many reverses he might sustain from the prosperity of Lausus, or depressions from his promotion, or anguish from his augustness, these he ought to have taken as so many chastenings. But by wholly despising God, he made Him flee from him, and when His face was turned away, the young lions roaring after their prey did seek him as their meat from God, and he was given to them, and they kept him, and whereas he had the full will to kill the son of Lausus as well as his father, and was gorged with other villainies, they called him to them when they would. Thus he whom God has forsaken is kept by him to whom he is left, to exercise his rage unchecked on him whose bidding he has done, and by disastrous successes is fattened up for death, until iniquity is filled full for vengeance. Let those of jealous mind hear this and repent, nor scoff at my way of digesting the matter for them, so long as some profit shall appear to underlie it.

The bee settles upon sweet and bitter plants alike, and from each draws some wax or honey ; the lover of wisdom relishes every writer (poet) in some point, and comes away the wiser from every page he has turned. For he pores upon the letter and clings to it, holds no word disapproved till perused, none neglected till read over ; if the author expresses anything wisely, he applauds it ; if (which Heaven forbid) he is in all points unprofitable,<sup>1</sup> he does not charge it upon the author's incapacity but on his own dulness, and though often defeated, yet in his persistent struggles to extract something helpful or pleasant, he stumbles upon new refinements, better than the author's own. Not so the ungodly, not so : they hate before they have heard, scoff before they consider, that being filthy, they may be filthy still.

My only merit is that I tell of ancient things : yet will you please for a moment to give ear to a tale of modern times ?

<sup>1</sup> (*Or [the reader] makes no progress at all.*)



IV. OF RASO AND HIS WIFE.<sup>1</sup>

Raso, a Christian, and one of those who are commonly called Vavassors, had a castle which he had fortified for protection's sake as strongly as he could. For he had frequent encounters with a pagan city near him, which was commanded by a certain Emir—a designation of rank. Raso, though inferior to him in power and numbers, had the upper hand, thanks to the prowess of himself and his only son. This son's mother was dead, and Raso, to secure new friendships by marriage, replaced his first union by a second, and wedded a lady, mistress of great wealth and very beautiful, to whom his soul so clave that stirred by jealousy, he earnestly and doubtfully pondered whether for the safe keeping of her honour it were better to make of her a Danae or a Procris. Danae he had heard was deluded by gold, and he knew that she who loves not can be led to love by beauty, valour or gold. Procris he approved, who was caught by the love of Cephalus, and declared him a wise lover of his wife for giving her free licence; both, he said, were happy, she because he doted on her, he because that made her chaste (by his desert and her recompense of it). He saw that Danae, who was shut up, went astray; that Procris, who was free, shut herself up: that the imprisoned one went forth to wantonness, the freed one fenced herself about with a wall of modesty, that she who feared dared to sin, she who loved cared not for it. He chose rather to be loved for the kindness he earned, than feared because of the hardship of a prison: for fear seeks a respite from fear, love a way to be loved. He therefore loosed the beast from the bridle, and let her seek pasture wherever appetite bade, and extolled to the stars her voluntary chastity: that purity which was confined by net or fortress, he said was no better than a

<sup>1</sup> The story of a wife's infidelity. Liebrecht (*op. cit.* 39 sqq.) connects it with a cycle of *Märchen*, in which the hero is betrayed to his enemy by his wife, in spite of the fact that she owes him special gratitude. It however seems doubtful whether a story founded upon a motive so common and so much to the taste of the mediæval story-tellers is a variant of such a *Märchen*. The only real similarity of detail lies in the enemy's being often a prisoner whom the wife falls in love with and delivers.

The source of Map's tale can only be conjectured. Possibly it was brought from the east by some crusader; and it may record in an embellished form some events which actually happened.—H.

eunuch's. She by her austere bearing, accompanied by assuring words and tears that adorned them, inspired him with complete security: he welcoming her vows, which he so desired, shared her tears, and as he marked many proofs of her sincerity his rigour softened and he mellowed from what he had been into a doting husband. No longer did he entrust anything to his one gallant son, who, indeed, with his brilliant band of followers lent himself to all her wishes; all that could be sought for was put in her control; nothing remained for her to deign to desire.

One day chance brought the Emir with a great company of knights to his gates, and Raso—suitor-like—attacked him in his lady's sight so impetuously that none could charge him with being touched by the defects of age. By his and his son's valour that day the Emir was taken and imprisoned, and the dungeon keys were delivered to the lady. The Emir was in age more than a boy, less than a young man; in stature he had the mean between the two extremes; he was active in body and in face, as far as a Saracen could be, lovable. The lady was taken prisoner by his eyes, and as she had the control of everything it was perhaps easy for her to fulfil her desire. Liberty made her bold, she exercised no chastening self-control. The Emir she thought could give her all that an old husband could not. She assigned him a separate cell, dark and strongly built, and hung the key of it at her own girdle. She tamed her prisoner by scant measure of food and drink, and the little she thought fit to allow him she cast in to him through the window, as if he were a bear. She allowed no one access to him, as if she trusted no one; she knew well that all pride is tamed by hunger. What Raso thought to be pains spent in loyalty to him turned to wantonness that did him hurt. She was believed, and the believer was praised by her and praised her. The husband was deluded, and no wonder, for the hypocrite wife expressed the truest of love. Raso set out for raids and battles without fear, and so trusted his wife that when abroad he thought himself at home. The wanton, thus gaining full liberty, took whatever pledges the Emir bade her, to keep his love, eluded the guard, and fled in secret with him on horseback. The Emir was mounted on the horse Raso loved best, a noble one and unmatched by any, and when they were safe in the wished-for refuge of the city,

Raso came back to his castle. He heard and sorrowed, and "in this," said he, "I am worst befooled, that in defiance of tales and of history and of the advice of all wise men from the beginning, I trusted myself to my wife." Yet it was not the loss of the Emir, nor of his wife, nor of all they had taken from him, but only of his horse, that he mourned without stint, nor could he be relieved by the consolations of his son or his men.

A few days later he entered the city disguised as a beggar, and was detected by his wife among those who sat awaiting alms; and she, to put an end to her fears, handed him to the Emir as one who deserved the gallows. He, by proclamation of a herald, summoned the city, to behold Raso, the enemy of the State, and escort the peril of the Commonwealth to his destruction. A concourse and general clamour ensued: bugles and trumpets sounded. The clangour and commotion aroused the son of Raso, who was on the watch not far off, and when he learned the cause of it, he quickly betook himself with his armed troop to a neighbouring wood, and there waited in silence; when, lo! here came the lady, saviour of the State, escorted publicly amid the praises of all, and the Emir commanding and controlling every one. Instantly they attacked the procession, unprepared and unarmed; with the first blow Raso's son laid the Emir dead. The lady, mounted on the noble horse, escaped with ease; there was an immense slaughter of horse and foot and terrible havoc among the whole crowd. Raso, brought back to his home, remained sad amid all the rejoicing: little he cared for the spoil and booty, for the prisoners, or the death of the Emir, for the losses of the citizens, for his own rescue and all that had been achieved: nothing was gained while his horse was not recovered. He accordingly disguised his face and habit, feigned, dissembled, cared not whom he was like as long as he was unlike himself; made up, and differing from himself as much as might be, he took his place among the beggars on the very day of his escape, and when he entered took care not to show his face to the lady, but managed to sit back to back with her behind the high seat which she occupied.

At supper the knight who feasted next to her prayed the lady to flee with him that night to his own rich domain, urging that so she would be freed from all fear of Raso, and be able to spend

a life of pleasure. By such words and more he soon gained favour, and the woman, greedy of novelty, was easily bent to his desires; the hour before dawn was appointed, the place the southern gate. Raso carefully marked all this, and went joyfully out; with all haste he came back armed from his castle at nightfall and kept an all-night watch at that southern gate, sure of either attacking the knight when he came, and killing him, or else of carrying off the lady if she arrived first, in the knight's guise. The woman, sleepless from desire, anticipated the hour: seeing an armed man there, she led up the steed he so coveted and offered her help to him in mounting. When he saw his hope fulfilled he quickly dismounted—no wonder—they changed horses and set off merrily. The deluded lady perceived not her delusion, and knew not whither she was going, and followed a wish that was vain. Raso, overcome by exertion and long watching, slumbered on his horse, and snored: his wife recognized the snore. She begged him to turn aside a little and sleep it out: he did turn aside, but feared to dismount, and dozed, leaning on his spear. The disappointed knight, who had not been permitted to offend, meanwhile roused all the town, proclaimed that the lady had fled, and see! here he comes with a great force of men and approaches the place of sleep. The villainous woman, unceasingly watching for a means of escape, saw him come and beckoned him on with urgent gestures. When they were now near at hand Raso's horse, not used to be inactive in a fight, raised his head, neighed, and pawed the sand, thus saving his master from death. Thanks to him, Raso awoke and met the first attack stoutly, loudly shouting at the same time for his son and his band, whom he believed to be in a neighbouring thicket. Quick as his hope, they speedily dashed up, and by main force broke down the opposing ranks. Raso, aided by his swift horse, moved wherever he would, and fell upon every foe he picked out, urging on his men, and spending his whole force on revenge. His only son, only loving his father, singly and with all his might sought to punish her who was the cause of ill,<sup>1</sup> and at last smote off her head, and rode off with it in triumph.

Raso and his men came home laden with the spoils they most desired.

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, xi. 361.

Ever after he would say to all: "Be on your guard and, I warn you, believe Raso when he tells you that the birds which have escaped many a net are taken at last in a little snare, as was this bird." It is written: "In vain the net is spread in the sight of the winged fowls"; but for such winged ones as these it is seldom spread in vain, for they have no eyes. This bird, this vixen, this woman, had seen so many fair faces of her own faith, had heard and not hearkened to so many rich men's suits, and yet was caught by the face of a captive, outlaw, starving Saracen, and became outlawed, vile, an adulteress; to the "nets" of that law and that husband to which (I speak according to the ordinances of Venus) she owed herself, she refused herself, and entangled herself in a snare neither necessary nor expected. Wings she had, for she flew away: eyes she had not, for she did not look out for herself, inasmuch as the crime seemed sweeter to her the more harm it did and the more it hurt Raso.

But Rollo did not suffer as Raso did, by his simplicity.

#### V. OF ROLLO AND HIS WIFE.<sup>1</sup>

Rollo, a man of great name and achievement in chivalry, prosperous in his reputation, and in all his conditions, had a most fair wife, but was no victim of jealousy. A youth, his neighbour, sighed for her love; in beauty, birth, wealth and excellent ability

<sup>1</sup> This story is given by Map's friend, Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, Dist. II, c. 12 (*Works*, Rolls Ser., ii. 226) in two forms. The first appears substantially as related by Map; but the hero is a French knight, named Reginald de Pumpuna, and the husband is not named. In the other, given merely in abstract, the hero only is named and is called Richard de Clare. The events are said to have happened "in our own days." The hero, here also, abstained from the lady's bed, though under the same temptation as Resus, because on the previous Sunday he had given her husband in church "the kiss of peace." I am obliged to Dr. James for this reference.

A story with substantially the same plot is found in the fourteenth century, told by Ser Giovanni Fiorentino as the first novella of *Il Pecorone*. As noted by Dr. James in his edition of the *De Nugis*, it is quoted by Dunlop in his *History of Prose Fiction* (edn. of 1888, ii. 157). Its scene is laid by Ser Giovanni at Siena, and it differs from Map's tale in several particulars. It was probably current verbally in Italy, and not derived—directly at least—from Map or Giraldus. It has been found in modern times in the Turkish *History of the Forty Vezirs* (Gibb's trsln., 106).—H.

he surpassed all the youths of that region. Nor had he any ground for hope<sup>1</sup>: repulsed by the strongest refusals, he used with tears to question himself, what he lacked to earn love. At last he considered Rollo, a knight of the brightest renown, and himself, who, a boy still lingering within his cradle's bounds, had done nothing, achieved no distinction. "I am rightly scorned," said he, "and unless I do better than Rollo, I do not deserve to be preferred to him. My own suit is unjustified, her refusal is most righteous." He now with breathless speed betook himself to warfare, took part in all encounters everywhere, learned well the tricks, changes and chances of battle and received the belt of knighthood from Rollo himself, with the object of becoming acceptable to him and being able to talk familiarly with his lady and open to her his grief; and he would have done the same had the prize been the mere sight of her. So he went forth whithersoever Love his lord called him, to all contests of arms or brawls, and where he found a quarrel slackened or slumbering he stirred it up and brought it to a head, or where he did not, was still the foremost and strongest of all. Before long, excelling all, he slipped away from the praises of his own neighbourhood, and, unsurpassed, burned to attain wider fame. He burst through ranks of iron,<sup>2</sup> walls and towers, and the spirit which carried him to all his victories became effeminated, nay, rather infeminated by himself, since it passed into the weakness of a woman: womanlike pursuing its wishes without thought, a lamb within and a lion without; and the overthrower of castles abroad, unmanned by his inward cares, grew soft, wept, prayed and mourned. She, like no virgin or virago, but like a man, repelled and spurned him, and by every means in her power, thrust him down into despair.

It chanced one day that as Rollo journeyed, riding at the right hand of his wife so sorely coveted, this youth met him, was addressed by his name, Resus, accompanied them, as his lords and seniors, a short way with courteous and humble converse, saluted them, and left them. The lady scornfully ignored him. Rollo, however, looked long after him as he rode off, his whole soul absorbed in contemplation of him, and at last turned his eyes away and rode on in silence. Her misgivings were roused, and in fear lest he

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Ecl.*, ii. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Virg. *Æn.*, vii. 622.

should have noticed anything, she asked the reason why he looked so long on him who looked not back. Rollo answered: "I looked with delight on what I wish I could always see, the noble wonder of our time, a man distinguished for birth, beauty, character, wealth, renown and every earthly gift, and what the book could not find—'at all points blessed.'"<sup>1</sup> She, hearing such praise, conceived more in her mind than she could say with her lips, and observed: "He does not seem to me very handsome, nor have I ever heard of him as brave." But her thought was different; Rollo, she knew, was sincere and truthful, and what he had heard from others was to be believed on his report. She now repented having repelled Resus, despaired of redeeming her past act, and, humbled, shuddered at desiring the proud one whom when he was humble she had spurned in her pride.

When they returned and she gained her chamber she could have wept, but might not, for the scandal; for the pains of sin seek out hiding-places, and the daughters of night dwell apart in privy chambers. Thence she rushed into the recesses of an innermost retreat, deplored herself, explored her resources, and finally settled upon one course, and that a bold one, to try by a messenger if Resus would deign to come to her. The emissary of the eager woman hastened off, brought him enflamed with desire to her, likewise burning, and at her command retired. The two stole into the secret chamber prepared for him and for Venus, to achieve their dearest wish, and as they went, the lady said: "You are wondering, perhaps, dearest one, what it is that has made me yours all at once after so many harsh repulses. Rollo was the cause; I had not believed common report, but his words—for I know him to be most truthful—persuaded me that you, as far as time, place and means allow, are wiser than Apollo, kinder than Jove, more lion-like than Mars; nor is there any blessing enjoyed by the gods save immortality which he omitted from your praises. I believed, I confess it, and surrendered, and here with joy I offer you the pleasure you covet." She lay down and beckoned him; (Resus paused), and putting sudden restraint on his passion, replied: "Never shall Rollo be requited by Resus with wrong for his goodness: it were discourteous for me

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Hor. Od.*, ii. 16, 27 sq.

to stain that couch, which the whole world denied and he gave to me." Thus he refrained and turned away: he might have transgressed and did not: he had tamed her to his will and now tamed himself to be without her: the first conquest was long deferred, the second won in a moment; the one, of repulse, sought by long vigil, the other, of flight, gained by short but sharp vigilance: the one sweet and delightful, the other bitter and doleful; but in the time of harvest their fruits will appear with different tastes.

Thus, contrary to what Naso would have us believe, the lady was restored a maid, so far as concerned him, by a young and ardent man; yet she remained in the fire of her own lust, at the threshold of Dione, on the very brink of a sheer fall, ready to give up her purity. Who would not wonder, and copy him if he could? Assuredly he was able to take to flight by grace preventing him, and when caught to escape with grace for his rearward. He was strong, nay, rather the Lord was strong in him on both hands; worthy to be praised, yet so as it was given to him by the Lord. The slothful will see this and hope: he will make grace a pretext and run into sin. But for us, let it not now be so with us, but let us recognize that without Him we can do nothing, and let us strive as if the first step lay with us, and let hope and prayer accompany every effort. Let us gird ourselves to compel God to be with us, and be sure that our violence is pleasing to Him. Virtue, if we seize her garment, does not leave us, but willingly goes with us, a desirable companion, whithersoever we draw her. He who controls his flesh escapes wrath, and he who bridles himself is guided by the Lord. To Him be gratitude, from whom comes grace.

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*The End of the Third Distinction of the Trifles of the Court.*



## The Fourth Distinction

### I. PROLOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

IT is expedient for the instruction of us all that no one should live with closed eyes or ears, or with any sense inactive; he ought to be edified inwardly by outward things, through those same senses. By them, as we are blind to the future, some parts of the present are made plain; and let us make speed to perceive some things in the past which we did not see ourselves. What we did not hear let us not scoff at, but submitting the future to God, let us hasten to be taught by the things which the Lord has set before us to imitate or avoid, always praying Him who is our refuge that He would grant us the power to choose purely the things that are good, and a way to escape from evil.

I see young men despising or making light of what they see and hear, and I see many idling at home, whose latter years are either positively contemptible or do not rise above mediocrity. I have seen a lad, and am indeed proud to be of his kin, who was brought up in and by my own people, ever hanging on the lips of a speaker,<sup>2</sup> seeking the company of his elders, haunting the meetings of the brave, making trial of all high deeds, never lazy, untiring in business, insatiably curious about all honourable arts, so much so that though he was no scholar (which I regret) he could copy any set of letters. Before he was twenty years old, he left England—my mother and his—and offered himself alone and a foreigner to Philip, Count of Flanders,<sup>3</sup> to learn of him, at his pleasure, the art of chivalry, and chose him out for his lord:

<sup>1</sup> Chap i. is Fragment XII, written in June, 1183.

<sup>2</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, iv. 79.

<sup>3</sup> Philip of Alsace was Count from 1168 to 1191. He is known to history as an able and vigorous ruler, who laid the foundations of the future greatness and prosperity of Flanders.—L.

a wise choice, for of all the princes of these days, except our own king, he is the mightiest in arms and in the art of ruling—now that the young King Henry is dead, the son of our King Henry who, God be thanked, is matched by none to-day.

Now this Henry whom I have named <sup>1</sup> departed this life at Martel in the month in which I wrote this page at Saumur, on the day of St. Barnabas the Apostle, in the year from the incarnation of the Lord the one thousand one hundred and eighty-second, and of his birth the twenty-seventh: a man fruitful of new devices in war, who roused chivalry from something like slumber,<sup>2</sup> and raised it to the height. I who saw him as his friend and intimate am in a position to tell of his grace and manly gifts. He was fairer than the children of men in stature and in face, richly endowed with eloquence and charm of address, so powerful to persuade that he beguiled almost all his father's liegemen to turn against him. You might liken him to Absalom, if indeed he was not superior to Absalom. He had but one Ahithophel; Henry had many, and no Hushai; and this the Lord now made plain, in that He has fulfilled for our lord his father all the sure mercies of David, i.e. those mercies which He had for his faithful David: for the Lord hath delivered him out of all his trouble, and his eye looketh down upon the wrath of his enemies. His Absalom had stirred up all Aquitaine and Burgundy, and many of the French, against our lord his father, and all them of Maine and Anjou and the Bretons; and of those who were fighting on our side the more part fell away to him. They of Maine and Anjou indeed, when we were besieging Limoges, set at nought our tears and entreaties and openly deserted us, and forced us to disband our army because so few were left. And when the power of all the world was flocking to Absalom, he took an oath against his father at Martel, and on that same day smitten with the hammer (martellum) of death by the all-righteous avenging Hand, he was not, and riot was turned to quiet, and so the world was at rest when Python perished.<sup>3</sup> Though he had ordained

<sup>1</sup> Henry, son and heir of King Henry II of England, was born in February, 1155, was crowned king at Westminster on June 14, 1170, broke into revolt in 1173, was reconciled to his father in 1174, again rebelled in April, 1183, and on June 11 (St. Barnabas' Day) in that year died of dysentery at Martel on the Dordogne.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Lucr., i. 29.

<sup>3</sup> Claud. in Ruf. i. Praef. 15.

that his body should be buried at Rouen, it was carried off and forcibly detained at the church of St. Julian<sup>1</sup> by the men of Le Mans, and there interred: however, now (*or* to-day) the king his father has ordered it to be taken thence and brought to Rouen that the perpetual memorial of him may be in that place—a man full of grace and favour. Rich, noble, lovable, eloquent, handsome, gallant, every way attractive, a little lower than the angels—all these gifts he turned to the wrong side, and that mighty man, corrupting his blessings, became a parricide of such baleful soul that his dearest wish was for his father's death, just as Merlin is said to have prophesied of him: "The lynx<sup>2</sup> probing through all shall be bent on the destruction of his own race." Truly he left nothing unprobed, no stone unturned; he befouled the whole world with his treasons, a prodigy of unfaith and prodigal of ill, a limpid spring of wickedness, the attractive centre (*lit.*, tinder) of villainy, a lovely palace of sin, whose realm was full of pleasantness. To let you know how he was the originator of the heresy of traitors: his father had calmed all the world into peace with him, both abroad and at home, but he procured the breaking of treaties and compelled (gathered) the weapons of those who had sworn allegiance, contrary to their oaths, against that prince of peace: again and again, as I witnessed myself, he was perjured to his father: repeatedly he set snares in his way, and when foiled returned to him, ever the more prone to crime the more clearly he saw that it was impossible not to forgive him. He never provoked anger which he was not able to pacify with the first tear he shed; never set his heart on anything that he could not extort with a little coaxing: he was one who could win over any man against his will, forsaking God and going against conscience and faith. This hammer, smitten at Martel, died, they say, penitent, yet no monition could bend him to make peace with his father. "If I die, I will be quiet; if not, I will attack him," was his word. He had war in his heart. He left his brother Richard (with hate of whom his heart was withered) heir, and departed in wrath. The Lord looked upon his (their) end unequally.

<sup>1</sup> The cathedral church of Le Mans.—L.

<sup>2</sup> This passage will be found in *Geoffrey of Monmouth's History*, vii. § 3 (bottom of p. 122 in Giles' edition).—L.

II. EPILOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

This little book I have jotted down by snatches at the court of King Henry, and have wrung it by force out of my heart, in the attempt to obey my lord's orders. For I was disgusted with my employment, and strove hard to squeeze out what was beyond my powers. For while the Muses flee all courts, ours they have abjured beyond all, as being entirely opposed to them and more wholly distasteful than any other, since the worry of it would not allow an interval for rest sufficient for sleep, let alone study. So I forced them, and they were displeased: however, now, after hearing of the death of the king my lord whom I have named, after two years of memorial services, my fount of tears dried up, I rise and approach the sacred spring, and realize the inestimable gain of being freed from the court; banished from it, I see in my unwonted quiet how hard were the bands that held me there. Quiet I call it, and of right, if quiet it be where one can clearly mark that the (prince) of darkness is at large, and that by permission of the Lord who has cast him out into prison his sway is ruling all. We have been delivered over to him to whom the possessions and the body of blessed Job were given, and we feel him the fiercer and ourselves the less able to overcome him the farther we are from the grace of patience. That ancient of days ransacks and oversets the world, possesses the hearts of all men, and glories in the dominion of the earth; the deceiving serpent encircles all with his coils, and little or nothing is left outside them.<sup>2</sup> In old days injustice was done by evil extortioners under some pretext of reason, that at least their villainy might be veiled by some semblance of righteousness. Now even justice has perished, and no man will seek after her face. Nay, peace is altogether done away, and fury is overt in plundering, and all foreheads are so brazenly hardened that modesty and respect go for nothing. Now no man who suffers wrong complains or can ask wherefore, for reason there is none, and no man answers him. And now for the first time the sacred spring suits me, for along with a changed world the Muses are

<sup>1</sup> This chapter, as far as the words "they view," is Fragment XIII, written in July, 1191.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Claud. *in Ruf.* i. *Praef.* 3.

changed, and no more need one speak out of their caves nor be fettered by rules of art.<sup>1</sup> Whatever we please we do as we please, and there is no distinction between excellence and defect. Let Cato return if he will, Numa come back, the Fabii be restored to us, the Curii recalled, the Rusones revive, things will go on still as they do.<sup>2</sup> For, where there is no such thing as civilization, there will be no room for Cato's wisdom, Numa's justice, the integrity of Fabius, the courtesy of Curius, the piety of Ruso. Since nothing that made them honoured is of any account, why, they stand mute. Were you to raise up Nero, Vitellius, Catiline, they would find many more monstrous than they were. Were you to bring Mamertus back from the shades, Helicon and Pieria would have nothing to say in face of so many Rufinæ. So let Maro sleep on with Homer, Marsus with Catullus; let Choerilus and Cluvienus, Bavius and Maevius awake and sing, and there will be nothing in the way of my squalling along with them.<sup>3</sup> The times deserve such poets. The Muses cannot complain nor avenge their injuries, nor bring an action about their art—which is the practice everywhere else. Therefore I can approach the task I used to fear, in confidence and unarmed.

Such readers may my book now find : . they will count me a poet ; but as for the ungodly it is not so that they read, not so, and therefore they will winnow poor me like dust ; for they hate before they have heard, condemn before they attend, envy before they view.

Now<sup>4</sup> if it is allowable to take note of common happenings, one such happens to occur to me.

I had a friend, a man of philosophic life, whom after long lapse of time and frequent visits I once observed to be changed in habit, mien and face, full of sighs, and pale, yet better dressed and speaking less and more thoughtfully than his wont, and proud of his unusual guise (*or* in unwonted aloofness); his old courtesy

<sup>1</sup> Claud., *l.c.* 14.

<sup>2</sup> Martial, v. 28, 3, 4.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Martial, i. *Præf.*, v. 5, 6; Hor. *Ar. Poet.*, 357; Juv. i. 80; Virg. *Ecl.*, iii. 90; ix. 36.

<sup>4</sup> From this point to the end of chap. xvi. is Fragment XIV. Date, September, 1181. But the Epistle of Valerius was written earlier and circulated separately.

and accustomed pleasantry were gone. He said he was ill, and indeed he was far from well. I saw him wandering alone, and shirking, so far as politeness allowed, a meeting with me. I saw that he was suffering from an attack of Venus. In every point of his appearance he was the suitor, not the sage. Yet there was hope that after his fall he might yet arise. I was inclined to excuse what I did not understand. I thought it jest, but it was savage earnest. He was on the way to be wived, not to be loved; he would be, not Mars, but Mulciber. However, my wit left me, and as he was going on to death, I was for dying with him. I spoke and was repelled. I sent others to speak, and when he would not hear them I said: "An evil beast hath devoured mine only one." And so, to discharge every office of friendship, I wrote him an epistle in which I changed our names, calling myself, who am Walter, Valerius, and him, who is called John and has red hair, Rufinus. And thus I entitled my epistle:

III. A DISSUASION OF VALERIUS TO RUFINUS THE PHILOSOPHER,  
THAT HE SHOULD NOT TAKE A WIFE.

I am forbidden to speak, and I cannot keep silence. I hate the crane and the screech-owl's voice, I hate the owl and the other birds that dismally shriek their prophecies of the woes of winter and mud. And you, you scoff at my bodings of loss to come, true bodings, if you persist. So I am forbidden to speak—I the prophet of truth, not of my own will.

I love the nightingale and the blackbird which in gentle concert tell of the joys of the soft breeze that is coming, and more than all, Philomel, who fills the pleasant season we desire with all the fullness of delight: nor am I deluded.

You love the Gnathos and the comedians who whisper of pleasant enticements to come, and above all Circe who pours for you full draughts of joy, with the perfume of the sweetness you sigh for, to delude you. Lest you be turned into a sow or ass, I cannot keep silence.

To you the cupbearer of Babel holds out the honeyed poison; it goes down sweetly and gives delight and brings on the heat of your spirit; therefore I am forbidden to speak.

I know that at the last it will bite as an adder, and inflict a wound that no antidote can cure: therefore I cannot keep silence.

You have many advocates of your desire, to the peril of your life, and those most eloquent: me only you have, the tongue-tied preacher of a bitter truth, which sickens you: therefore I am forbidden to speak.

The foolish voice of the goose was chidden amidst the swans<sup>1</sup> which are only taught to please: yet that voice enabled the senators to rescue Rome from fire, her treasures from pillage, themselves from the enemy's darts. Peradventure you too will understand, as they did—for you are wise—that the swan's melody is of death to you, and that the goose's scream is salvation: therefore I cannot keep silence.

You are all on fire with your passion, and, led astray by the beauty of a comely head, you fail to see that what you are wooing is a chimæra: yes, you refuse to learn that that three-formed monster is adorned with the face of a noble lion, polluted with the body of a stinking goat, armed with the tail of a rank viper: therefore I am forbidden to speak.

Ulysses was enchanted by the concert of the Sirens, but because "the Sirens' voice and Circe's cup he knew"<sup>2</sup> he forced himself, by the bonds of virtue, to shun the whirlpool. I, as I hope in the Lord, forecast that you will be a follower of Ulysses, not of Empedocles (who, undone by his philosophy—let me not say his madness—chose Etna for his monument), and will mark the parable which is told you—yet I fear. Therefore I cannot keep silence.

Finally, that fire of yours which the opposing side shares with you is stronger than that which inflames you against me. Lest the greater draw to it the less, and I perish—therefore I am forbidden to speak.

If I may speak in that spirit which makes me yours, let the two fires be weighed in any balance, just or false, and let the result turn to the peril of my head, whatever you do, whatever you decide: you should make allowance for me who, in the impatience of my affection, cannot keep silence.

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Ecl.*, ix. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Hor. *Ep.*, i. 2, 23.

The first wife of the first Adam, after the first making of man, by the first of sins broke the first fast against the command of God. Disobedience was the parent of this ; and on this side doomsday, she will never cease to stimulate women to be unwearied in following out what they have derived from their mother. Friend, a disobedient wife is a reproach to her husband : be on your guard.

The Truth which cannot err says of blessed David, " I have found a man after mine own heart." Yet even he was notably cast down by the love of a woman from adultery to murder, to show that offences never come single. For every ill-deed is rich in companions, and into whatsoever house it enters, it delivers that house to be defiled by its fellow-vices. Friend, Bathsheba kept silence, she did no wrong, yet nevertheless she was made a thorn of overthrowing to a perfect man, and a sting of death to her innocent husband. Shall she indeed be counted innocent who strives to win by eloquence (as did Samson's Delilah), or by beauty (as did Bathsheba), seeing that the mere beauty of the latter triumphed even against her will ? If you are not even more after the Lord's heart than was David, believe that you too may be cast down.

Solomon, the sun of men, the treasury of the Lord's delight, the peculiar abode of wisdom, had the light of his soul obscured by the thick ink of darkness, lost the perfume of his renown and the glory of his house under the glamour of women, and in the end bowed his knee to Baalim, and from being the Preacher of the Lord turned to be a limb of the devil, thus seeming to be thrust down a sheerer precipice than was Phœbus after the fall of Phaethon, when from being the Apollo of Jove he became the shepherd of Admetus. Friend, if you be not wiser than Solomon, which no man is, you are not too great to be bewitched by a woman. " Open thine eyes and see."

The truly good woman, who is rarer than a phoenix, cannot be loved without the bitterness of fear and care and frequent disaster. But bad women, who swarm in such numbers that no place is clear of their malice, when they are loved, punish (sting) bitterly and give themselves over to vexing even to the dividing of the body from the soul. Friend, it is a precept of morals : Take heed to



whom thou givest : <sup>1</sup> it is a precept of conduct, "Take heed to whom thou givest thyself."

The banner of chastity was won by Lucretia and Penelope and the Sabine women, and it was a very small troop that brought the trophy home. Friend, there is no Lucretia, no Penelope, no Sabine *left* : mistrust all.

Against the Sabines Scylla, daughter of Nisus, and Myrrha, daughter of Cinaras, entered the fray, and there followed them many a band aided by the hosts of all the vices ready to give their captives groanings and sighs and in the end hell. Friend, lest you become the prey of merciless pirates, be not asleep when they are passing by.

Jupiter, an earthly king, who was even called king of heaven for his wonderful prowess of body and incomparable distinction of mind, was reduced to lowing after Europa. Friend, consider, him whom his excellences had raised above the heavens, a woman made even with the beasts. You too can be reduced by a woman to lowing, if you be not greater than Jove, whose greatness has never been equalled.

Phœbus, who by the rays of his wisdom first made the circuit of the whole earth, so that of right he alone was glorified with the name of the Sun, became infatuated with love for Leucothoe, which turned to shame for him and death for her and, long spotted with the changes of eclipse, was often impoverished of his own light—of which the whole world in common stood in need. Friend, lest the light that is in you become darkness, shun Leucothoe.

Mars, who earned the title of the god of warriors by the familiar frequency of his triumphs—to which his ready prowess greatly helped him—when he suspected nothing was bound by Vulcan along with Venus, with chains that could not indeed be seen but could be felt ; and that, to the applause of the satyrs and the laughter of the court of heaven. Friend, give at least a thought to the chains which you do not see, and already begin to feel, and save yourself while yet they can be broken, lest that ugly lame smith whom "no god deems worthy of his board, no goddess of her couch" <sup>2</sup> chain you after his manner to his Venus, and make you like him ugly and limping, or, which I rather fear, lame outright,

<sup>1</sup> *Didache*, i. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Virg. Ecl.*, iv. 63.

so that you cannot have the divided hoof which makes the clean beast, but, bound to Venus, you become the scorn of all that behold you, amid the applause of the blind and the threats of the seeing.

Pallas was rejected by the treacherous arbiter of the goddesses, because she promised, not to give him pleasure, but to do him good. Friend, would you too judge like that?

I see you by this time tired out and running through what you are reading with all the haste you can, not weighing the sense but on the look out for figures of speech. It is in vain that you wait till this turbid river runs away,<sup>1</sup> till this scum disappears and is succeeded by a clean stream, for the rill must needs be like its source, troubled or clear. So it is that the faults of my style reflect my want of skill, and the scrofulous unevenness of my compositions offends a refined taste. Conscious as I am of this weakness, I would gladly have avoided the task of dissuasion; but because I could not keep silence, I have spoken as I could. If indeed I possessed as great command of the pen as desire to write, I should send you such delicate phrases, welded together in such noble union, that each by itself or all together would seem to call for a blessing on their author. Yet, since you owe to me all that a lover, bare as yet and unfruitful—I will not say barren—can possibly earn by any means, you must for a while lend me a patient ear, while I unwind what I have tangled, and you must not expect from me the rouge and raddle of the orator (of which I mournfully confess I know nothing) but be content with the good will of the writer and the honesty of the written page.

Julius Cæsar, for whose greatness a world gave scant space,<sup>2</sup> on the day when Atropos, too severe, dared to snip his noble thread of life, gave ear humbly at the door of the Capitol to Tongillus, one humble indeed, yet heaven-taught, for he foretold the daggers: had Cæsar lent his mind as well, those would have been punished who punished him. But you give ear to me who predict your dagger as the adder does to the charmer; you pay attention, as the wild boar to the barking of the hounds; you show as much good temper as the thirsty snake under the white heat of the sun in Cancer; you are as wise in your own interest as Medea when she was cast off; you have as much mercy on yourself as the sea

<sup>1</sup> Hor. *Ep.*, i. 2, 42.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Juv., x. 168 sq.

has on wrecked sailors. If you keep your hands off me, it is only out of respect for the king's peace. Friend, the conqueror of the world humbled himself to his faithful servant, though not perfectly, and almost withdrew his foot (from the snare) for he almost obeyed, yet bowed to punishment because he obeyed not fully; his great humility did him no service, because it was not complete. What will you gain by your brutal discourtesy, your unbending stiffness, your shuddering disdain, you who, uncalled, are rushing unarmed into an ambush of robbers? Humble yourself, I pray you, with the humility of him who humbled the whole world, and listen to your friend. And if you think that Cæsar erred in not taking advice, hear me out and note what has befallen others, that their hurt may be your profit. That chastisement which examples minister gives no pain.

I know not what refuge protects you, or in what sanctuary you are dozing. Cæsar looked upon the merciless band of traitors and returned no more. You, if ever you have managed to escape a like battlefield, have found the pitiful to be without pity.

King Phoroneus, who did not grudge the publication of laws to the people, but was the first who gilded the studies of the Greeks therewith,<sup>1</sup> on the day when he set out upon the way of all flesh, said to his brother Leontius: "I should have lacked nothing to make me supremely happy, had I always lacked a wife." Leontius asked: "And how did a wife stand in your way?" "All husbands know that" was his reply. Friend, may you once have been and not be a husband, so as to learn what prevents happiness.

The Emperor Valentius,<sup>2</sup> still chaste at the age of eighty, hearing on his death-day the praises of his triumphs brought to mind—and there had been many of them—said that there was but one victory in which he gloried, and when asked what that was, answered: "That by which I conquered my flesh, the worst of all my enemies."<sup>3</sup> Friend, this emperor would have left the world inglorious, had he not stoutly resisted that with which you have made a friendly covenant.

Cicero refused to marry again after divorcing Terentia, saying

<sup>1</sup> Aug., *de civ. dei*, xviii. 3.    <sup>2</sup> It is not clear whom Map intended.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Sophocles, *ap.*, Cic. *de Sen.*, 47.

that he could not spare time at once for a wife and for philosophy.<sup>1</sup> Friend, would that your mind, or at least your tongue, would make me that same answer, and that, if only in words, you would deign to copy the prince of eloquence ; so you would give me some hope, even were it vain.

Canius of Hercules' Gades, a poet of light and witty utterance,<sup>2</sup> was blamed by Livy of Carthage, the sage historian and a married man, for the many passions he indulged, in these terms : " You cannot share one philosophy while so many share you : Tityus cannot love Juno with a liver which many vultures tear in many pieces." To him Canius : " If ever I fall, I rise with added caution : if for a moment I sink, I draw breath again with more zest. The change night brings makes the day pleasanter, as a continuance of darkness resembles hell. So the early lilies, bathed in the warmth of the sun of spring, luxuriate in gayer profusion under the changes of the south-east wind and the zephyr, but one breath of the thunderous south lays them low. So too Mars, the strings that held him broken, reclines a convive of the gods above at the heavenly table, whence Mulciber the married is far banished, bound by his one rope. Thus a number of threads form an easier bond than a single chain, and from philosophy I derive delight, and you, consolation." Friend, I approve the speech of both these men, and the conduct of neither ; still, many fits of sickness with intervals of health are less injurious than a single ailment which never ceases to vex with pain that cannot be cured.

Pacuvius, weeping, said to his neighbour Arrius : " Friend, I have a disastrous tree in my garden : my first wife hung herself on it, so did my second later on, and now my third has done the same."<sup>3</sup> Said Arrius : " I wonder that after so many strokes of luck you find it in you to weep." And again : " Good gods, what expenses has that tree suspended for you ! " And a third time : " Friend, give me some cuttings of that tree to plant." Friend, I too say to you, I fear you may be driven to beg cuttings of that tree when they are no longer to be had.

Sulpicius found out where his shoe pinched him : he left

<sup>1</sup> Hieron. *adv. Jovin.*, i. (Martianay, 70).

<sup>2</sup> Martial, i. 61, 8, 9.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Gell., xiii. 2. Cic. *de Orat.*, ii. 69. Quintil, vi. 3, 88.

a wife who was both noble and chaste.<sup>1</sup> Friend, beware lest you be pinched by a shoe which cannot be pulled off.

Said Cato of Utica : " If the world could be carried on without women, our daily life would not want the company of gods."<sup>2</sup> Friend, Cato spoke but of what he felt and knew ; and no one curses the tricks of women but he who has been tricked, and has tried them and knows the penalty. Such men are to be trusted, for they speak the pure truth : they know how love delights and how the loved one stings : they are aware that the flower of Venus is the rose, and why ? because beneath its crimson lurk many thorns.

Metellus made answer to Marius (whose daughter, richly dowered, distinguished for beauty and birth, and unblemished in repute, he refused to marry) : " I would rather be mine than hers." Quoth Marius : " Nay, but she will be yours." " Nay," said he, " the husband is bound to be the wife's ; it is a maxim of logic ' Predicates will be what their subjects allow.' " Thus the wit of Metellus' word shifted the burden from his back. Friend, if it is lawful to marry, it is yet not expedient. Would that a love, not blind, might be at work, not an income ; that you would choose a wife by face, not dress ; \* by mind, not money ; and wed the wife, not her dowry. So, if even so it be possible, will you be a predicate, and derive no jealousy from your subject.

Lais of Corinth, famous for pre-eminence in beauty,<sup>3</sup> condescended only to the embraces of kings and princes : yet she desired to share the couch of Demosthenes, that by undoing the marvel of his well-known chastity she might by her mere beauty appear to have moved stones, as Amphion did with his harp. He was attracted by her flattery and she wooed him delightfully. And when he was softening to desire of union, Lais demanded of him a hundred talents for her favours. He, looking up to heaven, said : " I do not pay so high for the privilege of repenting." Friend, may you too lift your thoughts to heaven and escape that step which has to be expiated by repentance.

Livia murdered her husband whom she hated overmuch, Lucilia hers whom she loved overmuch. The former mixed the

<sup>1</sup> Hieron. *l.c.*, 191.

<sup>2</sup> Aug. *Serm.*, 194 (Mai, *Nova bibl.*, i. 454).

<sup>3</sup> Gell., i. 8.

aconite on purpose, the latter in error gave him the cup of madness instead of that of love. Friend, these two were actuated by opposite purposes : but neither missed the end of all women's deceit, I mean their own harm. Women proceed by many diverse paths ; but in whatever zigzags they wander ; in whatever blind ways they go astray, the issue is one and the same, the goal of all their ways one—and that is mischief. Take the experience of these two as an example ; it shows that woman dares all for what she loves or hates, and is clever to do harm when she will—which is always : and often when she wishes to help, hinders ; whence it happens that she does hurt even against her will. You are (set) in a furnace ; if you are gold, gold you will emerge.

Deianira clad the hero of Tiryns in a shirt, and did vengeance on the hammer of monsters with a monster's blood, and what she had contrived to bring her joy ended in tears. Friend, the daughter of Thestias saw and knew that Nessus was pierced with the arrow of Hercules, yet for all that she took Nessus' word against Hercules, and, as if purposely, clad with a pest him whom she meant to clothe with a vest. Woman, of frenzied brain and hasty soul, ever unbalanced in will, always deems that best which she desires, not that which is expedient ; and, as before everything she is anxious to please, is wont to prefer her pleasure to all else. Twelve superhuman labours did Hercules accomplish ; the thirteenth, too much even for superhumanity, put an end to him. So fell the strongest of men, alike lamented and lamenting, who without a murmur had borne the high heavens on his shoulders.

Finally, amongst so many millions, did ever one woman sadden a constant and earnest suitor by a permanent denial ? Did she consistently silence the suppliant's words ? No, her answer has some taste of favour in it, and however hard it is, it will always contain in some nook of its wording a concealed stimulus to your petition. Every one of them refuses, none goes on refusing.<sup>1</sup>

Gold made a breach in the defences of Acrisius' tower and undid the honour of Danae, though sealed by many a fence. Friend, in this way unchastity rained down from heaven on a maid who had triumphed over earth, thus her whom the lowly deluded not

<sup>1</sup> Mart. iv. 81.

the high one overcame ; thus the tree which the west wind could not stir was uprooted by the north.

Perictione, a virgin verging on old age and eminent in repute for chastity, at last by a vision of Apollo conceived and bore Plato.<sup>1</sup> Friend, see : she who waking had been chaste was so no more in sleep, as if to show that there is no rose-bed which some wind will not despoil of its crimson. Yet it was well, if any such thing can be well, that Plato took after his father in wisdom and inherited together the godhead and the goodness<sup>2</sup> (name) of his great parent.

Friend, are you more surprised or more angry that in my parables I intimate that heathen are to be imitated by you ; idolaters by a Christian, wolves by a lamb, bad men by a good one ? I would have you resemble the resourceful bee which can draw honey from the nettle ; that you should suck honey out of the rock and oil out of the hard stone. I well know the superstition of the heathen ; but every creature of God has some comely thing to copy, nay, He himself is called at one time a lion, at another a worm, at another a ram. The unbelievers do much amiss, yet some things they do, which though in the doers they come to nought, might in us bear fruit abundantly. Now if they had girdles of skin, and were without hope, faith or charity, and of course without a preacher, and if we have been asses or swine, or in any way of inhumanness, like to the brutes, what wage of faith, charity or hope shall we be found to deserve when we confront the prophets, the apostles and above all Him who is above all, of the pure heart, whom only pure eyes can behold ?<sup>3</sup> Or if they afflicted themselves in the pursuit of their learning, with no perception of future happiness, but only that their souls might not remain ignorant, what shall be our penalty for neglecting the divine pages whose end is truth, and the lighting of a lantern to our feet and a light to our path unto light eternal ? This may you choose, this read, this bring into your chamber, that the King may bring you into his. This bride you once betrothed with the flower of your springtime ; now, in your summer, she looks that you should bring forth grapes : do not in her despite marry another, lest in

<sup>1</sup> Hieron. *adv. Jovin.*, i. (Martianay, 14, 186).

<sup>2</sup> There is a play on *numen* and *nomen*.

<sup>3</sup> Clem. *Recogn.*, 2, 22.

the time of vintage you bring forth wild grapes. I would not have you be the husband of Venus, but of Pallas. She will deck you with precious necklaces, will clothe you in a wedding garment. Those espousals will be brilliant with Apollo for groomsman : this bridal song will Stilbon the married teach to the cedars of Libanus.<sup>1</sup> Of this longed-for festival I have conceived a hope, but it is mingled with fear : on its behalf has all this lesson been written ; to this end all this speech, slow as it is, is hastening ; by the rigours of this dissuasion the whole man is armed, the dissuasion whose pricks you feel, pointed as they all are with iron.

#### IV. CONCLUSION OF THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

Hard is the hand of the surgeon, but healing. Hard too is this discourse, but wholesome, and I wish it may be as profitable to you as it is well meant. Friend, you tell me that I am imposing a strait rule of life upon you. Granted. Strait is the way that leadeth to life, and it is no smooth road which you must travel to reach the fullness of joy ; nay, even to gain moderate advantages we have to pass through rough places. Jason was told that to reach the golden fleece he must journey by the sea, virgin as yet to any bark or oar, and by the sulphurous bulls, and by the wakeful venomous serpent, and he took advice that was wholesome though not pleasant, and went and returned and brought home the coveted treasure. So does the humility of a well-disposed mind accept the wormwood of truth, and dutiful diligence makes it fertile,<sup>2</sup> and useful perseverance brings it to fruit. So again does the south wind, the cupbearer of the rain, make the crop sprout ; the north, the besom of the streets, makes it hardy ; the west, the creator of flowers, brings it to fruitfulness. So hard beginnings are recompensed by pleasant endings ; a narrow track leads to a roomy palace ; a strait path to the land of the living.

But, that the evidence of the ancients may lend me credit, do you read the Aureolus of Theophrastus and Jason's Medea, and you will find that there are hardly even a few things impossible to woman.

<sup>1</sup> Mart. Capella, i. (p. 12, Teubner).

<sup>2</sup> Hor. *Ep.*, i. 7, 8.



## V. END OF THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

Friend, may God Almighty grant you not to be deluded by the deceits of almighty woman, and enlighten your heart that you go not with bedazzled eyes whither I fear you may. But—lest I be charged with writing a whole Orestes—farewell.

This production I know has caught the fancy of many ; it is greedily seized upon, eagerly copied, and read with vast amusement. Some, however,—persons of no position—deny that it is by me. They are jealous of the Epistle and therefore strip it by force of its honour and its author. My only offence is, that I am alive ; it is, however, one which I have no intention of correcting—by dying. I changed our names for those of dead men in the title, for I knew that would be popular : had I not done so, my book, like myself, would have been thrown aside. So, desiring to protect this foolish little tract from being dropped out of the blanket <sup>1</sup> into the mud, I shall bid it keep close, along with me. I know what will happen when I am gone. When I have begun to rot, the book will begin to gain savour, my decease will cover all its defects, and in the remotest generations my ancientness will gain me dignity : for then, as now, old copper will be of more account than new gold. It will be an age of apes (as it now is), not men : they will scoff at their present, and have no patience for men of worth. Every century has disliked its own modernity ; every age, from the first onwards, has preferred the previous one to itself. The result is that as men could not despise my Epistle, they despise the times in which I live. I do not mind that, for I deserve it. My only satisfaction is that I am safe from envy : it can find nothing in me worth biting. No dog gnaws a dry bone ; to the emptied vein no leech will stick.<sup>2</sup> My dry and bloodless style will escape by its mere ineptitude. Were I moved, I should be still more surprised that Gilbert Foliot, now Bishop of London,<sup>3</sup> a man who is a treasure-house of goodness and wisdom, wealthy and distinguished, master of a most clear

<sup>1</sup> Reading *sago* for *fago*. Cf. Martial, i. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Hor. *Ar. Poet.*, 470.

<sup>3</sup> The only work ascribed to him by his biographers is a treatise on the Song of Solomon.—L.

and lucid style, has been called a madman because he has written books, though nothing can be found more fit for its purpose than his work—I say I should be surprised at this, had I not read the words of the marvellous Cook (Martial):

“Rome, you read Ennius and leave Maro on the shelf.”

And later he condoles with Homer and says: “His own age laughed at Maeonides.”<sup>1</sup>

Now who is greater in his writings than Homer? Who more happy than Maro? Who, when he marks their abusers, will not be content to bear with his own? Who can be offended by the spite of his own time, knowing that it has been the same in every age? Write on, then, Gilbert, and care not; light up the dark places of God’s law, and soften their pleasant hardnesses with your honeyed eloquence; with sweet serenity open up the wholesome difficulties, making the rough way smooth, and straightening the winding paths. Age and poring over books are now bringing blindness upon you, and are making your last years tuneful as of old were those of dim-eyed Homer. No longer with your bodily eyes, but with such as angels use to see the Lord, may you view and contemplate Him and His works, that through this darkness He may lead you into His marvellous light, who with God the Father and the Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth God, world without end. Amen.

However the envious ones are now beginning to slacken off; they recollect what he has written, come to a better mind, and repent, though they surely deserve the pains of Empedocles or the penance of Eudo. Who Empedocles was, and in what pains he departed, history tells us plainly; but, if you please, let us hear about Eudo.

## VI. OF THE LAD EUDO,<sup>2</sup> WHO WAS DECEIVED BY THE DEVIL.

A certain knight, one of those who in France are called *dominici*, and in England barons, left an only son Eudo heir to great wealth

<sup>1</sup> Mart., v. 10, 7.

<sup>2</sup> Stories like this of personal appearances by the devil, his temptations and pacts entered into with him were commonplaces of the Middle Ages. An earlier version of this particular story has not been traced. Wright, in his edition of the *De Nugis*, p. 155, refers in a note to a tale in the Arundel MSS. and the Harleian MSS. of a knight who made a pact with the devil to give his

in the shape of castles, villages, and abundant revenues: the boy was tall and handsome, but indolent and dull, and a great waster of his patrimony. Now, since a fool and his wealth do not grow old together, Eudo became a contempt to his neighbours, and his inheritance a prey to them. One portion after another of his estate was seized and torn from him, and the poor fool was cast out, and leaving his own neighbourhood, banished by shame, he wandered an exile in districts unknown to him. After a long course of begging he happened one day, outside the town in which he had been begging, to be resting under the shade of a wood near by with the bits of bread he had gathered, and when he looked on the wretched scantiness of his mean diet meanly got, and remembered the depth of his degradation and how ill his poverty became his birth, he burst into tears and lamentations, threw down his crumbs and crusts, looking on his clothes he sickened at their raggedness; his pittance turned him pale; the knowledge that every one held him cheap made him cheap and mean in his own sight, and could

wife to him in return for treasure to replace the fortune he had wasted. But in that case the lady was devoted to the Virgin Mary, who personated her when the pact should have been fulfilled, and so delivered her from her fate (Wright, *Latin Stories from MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth Centuries*, 31).

The enclosed story of the painter is told by Jacques de Vitry (No. 282, F. L. Society's edn., pp. 117, 256) in this form: A monk, the treasurer of his monastery, fell in love with a matron, with whom he ultimately eloped, taking the treasure of the church and much property of her husband. The fugitives were pursued, caught and thrown into prison. There they invoked the aid of the Virgin Mary, who refused to help them because of the great scandal they had caused, but at length relenting she summoned the demons who had caused the harm and ordered them to remove the infamy they had made. They accordingly conveyed the monk back to the church with the treasure-chest intact and the woman to her husband with all his property that she had taken, transforming one of their number into the form of the monk and another into that of the woman, and leaving them in prison. The monks were amazed, and the whole city flocked together to behold the wonder. In the hearing of everybody the demons cried out: "Let us depart; long enough have we deceived, and caused evil to be thought of religious persons." Thereupon they disappeared and everybody fell at the feet of the monk and the woman and prayed their pardon. Dunlop, *Hist. Prose Fiction*, ed. 1888, ii. 258, gives another version, apparently from Méon, *Nouveau Recueil Fabliaux* (a shorter form in Wright, *Latin Stories*, 95), in which the tale is worked up differently for the glorification of the Virgin Mary. Another story of a painter who offended the devil and was delivered from his adversary by the interference of the Virgin is found in the Fabliaux and given in Latin by Wright, *Latin Stories*, 34, from the Harleian MSS.—H.

he have escaped from himself he would not have delayed an instant. In perplexity and vacillation he sat there, and in his self-doubt his miserable mind began to wander out of itself: when on a sudden there stood by him a man of wondrous stature and a visage terrible in ugliness, who yet bade him be confident with a sufficiently pleasant and friendly greeting, divined the anguish of his soul, offered help, promised him the wealth he had lost, and the addition of yet more at his wish, provided he would submit himself to his lordship and follow his advice. Eudo looked up, was thunderstruck and horrified at the sight of this new portent. The word lordship made him suspect that it was a demon, but he said: "Who are you? Was it not you whose advice and persuasion of Eve caused our exile? who armed Cain against Abel, made Ham the mocker of his father, who by your contrivances rendered Pharaoh a tyrant to the people of Israel, and that people stubborn to Moses, made Dathan jealous of Aaron, Ahithophel forsworn to David, Absalom a parricide in intent, Jezebel abominable in act? But why attempt to count the long line of your deceits, which are uncounted; there is not and never has been one which was not due to you? And the end of them, who knows it not? Who but knows the issue of your counsels, the terrible payment of your promises? Who is unacquainted with the disastrous wages of all who serve under you? Well we know that in all paths your nets are spread, and all your bait is ever on the hook. And this smooth address of yours comes with a hook, and if I swallow it, I am your prey."

Thus he spoke, and shuddered, and stiffened all over in horror. No wonder; for they say that if thieves or hinds come near one at night, one bristles with fear. As to the hinds, I know no reason for that; but it is not the thieves that cause the bristling, but the devils who are in their company. So this man naturally was horrified with Satan standing close to him and speaking to him in a real vision. And long the wretched one debated thus: "If I do as he bids, I am deluded, hell is my abode: if I do not, I shall not escape his hands."

Then the other, who from the beginning has gathered craft from every quarter, guessing what caused his hesitation, observed: "Do not let the fear of hell trouble you, for you have a long life before you, and ample time for repentance is left you. More,

before your death I will forearm you by three plain tokens, at the proper time, and at intervals, so that after each you may have room to repent. But you will not believe me ; you say : ' If I swallow your smoothness I am your prey.' That is the hatred, and the lasting disrepute of our race, which the Lord has inflicted on us ever since Lucifer's fall, and hence when you ought to make a difference, you condemn the harmful and the innocent with equal virulence. For in that first fit of pride which our tribe, unthankful to God, contracted from the fullness of our new beauty, many followed that shining prince to the North ; some were fosterers of the schism, some helpless, some seducers of others, some acquiescing, some uncertain of what was afoot, but all proud against God, or careless of prudence. So they were cast down by the avenging Hand, and the balance was so poised, and so wholly even, that there was not wanting either forgiveness of ignorance or punishment of iniquity : thus now it is the case that those who suffer worst because of their awful desert, try to do worst harm because of their inborn wickedness. Of these magnates there are some whose towering cruelty lusts after, and can perform, those intrigues which you wish to escape, and these are they whom it is right to fear ; into their hands are the reprobates delivered who are damned by their fulfilled iniquity. Those are commissioned to strengthen with resources those who are given over to them, to push them on by success, to make them safe by defence, and wary by foresight, and this they do for those whose prosperity profits them, and whose damnation is sure when they want it. These flatter to destroy, raise up to dash down ; rightly are they proclaimed to the world as detestable. And alas ! we harmless ones are stained by their ill repute. For indeed far from us are the plundering of property, the overthrow of cities, the thirst for blood and the hunger for souls, and the wish to do more harm than we can achieve. It would content us to fulfil our whole desire without causing death. Skilled in comical tricks and delusions, we do, I confess, cast glamour, contrive hallucinations, cause apparitions so as to veil reality and produce a false and absurd appearance. We can do anything that makes for laughter, but nothing that makes for tears. Now I am one of those exiles from heaven who, without abetting or consenting to the crime of Lucifer, were foolishly

and unthinkingly carried away in the train of his accomplices. And though the Lord in anger casts us out as unworthy of heaven, He yet mercifully allows us to suffer our penalty either in the solitude of the desert or in inhabited places, according to the degree of our transgression. In old times the deluded people called us demi-gods or demi-goddesses, giving us names distinctive of sex, agreeable to the shape of the body or the appearance we put on : and from the places we dwelt in or the functions allowed to us we are called Hill-men, Wood-men, Dryads, Oreads, Fauns, Satyrs, Naiads, and our rulers (thus christened by the people) Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, Priapus and Pales. However, all that we have seen from the beginning we have noted, for since God has allowed us to learn the things that are known, we acquire cleverness, and the power of conjecturing the future from the past. We also as spirits know how to judge present happenings, wherever we dwell and to whatever quarter of the earth we move, and to those who submit to us and are received by us we take care to reveal them, so that to them the situations of all men are forthwith manifest, and they can at will make sudden attacks on an unprepared enemy, surprise a great host with a small force, and handle whole provinces as they like : nor are we permitted to be with them if they commit profane acts. We can show them *opportunities* ; they as their disposition leads them can spare or destroy. But you are afraid of us, on the authority of books, whereas we are not of those whom you are warned to beware of. Rather, under advice of me and my brothers, your being shall be preserved from the hunters of souls, and we will forewarn you of the day of your death, that you may not, as they would have you, sleep into death. For we will predict to you your last day for your soul's health, that you may prepare for it by penance : nor shall we make a mistake about it, for we have gained experience of all things, skill in physics both celestial and terrestrial, the knowledge, I mean of stars, spices, herbs, stones and trees, and the causes of everything ; and hence, just as you know that after noonday the sun will go downward, and recognize that it is verging towards its setting, so we cannot err about the end of a body that is undermined or ready to fall, and this knowledge and our kindly disposition make us good counsellors and, when the Lord permits, powerful

helpers. Why do you linger and hesitate? That you may know that our ways are not criminal or cruel, let me tell you, please, of one punishment which my brother Morpheus inflicted on a monk, and which we should call cruel.

The monk was a painter, and sacrist of his monastery, and every time that he chanced to be vexed by nightly phantasies, of which he knew Morpheus to be the presiding genius he heaped on him all possible abuse, and on every opportunity that was given him, portrayed him upon walls, hangings, and glass windows in the ugliest form and with relentless accuracy. Morpheus repeatedly ordered and besought him in dreams not to uglify his figure and make him such an object of popular derision, and finally warned him to desist, threatening him with a similar loss of repute; but the monk took no notice of threats, dreams or entreaties, and did not desist. Morpheus, therefore, by means of nocturnal visions, induced the noblemen of the neighbourhood to send the monk presents, wine, edibles, silver, gold, rings, deerskins taken from the bosoms of their wives, for a man, said they, who busies himself about the things that belong to God's service, and is often so engaged that he cannot feast with his brethren, who sees to the decking of altars, vestments, and books, and is ever praying for the faithful: saying in effect, 'We will not have a man of such devotion want even for food, or so great an artist feel stinted in the material for the work he carries on.' In no long time the monk waxed fat, waxed gross, swelled, and kicked, and, little knowing whither luxury was leading him, passed from wine to Venus, and fell in love with a comely widow of the neighbouring town, and, as he knew himself unapt for love, because he both lacked polish and was ugly in face, aimed at reinforcing his designs by gifts. Darts of this kind, it is said, will pierce the ægis, even after all the victories of Minerva, when beauty has been repulsed, and the fires of the face quenched, and the glamour of speech driven back. The first presents found her hard and repellent, but they overcame her by their obstinate persistence. But when their desires were agreed, there was no place convenient for them. At her house the number of men and women was an obstacle, at his the respect due to a monastery. Both wished to meet, but both dreaded ill fame. In their quest for satisfaction it at last occurred to them

to make off with the treasures of the church, and the widow's wealth, and, so enriched, to escape the presence of accusers and the popular clamour : let them speak their will against the absent : let all be free to do as they pleased ; so long as they two were safe in hiding together, they would not blush. At the still hour they fled as they had planned, by night.

The monks awoke as usual at the hour of service, and complained that it was past the time of the bell-ringing. They inquired the reason, found the altar bare of its shrines, searched more narrowly, found no treasures, asked where was the sacrist, followed him and overtook him. The lady they let go, as being no concern of theirs, but the other, poor wretch, was put into iron bolts, and left alone in the deepest dungeon to mortify his crime with water, his food with hunger, his excesses with a meagre diet, his fine raiment with nakedness, and to pay for the softness of his bed with the roughness of the sand, for his satiety with enforced sobriety, for the pleasures of love with the torment of a prison, for light with darkness, for mirth with mourning. After a long period of such affliction Morpheus appeared to him, taunting him. ' This,' said he, ' is a proper payment for your painting ; you painted away, and I thought out my recompense. I would have you know and realise that this has been wrought by my desire, by the permission, not the power, of God, and I might if I pleased exercise greater severities upon you, inasmuch as you have taken the members of Christ and made them the members of a harlot. You have no protection against my attacks, your manacles prevent you from even raising your hands to arm yourself with the sign of the Cross. But of a truth, now that I have the best of it and you the worst, and are miserably fettered, I am sorry for you and will now set you free from these bonds, and destroy all belief in your crime, making men think that you were not he who did the shameful act, and will restore you your former good name, provided you swear that hereafter you will not make me hideous in any representation.' The monk took the oath. Morpheus released him by applying a plant to his fetters and by a potent charm, and then making himself exactly like the monk, bound himself with the same chains. The monk, instructed by him what he was to do, went and lay down on his usual bed, said prayers, grunted and coughed



in order to be heard, and when the regular time came, rang the bell, the monks were summoned, and assembled. The one who had been put into our friend's office after his flight was the first to notice that he had come back from prison. He informed the abbot and the brethren. In astonishment they ran to the spot and asked who had released him. 'Released?—from what chains?' he inquired. The lord abbot charged him with his flight, the abduction of the widow, the theft of the treasure, the fetters and the dungeon. He persistently denied the whole: had never seen the widow or felt the fetters; with raised hand, he made a great sign of the Cross before him, and declared they were mad. He was roughly hurried to the dungeon to be ironed afresh. There they found one in bonds exactly like him, my brother to wit, writhing his lips, nose and eyes, and making a thousand grimaces at them. The monks glanced from one to the other, and were confounded at the likeness between the bound man and the free, and marvelled at seeing each reflected in either, save that the monk was in tears and the other laughing and mocking at them. Then, that the monk might by no possibility be discredited, he snapped the fetters and leapt forth into the air, leaving a large hole in the roof. The abbot and convent were dumbfounded; falling at the feet of their weeping and angry brother they besought him to forgive their mistake: they had been deluded by a phantasm, they said; they did their best also to console the widow, and ever after, banishing all suspicion, they held both in great respect, and their reputation stood higher than before.

This, I tell you, Morpheus did, and I am his brother, and we often indulge in such amusing jests. We do not drag men to hell nor torment them there, we do not drive anyone to sin, except venial sin. Among the living we practise laughable tricks or give real pleasure: with the dead or with the destruction of souls we have no concern. On that point at least believe me, and so put your hands together and lay them between mine and become my liege man, and you shall have the mastery over all your enemies."

Deceived by these and similar stories Eudo cheerfully assented to the pact, when it had been sworn and firmly promised that his death, when it drew near should be heralded to him by three tokens. They went off together, and in all the districts they traversed they

gathered lawless brigands to their company. By day they slumbered, but when night came, the friend of crime and patroness of theft, they roamed stealthily through pathless tracts, yet did not stray at random; for their chief was Olga, to whom no track was unknown, and whom, when they reached the scene of their plotted crimes, the district of Beauvais, they had as adviser, scout, encourager and egger-on to cruelty, and to all the wickedness that a troop would practise which committed itself (to be in the end committed indeed) to such a master. Insensibly the fount of guile contrived that many squadrons should be added to his servants. Sons conspired against fathers, youths against old men, friends against friends, and with complete licence malice attacked innocence unwarned (?). Wholly and utterly the province passed into their hands, a prey. They were above measure feared, for their ferocity was without measure. Olga, the master and lord of Eudo, kept them informed of all the circumstances of every one. That this was his name the teacher had confessed; for though he is the lover and fount of lies, he is honest with his servants about those truths which can do more hurt than a lie. Thus the band were able to escape all ambushes and to fall on the enemy unprepared at any time. To whatever quarter they darted on a raid, they returned from it loaded like ants: and thus before their fury castles and villages were cleared of their inmates and occupied by the robbers.

Eudo now possessed his own estates in full and made mighty inroads upon those of others; and he who had once been slack and lazy was made clever and bold by his frequent successes and in every encounter expected a result like that of the last. But when sated with victories no victory satisfied him without carnage: the day was lost on which he could count the slain. He delighted beyond all decent limits in spoil won from the clergy and in the rapine of the patrimony of Christ. He was in consequence severely denounced by the Bishop of Beauvais, the archbishop, and the supreme pontiff, and the general curse of the people. But they set a stumbling-block for the blind, and cursed the deaf; for he passed by it all unnoticing and disdainful, having eyes and seeing not, having ears and hearing not. The impious master therefore delighted in that wicked servant, whom he gorged with blood,

enriched with corpses, made merry with continual savagery, and appeased with untamed frenzy, and to sate his hunger for crime filled his camp with his own helpers. He put the worst of men to command the bad, he gave additional authority and power to those who were wickedest in their attacks on the innocent, and promoted over all others those to whom pity was unknown. He spared none of his band who inclined to spare any, left no good deed unpunished, no bad one unrewarded ; and when he could find no rival and no rebel on earth, like Capaneus, he challenged opposition from heaven. He spoiled churchyards, violated churches, and desisted not either for fear of the living or respect for the dead ; and it is indeed very just that he who has no reverence for God should fear nothing before his fall, but that his heart should ever be raised higher in order to be dashed down, that long years of evil should be cut off by a sudden blow of the axe. Anathemas were levelled against him, but he feared not : he was shunned by all, but shuddered not : he fled from good repute and sought for infamy. He made nought of the advice of anyone ; and now no one even reproved him, no one chastened him, but amid the despair and silence of his friends, as a boulder broken from a hill-top falls the whole way and rushes to the bottom and no one can stay it, so he, free and uncontrolled and let alone by all, travelled with huge bounds on to hell, and as the sea is raised by winds, so was lifted and swelled by curses, and with added violence bent himself to vex the whole world : though he accepted what he could get by asking, and seized what was refused him, he could not be mollified by any accession of wealth, nor was his ambition sated by feeding on the precious things of all the earth.

Olga, now sure of his servant, and holding his soul bound in the securest of chains, went one day to meet him as he wandered alone in the shade of a wood. They sat down and conversed, and as they brought to mind their freshest desires of iniquity and crime, Eudo was praised and Olga laughed and confessed that he and his brother and their pupils were surpassed in the contrivances of such havoc and cruelty. At last Olga heaved a sigh in earnest, and after long thought transforming himself into an angel of light, said : " My dear friend, to whatever end these tricks tend, you must not put off taking counsel for your soul. I do not like your prac-

tising a wickedness that exceeds what is suitable to my fairy nature, and though I laugh, I do not wish them to laugh at you who are laying snares for you unto perdition. For these are the works of Satan, Berith and Leviathan. You must know that the judgements of the Lord's heart are hidden from us and even from the angels of the Lord, but such things as run their course by fate or are foreknown by the laws of the elements; things signified by the rising, setting and movement of the stars, things foreordained in accord with the physics of earth and heaven, all that is held by a fixed chain of events, that coheres immovably by the cement of eternal arrangement, that comes on in the order laid down by divine ordinance, and continues to exist according to the conditions of its creation—all such things we do know in part, and have a foreknowledge of them gained from the past and the present. But those which God has in pity or justice decreed to avert, if hurtful, by His mercy, or if beneficial, in His wrath—these things are hidden from the sons of earth and of heaven. These are they that outjudge the stars, command the elements, and lie hid in the treasures of the Most High. Only the spirit of the Lord could foresee the sorrow and joy that came from the dissimilar prayers of Elijah, the fear and rescue of the Ninevites caused by Jonah's prophecy, the twelve divisions of the Red Sea.<sup>1</sup> Hence, my dear friend, I fear lest while you are challenging Omnipotence, a sudden avenger should take you beforehand, and the fact that I had no prescience of it should recoil on me as a reproach, to the disrepute of our covenant. Therefore—it is your one resource—obtain absolution from your ban, and whenever you sin, seek pardon; and have no misgivings, for no enormity of crime can surpass or equal the mercy of God, provided you do not despair." Eudo was astonished, and said: "Henceforth I call you not a demon, but an angel of the Lord, not merely my master but my father too."

They parted. Eudo hastened to seek the bishop and obtained absolution, then was quiet for a time, yet did not thoroughly repent. Again he began, again was bound by a curse, earned absolution, and this repeatedly. At length the bishop, after

<sup>1</sup> According to a Jewish tradition, reported in the *Historia Scholastica*, the Red Sea was thus divided to afford a several passage for each tribe.—M.R.J.

experiencing these triflings, was shocked, and declared him worse in this fickleness than in lasting obstinacy or his former consistent madness. He cried therefore unto the Lord with tears, adjured the people that the whole land should curse him, and challenged the avenging Hand from heaven. The Lord awaked at these cries as one out of sleep, and cast down his enemy off his horse when at full speed, and visited his pride with the breaking of his leg. He, recognizing Satan's first warning, with difficulty procured a hearing from the bishop and confessed his faults, yet keeping back the fact of Olga's lordship over him: but when restored to health denied everything proudly and contemptuously, and even took pains to avenge himself on the bishop for daring to demand satisfaction for injuries which Eudo had sworn to make good. Thus perjured and worse than his former self, he rose up against Christ and against His elect. Still after a time he remembered the warning and the shortness of life, made most earnest entreaties, was heard and again forsworn. For at one time he feared that death was close upon him, at another, in view of the warnings yet to come, deceived himself into thinking he had enough life left; until he to whose keeping he was delivered deprived him of an eye by means of a random arrow which a boy had chanced to shoot.

More truly penitent—yet only for the time—through terror at the second warning, he flew with all speed to the bishop, and pity for the wound he had suffered procured him absolution even after his many perjuries. Yet as the pain of the wound decreased the love of wickedness forthwith increased, and he who had so often been worse than himself, became the loathing of the church and the contempt of the people.

Olga, to whom he was delivered, now added his third plague—which was also the last plague of Egypt—in the death of his first-born son, whom he so singly loved that his own life grew veritably vile in his eyes after his death. In mourning garb he laid himself on a bed of ashes and haircloth, so repentant in very deed, afflicting his poor soul with such true contrition, that within a short time the emaciated skin clung close to his bones, and the breath hardly remained in his body. Truly, if tardily, repentance now became pleasing to him. He hastened to all whom he had harassed, and—for he was most effective in persuasion—he bent them all to pity

as well by his peculiar eloquence as by his obvious misery. Accompanied by them all, he set out for Beauvais with a large following.

He found the bishop outside the city walls, by a huge pyre which the judges of the place had kindled, that a witch might be cast into it. The prelate recognized him afar off and stiffened all over, with a cold bristling of the skin. He shut up his bowels of mercy against him and hardened his heart, not to heal the sick ; firmly resolved not to be tricked again, he hardened himself into iron. Eudo approached, milder than his wont, humbler far than was expected, as much to be pitied for the tears his remaining eye shed as for the loss of the other. He wallowed at the bishop's feet in front of the pyre, but though his genuine laments ought by right to have pleaded in his behalf, neither the nobles' entreaties nor the people's moans moved or affected the bishop. The familiar tricks were fixed in his memory. Eudo pressed hard, vomiting up the whole of the poison to the dregs, and did not shrink from disclosing what he had always kept back, that Olga the deceiver was his lord, and all the worst of his secrets. He pressed to be absolved yet once, and to be assigned a penance, and undertook to perform it, however hard and painful it might be. The bishop refused with an oath : he, in true contrition and with howling and tears persisted. The bishop refused and went on refusing and continued in complete denial. Eudo, however, insisted with such sincerity of heart, such genuine tears, as now to gain pardon from all his enemies, and there came of themselves, and interceded for him, the tears of those eyes which he had often compelled against their will to shed forth tears unto the Lord. Now had he wrung friendship from his foes, had appeased earth and opened heaven, had bent the justice of God, and the confession of the poor wretch was accepted by Mercy. Yet the heart of the bishop was far off from him. God hearkened and calmed his wrath and condescended ; the man was contemptuous and proud, it seemed ; and to the importunities of nobles and people he replied that he was sure that Eudo would keep neither vow nor promise, and that this stubbornest of oppressors deserved no pity. Then he, who through all his former life had been ill-starred and was now first most assuredly pitiable, rose from the feet of that unmerciful bishop, who had not yet fulfilled the seventy times seven of the commandment, and who as the

anguish of those who besought him increased, waxed crueller in his fierce obstinacy. Then Eudo with such floods of weeping, such lamentable roarings and groans that none of the bystanders save the bishop could restrain the tears of heart or eyes, said : " May the Lord deliver my soul into the hands of Satan, into which I confess that I have delivered my body, so that by no exercise of mercy it can be redeemed, if I do not devotedly fulfil whatever penance you shall inflict on me." The bishop then, angry, disbelieving and hardened, as if to test him and in derision, uttered a hasty sentence with foolish lips, and said : " I lay upon you for your sins that you leap into that fire." He, as if he had received new life at the bidding, joyfully leapt in, so willingly, so quickly, so deep into the very midst of the pyre, that none could follow to pull him out before he was wholly consumed to ashes.

The reader and hearer may debate whether the knight had a right zeal, and according to knowledge, who obeyed the hasty sentence of the unwise and angry prelate. What shepherd shuts the fold against the sheep that is returning from the wilderness, does not open to it before he hears its bleating, does not call it his own, recognizes it, and yet does not pardon it, nay, is not beforehand with it when it is driven away? The father goes to meet the prodigal son, embraces him kindly and receives him, clothes him with the best robe and feasts him with the fatted calf. This harsh father drove back him that came, when he sought for bread offered him a stone, when he asked for an egg gave a scorpion ; bore in his hands, not the father's rod, or the mother's breast, but the stepfather's sword, the stepmother's poison-cup.

#### VII. OF A CERTAIN MONK OF CLUNY<sup>1</sup> WHO AGAINST HIS VOW TOOK SERVICE IN CAMP.

There may be also a question of the salvation of a monk of Cluny, who left his many castles and immense wealth and betook himself thither, and after a few years was asked by his sons and all the foremost men of his country to return to the control of the domain he had left, that, keeping his habit he might serve in the camp as their helper over difficulties and their adviser ; their

<sup>1</sup> This story is a repetition of Dist. i., c. 14 (p. 21).

tearful entreaties secured him and he was released by the abbot. He had orders to go forth, but might not bear arms, and when affairs were in order and peace secured he was to return and do penance. His arrival in the camp caused a sensation of dismay among the enemy, for he was a man of great experience and of most formidable prowess. So he gathered his own men and as many others as he could, and attacked the foe who lay quiet awaiting the event, raged against them with rapid incursions, assaulted them repeatedly and kept up a strong pressure upon them, the result being that he often found them no match for him in craft or force, and tired them out. Daily those under his protection recovered from their depression, and grew, through the prosperity of their successes, to fear the very peace and agreement with the enemy which they had hoped would attend his coming. At length the enemy, exhausted and almost driven to surrender, fraudulently begged for a truce. He granted it, and gave and received the oaths (it was sworn to on both sides). They (the enemy), however, anticipated the term of the truce: secretly gathering as large a force as they could, they approached stealthily and without warning, and appeared in formidable force to the unprepared enemy. The monk was roused by the shouts of men and the clangour of trumpets; and he and his rushed to meet the foe. They joined battle, and a stern but unequal contest took place, for the monk had sent away many of his men to their homes, confiding in the truce. He now stood unarmed in the midst of his force, which already began to give ground and was almost retreating; he shouted, exhorted, gave orders, abused, rebuked, besought them, set himself before those who were flying, and when he had used all the means open to an unarmed man of staying his armed host, without success, he suddenly seized from his armourbearer the weapons which he had ordered to be brought with him to protect him in a chance emergency, and, disobedient for the moment, but hoping to correct the fault, put them on, held up his soldiers to the fight, who were now no longer doubtfully but certainly driven to flee; with his single band he repulsed many bands of the enemy, shook their hearts with fear and falsified the issue of the battle, changing the enemy's triumph into spoliation. The booty then seized and divided at his pleasure, the monk, as he returned home in triumph, felt



almost overcome by the sun's heat, his own corpulence, and the weight of the armour, long disused; accompanied by a lad, he entered a vineyard that lay off the route of their march, put off his armour, and sought a breath of fresh air, when lo! an ambushed archer of the enemy approached from behind, marked the exposure of the monk, secretly and suddenly pierced him off his guard with a mortal dart, and stole away. The monk felt that death was at the door, and longed to confess, yet there was none there but the lad to receive his confession. He knew him unapt for such a purpose; but because he could not confess elsewhere, he did so to him, and poured out all his soul before him, and prayed a penance suited to his sin. The lad declared with an oath that he had never seen nor heard the like. The monk pressed his entreaties, prostrate at the lad's feet, and besought him by all means to inflict something upon him for his sins, and when he could not prevail to wring from him that which was wholly unknown to him, prompted him under the very article of death, saying: "Dear son, enjoin upon me that my soul be in torment and be tortured in the place of punishment without respite until the day of judgement, provided only that then by the mercy of Christ it be saved." The lad consented, and inflicted that penance upon him in the same words, and the monk departed in the faith of Christ and in good hope and in fervent zeal of repentance.

#### VIII. AGAIN OF FANTASTIC APPARITIONS.<sup>1</sup>

As we have fallen to talk of deaths of dubious issues—a knight of Lesser Britain lost his wife and long after her death went on

<sup>1</sup> This is apparently the story referred to in *Dist. ii.*, c. 13 (p. 85). It was accepted by Map as a record of literal fact, as his reflections here and at the previous reference disclose.

The incident of a widower finding his wife and bringing her back from the dead is not very rare in folklore. Orpheus in the Greek tale was unsuccessful because he violated the condition on which he had obtained Eurydice's deliverance from the kingdom of the dead. But this does not always happen; in North American tales in particular the hero often succeeds in observing the prohibitions and restoring his wife to life. All these tales involve the hero in a journey to the spirit land. Other tales, of which this tale of Map's is one, represent him as fetching her from the grave or from some place near at hand, or tell of her returning voluntarily, drawn by love of him or of her children. A tale of the Luiseño of California relates that a man was unkind to his wife, who in consequence sickened and died, leaving him with a baby. He after-

mourning for her. He found her at night in a great company of women in a valley in a wide tract of desert. He marvelled and was afraid, and when he saw her whom he had buried, alive again, he could not trust his eyes, and doubted what the fairies (fates) could be doing. He resolved to seize her, that, if he saw aright, he might have the real joy of the capture, or else might be eluded by the phantom, and at least be taxed by none with cowardice for giving up the attempt. He accordingly seized her, and enjoyed an union with her for many years, as pleasant and as open to the day as the first had been, and had children by her,

wards found her at home with the baby in her arms. She told him she had come back because the baby and he were suffering without her, and she would stay with him as long as he was kind to her, but no longer. He promised, and she stayed with him. But at length he forgot his promise and struck her, whereupon she turned into a dove and flew away (*Univ. California Pub. in Archæol. and Ethnol.*, viii. 153). In China there is a tale of a dead woman of whom a portrait had been made, and who subsequently came down out of the frame of the picture and became the wife of another man (De Groot, *Relig. System of China*, iv. 345). There is considerable confusion in the traditions between the dead and other supernatural personages, such as those mentioned in the stories of Wastin Wastiniauc and Edric Wild (*supra*, pp. 77, 82), though not perhaps so much as Liebrecht, who identifies them all as the dead (Liebrecht (*Zur Volkskunde*, 54) endeavours to make out (Hartland, *Science of Fairy Tales*, 337, cf. Feilberg in *Zeits. des. Vereins für Volkskunde*, viii. 275-7). One resemblance, however, is undeniable: the dead woman sometimes, as in the Luiseño tale just mentioned, makes conditions with her husband, and when those conditions are broken she departs. Or if reminded of her real character or history, like the lady whom Edric Wild marries, she disappears. So in a Pawnee story a man's dead wife comes back and is persuaded to remain with him; but ultimately he takes an additional wife, who quarrels with the first and reproaches her with being nothing but a ghost. She then vanishes, and the next night fetches her husband and child into the spirit-world (Grinnell, *Pawnee Hero Stories*, 129). Similarly the islanders of Nias in the East Indies tell that a married woman who had recently given birth to a second child died. After her death the babe was bathed and fed by invisible hands. The husband conjures the spirit who does this, and who turns out to be his dead wife, to come back and live with him. On his promise not to scold her she does so, and bears him a third child. This child offends him by throwing water on his back, and he cries out: "What! The son of a ghost dares to throw water over me!" At the same instant the mother disappears (Modigliani, *Un viaggio a Nias*, 670).

With such traditions as these may be compared numerous stories in comparatively modern times of premature burial, usually of a lady supposed to be dead, who revives in the grave, often as the result of an attempt to steal a ring from her finger (see the stories of Lady Edgcumbe, *Gent. Mag. Lib., Eng. Topography*, ii. 183, and of Lady Fanshawe, *County F. L. Gloucestershire* 27). These are by no means the only cases. I am not aware whether any serious effort has been made to enquire into the facts.—H.

whose descendants are numerous at this day, and are called the sons of the dead mother. This would be an incredible and portentous breach of nature's laws, did not some evidence of its truth exist.

#### IX. AGAIN OF APPARITIONS.

Henno with-the-teeth,<sup>1</sup> so called from the bigness of his teeth, found a most lovely girl in a shady wood at noonday near the brink of the shore of Normandy. She was seated alone, clad in royal silks, and was weeping silently in suppliant attitude—the fairest of things was she, and even the fairer for her tears. The young man grew hot with the fire that kindled in him. He marvelled that so precious a treasure was unguarded, and like a star fallen from heaven was mourning over the nearness of the earth. He looked about him, fearing a hidden snare, but finding none, knelt before her humbly and addressed her with respect: “You sweetest and brightest ornament of all the world, whether

<sup>1</sup> This is probably the “Haymo Dentatus” of the *Historia Ecclesiastica* of Ordericus Vitalis (vii. 15), who was concerned in the rebellion of 1047 against Duke William of Normandy. According to William of Malmesbury (*Gesta Regum*, ed. T. D. Hardy, p. 393), he was the grandfather of Robert fitz Hamon, first Norman Lord of Glamorgan.—L.

A Melusine story. In this tale the supernatural heroine figures not as a dead woman returned to life, as in the previous and the following chapters, but as a demon. To a mediæval ecclesiastic she must have been either the one or the other (see references in previous note).

The original authority for the story of Melusine is Gervase of Tilbury, Marshal of the kingdom of Arles, who wrote his *Otia Imperialia* in the early years of the thirteenth century. Her husband Raymond had found her in much the same way as Henno had found his wife. She married him on the express stipulation that he was never to see her naked. He, however, violated it by going to see her in her bath. He found her changed into a serpent, and she immediately disappeared (*Otia Imper.*, Dist. i., c. 15). Gervase tells a similar tale of the lady of the Castle of Esperver in the kingdom of Arles, about whose origin nothing is said. We are only told that, like Henno's wife, she used to leave church at mass, after the reading of the gospel and before the consecration of the elements. This invariable custom aroused suspicion. One day, therefore, her lord and his retainers stayed her by force in spite of her struggles. But when the priest pronounced the words of consecration she tore herself out of their hands and flew away, carrying off a part of the building with her in her headlong flight, and was never seen again (*Otia Imper.*, Dist. iii., c. 57). The tale was copied into the *Gesta Romanorum* (Oesterley, 540), and tales of the same kind are found in other collections (cf. Liebrecht's notes, *Volkskunde*, 47, and Gerv. Tilb., 67, 126; and see Hartland, *Sci. F. T.*, 272 sqq.).—H.

this desirable radiance of your face belongs to our race, or whether deity has willed to show itself to its worshippers on earth thus fair in bloom, thus clad in light, I rejoice, and you too may rejoice that it has befallen you to rest here in my power. What shall I do who have been chosen out to do you service? To you be honour, in that with prophetic instinct you have settled on that spot of all others where you would be received with the best welcome." She made answer in such innocent and dove-like voice that you might think a lady angel was speaking—one who could deceive at will any angel: "Kind flower of youths, desirable light of men, it was no voluntary foresight that brought me hither, but chance. A ship driven by the violence of a storm bore me, unwilling, to these shores with my father, to be delivered in marriage to the king of the French. When I had disembarked, with only this maid whom you see here (and lo! a maid stood by her), a fair wind succeeded the gale, and the sailors made off under full sail with my father. I know that when they discover my absence they will return in distress. Still, lest wolves or evil men should devour or attack me, I will for the time stay with you, if you will give me pledges for yourself and your men to do me no hurt, for it will be safer and wholesomer for me to trust myself to you till the ship returns." Henno, no inattentive listener, saw his desires fulfilled, eagerly granted all that was asked, and brought home with the greatest joy of heart his treasure trove, showing to both women all possible kindness. He brought into his home and took to himself in marriage that brilliant pestilence, he committed her to the care of his mother, and she bore him beautiful children. His mother was assiduous in attending the church, his wife yet more so; the one bountiful to orphans and widows and all who needed bread, the other surpassed her. In order to bring her evil desire to the wished-for end, she fulfilled every comely duty in the sight of men, except that she shunned the sprinkling of holy water, and by a wary retirement (making the crowd or some business the excuse) anticipated the moment of the consecration of the Lord's body and blood. Henno's mother noticed this; her covert suspicion made her anxious, and fearing the worst, she set herself to spy out with the closest watchfulness what it meant. She knew that the lady entered the church on Sundays after the Asperges and left it before

the consecration, and in order to learn the reason she made a little hidden hole looking into the chamber and kept secret watch there. She then saw her at early morning on a Sunday, when Henno had gone out to church, enter a bath and become, instead of a most beautiful woman, a dragon: after a short time she saw her leap out of the bath on to a new cloak which her maid had spread for her, tear it into tiny shreds with her teeth, then return to her proper form and thereafter minister in the same way in every point to her maid. The mother told her son what she had seen. He sent for a priest: they came on the two unawares, and sprinkled them with holy water. With a sudden leap they dashed through the roof, and with loud shrieks left the shelter they had haunted so long. Marvel not that the Lord ascended to heaven with His body, since He has permitted such abominable creatures to do so, creatures which must in the end be dragged downwards against their will. This lady had a numerous progeny, yet living.

#### X. AGAIN OF LIKE APPARITIONS.

We know that in the time of William the Bastard, a man of distinguished quality who owned Ledbury North, carried off a most beautiful lady from among a company of women who were dancing by night, wedded her and begot a son by her. The king hearing of the wonder of her beauty and of her abduction, was amazed, and had her brought before him at his council in London, and when she had acknowledged the truth of the story, sent her home again. Her son Alnod,<sup>1</sup> a most Christian man, late in life became partially paralysed, and when all the physicians were defeated and professed themselves powerless had himself carried to Hereford, and in the church of the blessed Æthelbert king and martyr earned release by his merits; wherefore, when restored to his former health, he there gave his estate of Ledbury to God and the Mother of the Lord and Æthelbert king and martyr in perpetual possession, and the bishop of that place still enjoys it peaceably, being, it is said, the sixth from him who received it at the hand of Alnod—the very man whose mother vanished into air in the open sight of

<sup>1</sup> See Dist. ii., 12 (p. 84), where the story is told more at large, and Alnod's mother is impliedly called a demon.—H.

many, because she took ill her husband's taunt that he had caught her from among the dead.

# XI. OF THE FANTASTIC ILLUSION OF GERBERT.<sup>1</sup>

Who has not heard of the fantastic illusion of the notorious Gerbert? Gerbert of Burgundy, a youth distinguished by birth,

<sup>1</sup> Gerbert (Pope Sylvester II, 999–1003) was one of the greatest men who ever attained to the highest dignity in the Church. He is commonly said to have been born of humble parentage at or near Aurillac in Auvergne, but the most recent enquiry places that event in the province of Aquitaine about the year 945. He entered very early the monastery of St. Gerault at Aurillac, whence as a young monk and promising student he was chosen to follow Borel, Count of Barcelona and Duke of the Spanish March, into Spain, there to study the arts. Spain under the Arabs was the home of learning, and there he learnt mathematics and such physical science as was known in that age. He was afterwards appointed by Adalbero, Archbishop of Rheims, to teach in that city, where he obtained a great reputation for his learning and inventions. He remained at Rheims for ten years, collecting a library as great as could then be made, recalling the Latin classics banished with more or less success from the schools by Cluniac superstition and bigotry, and was an enthusiastic and inspiring lecturer and teacher. He introduced the abacus for the teaching of arithmetic, he constructed organs played by steam, and invented various scientific instruments. He widened the course of instruction; but he meddled little with theology, for though an orthodox Churchman his genius was rather practical than metaphysical. Under the patronage of his friend Adalbero he set about reforming the monasteries and busied himself in questions of Church government. Ultimately these activities led him into politics. He made the friendship of the Emperor Otto II, by whose influence he became Abbot of Bobbio in the Apennines, near Pavia, a post which he did not hold very long. He was entangled in continual external disputes, and when Otto died in the year 983 the monks refused him obedience. Having thus no longer the emperor's support he abandoned Bobbio and returned to Rheims. There, when Adalbero died, he was elected archbishop. But involved in a dispute with Arnulf, the rival claimant to the archiepiscopal throne, who was supported by Hugh Capet and by the Pope, Gregory V, and in French dynastic feuds, he found it difficult to enforce his claim, and retired to Germany. By the favour of Otto III he obtained the Archbishopric of Ravenna, then vacant (998), and in less than a year, when the Pope Gregory V died, he was appointed to the papal chair for his learning and piety, under the title of Sylvester II. His pontificate, however, was not long; and after a troubled reign, in which by force of arms he maintained his position against his rebellious subjects, and by his wisdom and firmness he gave peace to the Church, he died in 1003 and was buried in the church of St. John Lateran.

Such was the impression made by his learning and character that legends speedily in that ignorant and superstitious age gathered around his career. William of Malmesbury, who records them, does so with the half-apology that "it will not be unsuitable, as I think, if we commit to writing the things that are on everybody's lips" (*quæ per omnium ora volitant*). The story, therefore, is reproduced from oral transmission, which in such a case may be called

character and repute, was busily engaged at Rheims in the effort to surpass in intellect and utterance all the students of the school, whether native or foreign, and was successful. At that time the daughter of the provost of Rheims was as it were the mirror and marvel of the city. The sighs of all were aimed at her, and she was rich in the vows and aspirations of men. Gerbert heard of her and delayed not. He went forth, saw, wondered, desired, and addressed her : listened and was entranced : he imbibed madness

tradition or gossip according to predilection. It differs little from the outline of Gerbert's life given above, save in details and in the hostile colour given to his acts. He is represented as from boyhood a monk of Fleury, who ran away by night and came to Spain for the purpose of learning astrology and the other arts of that kind. In addition to magical and other questionable studies he learnt music, astronomy, arithmetic and geometry. He was entertained by a "Saracen philosopher," who not only gave him abundant hospitality but taught him, used to sit with him in familiar converse both on serious things and trifles, and lent him books to copy. There was one book, however, which he withheld and Gerbert all the more eagerly desired. To all his prayers and promises his host was deaf. As he used to sleep with the volume under his pillow there was but one way of getting it, and Gerbert did not hesitate to employ it with the connivance of the man's daughter, with whom he made friends for the purpose. One night Gerbert plied him with wine until he fell into a drunken slumber. The guest then, snatching the book from beneath his head, fled with it. When the philosopher awoke, he consulted the stars, in which he was skilled, and then pursued the fugitive. Gerbert, looking back, saw him and understood his peril. There was a wooden bridge at hand. He crept under it and hung to the beams in such a position that he touched neither earth nor water. The pursuer was baffled and returned home empty-handed ; the thief hastening on his way reached at length the seashore. There he called up the devil and made a bargain with him of perpetual vassalage if he would carry him safely beyond the sea from his enemy, who was now again on his track. It was accordingly done, and Gerbert returning to France became a skilful teacher. William of Malmesbury gives a list of his distinguished pupils—not only men of learning, but bishops, noblemen, Robert the son of Hugh Capet, afterwards King of France, and Otto the son of the Emperor Otto II, afterwards Otto III. Some of Gerbert's inventions are noticed ; and William proceeds to give a very short sketch of the rest of his life in a few sentences, ascribing his successes to the patronage and assistance of the devil. He then narrates two stories of Gerbert in his quality of magician. The former of these (often associated with the name of Virgil, who was regarded in the Middle Ages as a magician) is the famous tale of the magical statue with stretched forefinger and the inscription "Strike here." This tale is found in a number of mediæval collections including the *Gesta Romanorum* (Herrtage, 7 ; Oesterley, 438, 729 ; see also Tunison, *Master Virgil* (Cincinnati, 1888), 107), and was no doubt one of the current traditional stock. This leads the historian to narrate two other marvellous tales with which we are not now concerned. Apparently his object is to render the more credible what he relates of Gerbert. Then coming back to Gerbert's doings he tells a tale of a head which, after consulting the stars, Gerbert

from the laboratory of Scylla, and taught by Metamorphosis<sup>1</sup> to forget, did not refuse obedience to her poison, and by its power sank to be an ass, strong to bear burdens, impervious to blows, sluggish to toil, stupid in skilled labour, ever prone to kick at any hardship. He did not feel the calamity that fell on him, the blows of chastisement moved him not; torpid when called to exertion, unready in the face of subtilities, he ever pursued his desire open-mouthed without any caution, humbly besought, passionately

cast in metal, with intent to learn his own fate. It only answered direct enquiries and then only with yes and no. Gerbert asked, "Shall I become pope?" (*ero apostolicus*?) It answered, "Yes." Again he asked, "Shall I die before I sing Mass in Jerusalem?" It answered, "No." Misled by this reply, and not knowing that there was at Rome a church called Jerusalem—as William interprets it, the sight of peace, because anyone who fled to it, whatever crimes he may have been accused of, found protection, since Romulus, with a view to increasing the number of citizens, ordained the place as a sanctuary. The church in fact is near the Lateran and is still called Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. There he sang Mass on one occasion. Feeling suddenly ill, as the sickness increased he took to his bed, consulted the head again, learned the truth and recognized that his end had come. He therefore called the cardinals together, confessed and deplored his evil deeds, and ordered his body to be torn piecemeal and cast forth member by member that he who sought their homage might have the use of them, "for my soul has never loved that oath or rather that sacrilege." William indeed alleges this tale as the chief reason for believing the story of Gerbert's bargain with the devil, for why should he have desired the tearing to pieces of his own body unless he had been conscious of some new and unheard-of crime? And he quotes in confirmation an ancient volume which had fallen into his hands, containing the names and years of all the popes, and in which he had found the words "Silvester, who is also Gerbert [reigned] four years, one month and ten days, and here in dishonour finished his life" (William Malmes., *Gesta Regum*, ii. 167, 168, 170, 172).

William of Malmesbury wrote somewhat earlier than Map, and he is one of the earliest authors to whom we are indebted for a knowledge of these legends. But none of them reappears in Map's account. On the contrary, his life of Gerbert is inconsistent with them in nearly every point. So far as I am aware, Map's narrative of the relations of Gerbert with Meridiana is taken from no known written source. It must, therefore, have been due to some oral tradition. The account of the tomb appears to be derived from John, a deacon of the Church of St. John Lateran. A very full account of the life of Gerbert is to be found in the *English Historical Review*, vii. 625, followed by an account of the legends that gathered about his name. A learned German named Schultess published at Hamburg in 1893 *Die Sagen über Sylvester II*, apparently a systematic collection of these stories, but I have in vain tried to obtain a copy since the war. Bishop Stubbs in the prefaces to the two volumes of William of Malmesbury's *Gesta Regum* in the Rolls series of the Chronicles (1887-9) also analyses the stories there given and discusses their sources.—H.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, but it is awkwardly made.—M.R.J.



pressed his suit, stubbornly endured, and with his mind's sharpness blunted by his importunity, was weary with settled despair; he fell from his peace of mind, and, disordered and put out of his track, he could no longer manage his property or regulate his affairs. His property therefore dwindled, he was burdened with debts, became a victim to usury, was forsaken by his servants, and avoided by his friends, and at last, when his substance was wholly dispersed, lived alone at home, neglectful of his person, unshaven and shabby, rough and untidy, yet fortunate in one point of his misery, I mean that extreme poverty which freed him from love, the chief of miseries, all memory of which is banished by the recollection of the other. These are the the costs, Dione, as lamentable as they are fraudulent, which you impose on your soldiers by way of wages for their warfare for you, and which at the last make them objects of ridicule and open shame, or have them made a show to all men after suffering your torments. The poor wretch of whom I am telling, loosed from Venus's hook under the governance of Poverty, was ungrateful to her who had freed him, inasmuch as past anguish seems easy when compared with present woe; and he declared that starvation deserved the recompense of the lion who took the fawn away from the wolves in order to eat it himself.

One day Gerbert went out of the town at noon, by way of taking a walk, and was forced by hunger to shed tears; and, quite beside himself, fared on step by step deep into a wood and entering a glade found there a woman of unheard of beauty seated on a large silken carpet, and having before her a huge heap of money. He was quietly withdrawing with intent to flee, fearing a phantom or delusion. But she called him by name, bade him be confident, and, as in pity, promised him the money he saw there and a further supply of wealth, as much as he desired, on condition that he would disdain the provost's daughter who had so insolently spurned him, and would cleave to her, not as his lady or ruler, but as an equal and friend; and she went on: "I am called Meridiana (*or* Marianna): born of a most noble stock, I have always made it my chief aim to find one in all points equal to me, one worthy to cull the first flower of my prime, and have found none but you who did not fail in some respect to suit me; so, since in every point you are pleasing to me, do not delay to accept all the prosperity which the

Most High is raining upon you from heaven—His creature am I as much as you. For unless you compel me to righteous anger, you are now blessed with all possible affluence in property and rank: only, when you have blossomed out once more to the full by my care, you must reject her with that same pride with which she made you miserable; for I know that she will repent and return to what she spurned, if she can. Had she indeed hated your suit for love of chastity, she would have deserved favour by triumphing over you, but her only reason was that by rejecting you who in the judgement of all were most lovable, she might, unsuspected, be kind to others; under her pretended robe of Minerva she sheltered Aphrodite, and under pretext of rejecting you summoned another to enjoy her love. Alas, Alas! Pallas was driven out and a Gorgon was covered by her ægis, and the public shaming of you gave shelter to the foulness of a wanton; if, as she deserves, you declare her for ever unworthy of your embrace, I will make you pre-eminent among all the high ones (*or* places) of the earth. You fear, perhaps, an illusion, and are meaning to evade the subtlety of a Succubus in my person. You are mistaken. Those whom you fear are equally shy of the deceits of men, and do not trust themselves to any without a pledge of faith or some security, and make no gain of anything but sin of those whom they beguile. If ever—and it is rare—they do bring them success or riches, these pass away with so little profit, and so vainly, that they are nothing; or else they end in the torment and damage of the dupes. I, however, who am thoroughly acquainted with the honesty of your character, look for no security from you. Nor do I even desire to be secured, but only to make you secure. I gladly present all to you, and I would have you take away with you what is here, before our union, and come back often to take more, till, when all your debts are paid, you have proved that this is no phantom money, and do not fear to pay the just dues of what a true love has spent on you. To be loved is my desire, not to be your sovereign, or even your equal, but your handmaid; you will find nothing in me that you do not perceive to savour of love; a true judgement will not be able to detect any trace of frowardness in me."

These and many more like these were the words of Meridiana;

but there was no need of them, for Gerbert in his greed for what was offered interrupted her with his consent almost in the midst of her speech, anxious as he was to be wealthy and escape the duress of poverty, and swift to enter upon the beautiful but perilous course of love. Humbly therefore did he promise everything, pledge his faith, and beyond what was asked join kisses with oaths, but went no farther.

Gerbert went away laden, and pretended to his creditors that messengers had arrived with supplies, and then, slowly, lest he should be suspected of having found a treasure, disburdened himself of his debts. Thereafter, free and affluent in Meridiana's gifts, he enriched himself with household goods, and a crowd of servants, gathered to him changes of raiment and money, and grew strong with food and drink: so that his wealth in Rheims was like the glory of Solomon in Jerusalem, and his settled joy in love not inferior, though Solomon was the lover of many and he of one. Every night she, who possessed full knowledge of the past, instructed him in what he was to do by day. Such were those most wonderful nights of Numa, wherein the Romans feigned that sacrifices were offered, and the gods summoned to conference, whereas he then waited upon her alone who in nocturnal study secretly distilled wisdom. Gerbert made progress in two branches of learning, of the chamber and school, and triumphed gloriously on the topmost battlements of fame; as much advanced by the lesson of the lecturer in the study as by that of the lecturess on the couch; the latter led him to the pitch of glory in his conduct of affairs, the former to the illumination of the mind by researches into the arts. Within a short time no one was his equal, he surpassed all and became the bread of the hungry and the raiment of the needy and the ready saviour from all oppression; nor was there a city to which Rheims was not an object of envy.

When she heard and saw all this, the daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, who had brought him down into the depths (valley) by her pride, with ears attent expected the usual messages, wondered at and blamed their delay, and realizing at last that she was thrown over, now first conceived the fires<sup>1</sup> which she had disdainfully rejected. She now lived more daintily and went

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, vii. 9, etc.

in finer attire, met him with more reverence, addressed him with greater respect, and when she felt that she was altogether fallen into disrepute and contempt, imbibed from that same cup in which she had given madness to her lover to drink, a very rancour of soul. In her frenzy therefore she seized the bit, and cared not whither the rein turned or pulled her back. In other words, by all means she attempted to hook him. But in vain were the snares laid, the nets spread, the hooks cast. The avenger of the old hate, the courtier of the fresh love, refused her all that affection is wont to give and shot at her every dart that hate can aim. When all efforts were exhausted, her passion grew to madness, and the sharpness of her pain exceeded her power of feeling, and as the numbness of the limbs gives no scope to medicine, so in her exhausted state her soul was dead to the consolations of hope. At length an old woman who lived near Gerbert aroused her as one raised from the dead, and from her hovel pointed him out through a hole as he sauntered alone in the midst of a small orchard after dinner in the heat of the day; and after a little they saw him lay himself down under the shade of a gnarled ilex, and lie quietly sleeping. But she was not at quiet: casting off her mantle and clad only in her shift, with covered head, she crept beneath his cloak and roused him with kisses and embraces. From the sated man, heavy with wine, she easily obtained the boon she sought: the heats of youth, of the season, of food, and of wine all conspired to induce love. It is ever thus, we know, that Phœbus and Pan, Ceres and Bacchus, defer to Venus, and from their meetings Pallas is always shut out. She pressed on him with embraces and kisses, refraining from flattery of honeyed words (?), until, calling Meridiana to mind, he, overwhelmed with shame and in a state of no little alarm—yet willing to evade her respectfully—withdrew, promising to return, and in the accustomed wood sought at Meridiana's feet forgiveness for his lapse. Long did she look down on him with disdain, but finally demanded his homage as security in view of his transgression: she obtained it, and he continued safe in her service.

Meanwhile it came about that the Archbishop of Rheims deceased, and Gerbert, thanks to his reputation, was enthroned there. Thereupon, too, when carrying out the affairs of his honourable charge, while he was residing at Rome, he was created by the lord

pope a cardinal, and Archbishop of Ravenna, and shortly after, on the pope's death, by public choice mounted to the rank of that see. During the whole course of his priesthood, when the sacrament of the Lord's body and blood was celebrated (made) he never tasted it, either in fear or respect, but by the most wary concealment feigned the act which he did not perform.<sup>1</sup> Now Meridiana appeared to him in the last year of his papacy, and intimated to him that his life was safe until he celebrated mass in Jerusalem; and as he lived at Rome, he thought he could avoid doing this at his pleasure. But it befell him to celebrate in that place where, they say, the board is laid up which Pilate affixed to the top of the Lord's cross, inscribed with the title of His passion, and that church is to this day called Jerusalem.<sup>2</sup> And lo! there, over against him was Meridiana exulting (applauding) as if for joy at his speedy coming to her. When he saw and recognized her, and learned the name of the place, he called together all the cardinals, the clergy and the people, made a public confession, and kept no blemish of all his career unrevealed. He further ordained that thenceforth the consecration of the elements should be performed over against the clergy and people, to their face. Hence many celebrate with the altar between themselves and the people, but the lord pope receives (communicates) seated face to face with all.

Gerbert hallowed the short remainder of his life with assiduous and severe penance, and died in a good confession. He is buried in the Church of St. John Lateran in a marble tomb which continually sweats; but the drops do not join into a stream, except to predict the death of some wealthy Roman. They say that when the departure of the lord pope is imminent, the stream runs down to the ground: when that of some noble, it oozes out to a third, a quarter, or a fifth part of the height, as if to indicate the quality of each by the scantiness or volume of its flow.

<sup>1</sup> Giraldus Cambrensis (*Gemma Ecclesiastica*, i. c. 9, *Works*, Rolls Ser., ii. 34), referring to this incident, mentions that whenever Gerbert celebrated the Mass he used secretly to conceal the *corpus Christi* in a small wallet hung round his neck. In the same passage he also refers to Gerbert's alleged confession and direction that the members he had given to the Devil should be cut off from his living body, and to the sweating of his tomb before the death of a pope.—H.

<sup>2</sup> The Church of "Sancta Crux in Hierusalem" was one of the seven greater basilicas of Rome.—L.

Although through covetousness Gerbert was held captive a long time by the birdlime of the devil, he ruled the Roman Church greatly and with a strong hand ; in the times of each and all of his successors something has dropped away from her possessions. I have heard that Pope Leo was first responsible for the fact that the castle of Crescentius<sup>1</sup> is still withheld by the heirs of Peter Leonis,<sup>2</sup> St. Peter being thus disinherited of it. This Peter Leonis was a Jew converted to our faith by the means of Pope Leo, and from him had his surname Leonis ; and Pope Leo took pains to enrich him with revenues and lands, and conferred on him the wardenship of that castle to add to his magnificence and honour, and gave him the daughter of a most noble citizen to wife, by whom Peter had twelve sons, and by his wisdom he established every one in honourable offices and made them the first men in the city. And he bequeathed the wardenship of the castle to them in this fashion : he handed them twelve sticks strongly tied together, and the one who without loosing the band could break them with his bare hand was thenceforth to be held first in the inheritance. So when the efforts of them all proved vain, he ordered the sticks to be untied, and each son to break his own, which was done in an instant. He said therefore : “ Thus, my dear sons, as long as hostility finds you united with the bond of affection, it will fall back defeated ; but any violence that attacks you singly will triumph.” In this way, by the wisdom and craft of Peter and his posterity the patrimony of Christ has remained in their hands as of hereditary possession. Again, in our days Pope Alexander III lost that custom of the gate of St. Peter<sup>3</sup> which is called the *pedagium*, and the Lord’s altar of that same church, to a lay hand, that, namely, of the prefect of Rome, And now, to-day, Lucius<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Master of Rome and of the castle of S. Angelo at the end of the tenth century. He was crushed by Otto III in 998.—L.

<sup>2</sup> His grandfather, Benedict, was a converted Jew, who, out of respect for Leo IX (1048–1054), named his son Leo. Peter, the grandson, received the castle of S. Angelo, the papal fortress, from Urban II (1088–1099), and died in 1128 (Gregorovius, *History of Rome in Middle Ages*, Eng. tr., iv. 414).

The ancient fable of the Bundle of Sticks is here attributed to Peter Leonis.

<sup>3</sup> In the Leonine City, close to the Vatican. Alexander III was Pope from 1159 to 1181.—L.

<sup>4</sup> Ubaldo, Bishop of Ostia, was elected Pope, with the title of Lucius III, on September 1, 1181 ; he died on November 25, 1185.—L.

has been elected pope by the Romans in succession to Alexander III : last year he was Hubaldus, Bishop of Ostia, and Cardinal of the holy Roman Church.

## XII. OF THE HAUNTED (*Fantasticus*) SHOEMAKER OF CONSTANTINOPLE<sup>1</sup>

About the time when Gerbert flourished in his supernatural prosperity there was a young man of the lower class of Constantinople, a shoemaker, who surpassed all the masters of that craft

<sup>1</sup> An unsavoury story which seems to embody local traditions of the Gorgon Medusa. In this form it is not to be traced farther back in any mediæval writer ; and nowhere else than in Map's tale is the hero described as a shoemaker. Gervase of Tilbury, writing a few years later, says that the Gorgon's head was thrown by Perseus into the sea in the Gulf of Satalia between Rhodes and Cyprus, and that the Gorgon was held to be a prostitute whose beauty drove men mad. He adds that the natives report that a knight fell in love with a certain queen, that the result of their union, told as in Map's text, was a monstrous head which destroyed everything it beheld, and that it was used by the knight to destroy his enemies and their cities ; further, that once at sea when he was sleeping a paramour got the key of the box in which it was kept, but died immediately on beholding the head, and the knight awaking and finding what had happened, overcome with anguish, lifted up the head and perished at the sight, together with the ship ; and that at the end of every seven years the head turned face upwards and imperilled all who were sailing in that sea (*Otia Imperialia*, Dec. ii., c. 12). Roger de Hoveden, also a few years later than Map wrote, relating the return voyage of Philip Augustus, the King of France, from the Holy Land, tells the story. He says the fleet passed the isles of Yse, in one of which was a castle, called the Castle of Ruge, where formerly lived a damsel (*puella*) named Yse. She was wooed by a knight, but in vain. After her death, however, she bore him a son and brought it to him, saying, " This is thy son whom thou hast begotten. Cut his head off and keep it. When thou wishest to conquer an enemy or to destroy his land, exhibit the head and let it behold thy enemy or his land, and straightway he or his land will perish. Then, when thou shalt cover it up again the tribulation will cease." Some long time afterwards the knight married a wife, who was curious to know, and often asked him, by what means he, without weapons and without an army, destroyed his enemies. He parried her questions and refused to satisfy her. But one day in his absence she found the chest which contained the head and opened it. When she saw its contents she forthwith ran away and threw it into the Gulf of Satalia. Sailors say that whenever the head lies face upwards the gulf is in such commotion that no ship can cross it, but when the head lies face downwards ships can pass over it. Roger concludes with good sense by quoting Juvenal : " Credat hoc Judæus Apella, non ego " (Roger de Hoveden, *Annal. sub anno 1191*, Rolls edn. iii. 158). A similar story also appears in John of Brompton's compilation, and in the fourteenth century in that passing under the name of Sir John Maundeville (c. 4).

In the early years of the same century, in the proceedings against the

in his new and excellent inventions ; he could do more in one day than anyone else in two, and, in every piece of work, what he made in a hurry was smarter than the results of the long labour of the masters. For if he but saw any bare foot, were it crooked or straight, he could alone clothe it with a most admirably fitted shoe ; nor would he work for anyone save on sight of the foot, when he found favour with the gentry and had no time for any poor customer. Moreover at all the public shows in the arena, as in throwing and wrestling and other such manly exercises, he would always win the prize, so that far and wide he was talked of as a wonder. Now one day a most beautiful maiden with a great train of followers came to his window and showed her bare foot, to have it shod by him. The ill-starred man saw it, studied it intently, and after selling the shoes, began at the foot and drew into his heart the whole woman, drinking to the dregs the poisonous plague, which made him wholly pine away. A slave hungering for royal dainties, he could not attain a ground for any hope. Yet he cast away his implements, sold his patrimony, and became a soldier, that even late in the day by exchanging the meanness of his work for the career of a gentleman, he might at least suffer a gentler repulse. Before he dared to address his love, he keenly prosecuted the course

Knights Templars it was reported by Antonio Sicci, a notary of Vercelli, to account for the idol the Templars were alleged to have worshipped, which was said to consist of a human head. The scene of the story was then laid at Sidon (Milman, *Hist. Latin Christianity*, vii. 249 ; *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, lxiii. 31). The same wild tale is found in the mythology of the Chechens, a tribe inhabiting the Caucasus. In that case the dead lady bore a daughter, who grew up even more beautiful than her mother and married a man who lived with her father in heaven ; and the Milky Way is said to consist of straw dropped by her in making her bride-bed (*Anthropos*, iii. 1073). The Chechens, to-day and for some two centuries and upwards Mohammedans, were formerly Christians. In both cases the nominal religion has been probably little more than skin-deep ; and numerous traditions are found which are interpreted as remains of a previous paganism—among them this tale. But it is open to the surmise that it is directly or indirectly due to Byzantine influence in the times of Christianity (*Anthropos*, iii. 730).

In ages of ignorance and superstition the possibility of such connections as are referred to here between the living and the dead has been widely believed, and has resulted in grotesque and repulsive precautions (see Hartland, *Ritual and Belief*, 194-234 ; see also Liebrecht's notes, *Zur Volkskunde*, 49, and Gerv. Tilb., 92). The belief, in the form embodied in this tale, seems to have persisted to the present day among the Moslem of Palestine (Rev. Hist. Rel., lxxxv. 74).—H.



of soldiery he had taken up, and by practice, attended with frequent successes, became among soldiers what he had been compared with other shoemakers. He made trial therefore, and though reckoning himself worthy could not gain from the maiden's father her whom he sought ; he therefore kindled into violent wrath, and determining to gain by force her whom his low birth and lack of estates denied, collected a great band of pirates and made ready to avenge his defeat on land by fighting at sea ; and, never forsaken by good fortune, came to be feared both on sea and land. Now while he pressed on, ever prospering, a true report reached him that his mistress was dead ; in the midst of his grief he agreed to a truce, hastened to the funeral, saw the interment and marked the spot, and on the following night broke into the grave et ad mortuam quasi ad vivam ingreditur : quo scelere peracto ex mortua resurgens audit ut tempore partus illuc revertatur, delaturus inde quod genuerat. He obeyed the precept, returned when he had opportunity, and opening the tomb received from the dead a human head, which he was forbidden to show except to an enemy who was to be slain. He laid it up, very strongly fastened in a box, and trusting in its power forsook the sea and invaded the land. Whatever cities or villages he attacked, he held up before them that Gorgon-portent. The wretched inhabitants stiffened at beholding a terror like Medusa. He was feared above measure, and received by all as their lord, lest they should perish. No man understood the cause of the unseen pestilence, the sudden death. At one instant they saw and perished, without word or groan ; the armed men on the battlements died unwounded ; cities, castles, provinces yielded, there was no bar to his progress, and all chivalry agonised at being laid waste at no cost and with no exertion. Some called him an astrologer, some a god ; whatever his demands, he met with no refusal.

Among his triumphs they tell of one, that on the death of the emperor of Constantinople his daughter and heir was left to our hero. He accepted the offer, for who would not ? After he had lived with her some time, he was questioned by her about the box, and she would not rest till she learned the truth ; when she did, she roused him from sleep, and thrust the head in his face. Thus was he caught in his own snare, and she, the avenger of so many

crimes, commanded that the Medusean portent should be taken away and cast into the midst of the Grecian sea, and that the author of the sin should share its destruction. The envoys hastened off in a galley, and when they had reached mid-sea, cast the two enormities of the world into the deep. As they retired there took place a boiling up of the sea with its sands, thrice repeated; the tide torn from its depths seemed to show the flight of the waters that recoiled with a sudden leap and abhorred that token of the wrath of the Most High that was in them; and the nauseated sea seemed to be trying to throw up that which the land, sick with its birth, had vomited into it as it recovered. The waves were exalted to the stars, and like flames rose up to the heights. But after a few days the purpose of the prodigies changed, and the waters that had attacked the stars turned downwards and made a whirlpool, going about in perpetual rotation. What is now a pit had been a heap. For the slime of the deep, not able to bear the abomination, and the shuddering of the sea, was exhausted, and failed in stupefaction, and yawning with an infinite gape afforded them a path into the lowest parts of the abyss; and henceforward is able to absorb all that the sea in its cruelty can cast into it—like Charybdis that is by Messina. Everything that falls into it by accident or is drawn in by its greedy jaws is imperilled without hope of remedy; and because the maiden's name was Satalia, it is called the whirlpool of Satilia and is shunned by all. In common speech it is named *Gouffre de Satilie*.<sup>1</sup>

### XIII. OF NICHOLAS PIPE, THE MAN OF THE SEA.<sup>2</sup>

Many are alive who tell us that they have seen that prodigy of the sea, great, nay, surpassing all wonderment, I mean Nicholas

<sup>1</sup> The Crusaders' name for the Gulf of Adalia.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The history of this curious tale in literature and in oral tradition has been several times investigated during the last half-century. Ultimately, Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, the eminent collector and illustrator of Sicilian traditions, in the year 1904 published an elaborate and learned study of the story, to which nearly one half of the 22nd volume of his great *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane* was devoted.

The earliest allusion to the tale is found in the writings of the Provençal poet Raimon Jordan; but Map is the first to give the whole narrative. He was followed in the opening years of the thirteenth century by his younger

Pipe, the Man of the Sea. For long periods, a month or a year, he would frequent the depths of the sea with the fishes, without breathing the air, yet unharmed; and when he was ware of a storm by foresight, he would forbid ships in harbour to go out, or bid them return if they had gone out. A real man, he had nothing non-human in his form, nor any defect in his five senses, but was gifted, over and above his humanity, with the aptitudes of fish. When he was going down into the sea to make some stay

contemporary, Gervase of Tilbury. According to Gervase, the name of this singular being was Nicolas Papa, and he was originally an Apulian. He made his home continually in the depths of the sea, and was compelled by Roger, King of Sicily, to descend into the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis. He reported that in the Pharos, as that part of the sea was called, was a great abyss with mountains and valleys, woods and fields and acorn-bearing trees. He was a sedulous explorer of the sea; he warned mariners of approaching storms, coming up naked to the surface and asking nothing in return but oil to enable him the better to peer into the deep.

Later writers called this man Nicola or Cola Pesce, Nicholas the Fish, a name by which in one form or other he is still known all over Sicily. Starting from Map in the twelfth century Dr. Pitre has brought together and analysed the accounts of thirty-three writers, native and foreign, down to the middle of the nineteenth century. It may be said in general terms that the farther they were away from the alleged time of "the Fish," the more they knew about him, and the greater the wonders they told of him. The King under whom he lived, and whose intervention ultimately caused his death, was not always the same; but most of the later writers agreed that it was not William, nor Roger, but the Emperor Frederick II, "the wonder of the world." Nor were they unanimous as to "the Fish's" birthplace. By some he is called an Apulian, by others vaguely a Sicilian, by others more definitely a Catanian or a Messinian or a Palermitan, while Jordan refers to him as Nicholas of Bari. In the seventeenth century, in contradiction to Map's express words, the Jesuit Father Kircher relates that his limbs, hands and feet were formed like a goose's. The occasion of his death is narrated as time goes on, in the manner adopted by Schiller in his poem of "The Diver," based on the legend. A King or Queen throws a precious goblet or a purse into the whirlpool and he is challenged to recover it. After a repetition or a third attempt he comes up no more.

Dr. Pitre has also collected oral traditions of Cola Pesce from all parts of Sicily. They do not minimize his wonderful deeds, his amphibious personal qualities, or the romantic story of his end. He proceeds to analyse the tale and comes to the conclusion that it is derived from the legend of St. Nicholas of Bari, patron saint of mariners, which in turn was transformed from pagan traditions of Poseidon and other divinities of the sea; and he connects it with the Nikor of Beowulf and the mythology of the North. German and French students of folklore had previously traced it through the literature and folklore of Europe, finally running down its germ in an Ossianic poem.

Both Map and Gervase may have heard the tale orally told in Italy; but it is at least curious that both in the *De Nugis* and in the *Otia Imperialia* it is found in immediate contact with the preceding story of the Gulf of Satalia.—H.

there, he took with him pieces of old iron torn from carts or horses' feet, or worn-out utensils : I have never yet heard the reason of this. In one respect only was he inferior to mankind and like the fish, that he could not live away from the smell or the water of the sea ; when he was taken some distance away from it he would run back to it as if his breath failed him. William, King of Sicily,<sup>1</sup> heard of all this and was anxious to see him, and bade him be brought to him, and while the men dragged him by force he died in their hands, owing to his separation from the sea. Though I have read or heard of things not less marvellous, I know of nothing that resembles this prodigy.

Over Le Mans, in the air, there appeared to many hundreds of people a great herd of goats. In Lesser Britain there have been seen droves of spoil by night and soldiers driving them who always pass in silence, and the Bretons have often " cut out " horses and beasts from among them, and made use of them—some with fatal results, others without harm to themselves.

The nocturnal companies and squadrons, too, which were called of Herlethingus,<sup>2</sup> were sufficiently well-known appearances

<sup>1</sup> Probably, William the Good (1166–1189).—L.

<sup>2</sup> A repetition of the tradition recorded in i., xi. (*supra*, p. 14), so far as it relates to the Herlething, to the note on which a paragraph may be added. So far as I am aware the extraction of horses and beasts alleged by the Bretons to have been " cut out " from the Wild Hunt is not found in other accounts.

A belief nearly resembling the Wild Hunt, in ghostly armies, usually in the sky, performing evolutions and engaging in fight, is found in very many places, especially on the sites of battles. In Ancient Greece Pausanias states that " every night you may hear horses neighing and men fighting " at Marathon. He does not allege that anything was seen ; and Sir James Frazer quotes a learned German who spent a stormy night at a hamlet overlooking the battlefield, and who, describing the sounds that disturbed his rest, says : " Without any great stretch of imagination we could picture to ourselves how the ancients fancied they heard here every night the snorting of horses and the tumult of battle " (Pausanias, i. 32, 4 ; and Frazer's Commentary, vol. ii. of his edn., p. 443). Sir James Frazer also gathers numerous instances, both ancient and modern, including instances from India brought together by Dr. Crooke. In addition, the reader may be reminded of the spectral armies (on one occasion even a fleet) on the earth and in the air reported in the course of Roman history (Granger, *Worship of the Romans*, 76 ; Augustine, *De Civ. Dei*, ii. 25), and in Jewish history during the Maccabean wars (ii. *Maccabees*, c. 5), and before the fall of Jerusalem to Titus (Josephus, *De Bell. Jud.*, i. vi., c. 5). On English battlefields, or in times of excitement elsewhere, such appearances are by no means uncommon (*Gent. Mag.*, 1747, 524, reprinted in *Gent. Mag. Lib.*, Eng. Trad., 61 ; Henderson, *F. L. of the*

in England down to the time of King Henry II, our present lord. They were troops engaged in endless wandering, in an aimless round, keeping an awestruck silence, and in them many persons were seen alive who were known to have died. This household of Herlethingus was last seen in the marches of Wales and Hereford in the first year of the reign of Henry II, about noonday: they travelled as we do, with carts and sumpter horses, pack-saddles and panniers, hawks and hounds, and a concourse of men and women. Those who saw them first raised the whole country against them with horns and shouts, and as is the wont of that most alert race,<sup>1</sup> every one came at once in arms, in great force, and, because they were unable to wring a word from them by addressing them, made ready to extort an answer with their weapons. They, however, rose up into the air and vanished on a sudden.

From that day that troop has nowhere been seen; they seem to have handed over their wanderings to us poor fools, those wanderings in which we wear out our clothes, waste whole kingdoms, break down our own bodies and those of our beasts, and have no time to seek medicine for our sick souls. No advantage comes to us unbought, no profit accrues if the losses be reckoned, we do nothing considered, nothing at leisure; with haste that is vain and wholly unfruitful to us we are borne on in mad course, and since our rulers always confer secretly in hidden places with the approaches locked and guarded, nothing is done by us in council. We rush on at a furious pace; the present we treat with negligence and folly, the future we entrust to chance, and since we are knowingly and with open eyes always wending to our destruction, wandering timid waifs, we are more than any man lost and depressed. In other societies it is the common question, "Why are you sad?" for sadness is rare; in ours it is, "Why are you cheerful?" for we are seldom happy. Relief from sorrow we sometimes experience,

*Northern Counties*, 308). They were reported in 1589 by Robert Parry "about Nantyffrith between Treythyn and Wrixham" (*Arch. Camb.*, vi. ser., vol. xv. 126). In the Middle Ages they were quite common everywhere (see extracts from various writers given by Thomas Wright in his introduction to *Proceedings against Dame Alice Kyteler*, xxxvi., xxxviii., xl.; *Delrio, Disquis. Mag.*, 294).—H.

<sup>1</sup> The Welsh.

gladness we do not know ; we are lightened by solace, not blessed with happiness. But along with wealth, sorrow climbs up into our hearts ; for the higher anyone rises, the fiercer are the assaults on his will which shake him, and he becomes the prey and spoil of others.

In this pitiable and care-ridden Court I languish, renouncing my own pleasure to please others. While there are very few who can help one, it is in the power of anyone to injure ; unless I singly have appeased the whole body, I am nowhere. If I take place of a worthy man so as to become enviable, they will backbite me, and say that my supporters are taken in by appearances. Is any simple ? he is called a fool ; peaceable ? he is a sluggard ; silent ? a villain ; well-spoken ? an actor ; good-natured ? a flatterer ; over-anxious ? covetous ; [something omitted] ? a pestilent fellow ; companionable ? slack ; rich ? a miser ; says his prayers ? a hypocrite ; does not say them ? a publican. Men who have to gird themselves against these onsets must of necessity suppress their virtues and arm themselves with faults. They must keep each carefully in its place, as as to appear righteous to the good, and very evil to the wicked. Nobody, however, doubts it to be a wholesome course, that the Trinity be always revered in secret, and a sincere devotion kept in the hidden purity of the heart, in order that while the sobriety of life is daily preserved within and carefully protected, howsoever the Lord may permit the bag to be slashed about, outward changes may not change the inner man, nor the accidents of passing things disturb the stable rest of the soul upon the Lord.

I would have this publicly known about our Court, for never yet has there been one like it heard of in the past, nor is such another to be feared in the future. I am anxious, too, that the militia of posterity should remember its malice, and learn that what they suffer is tolerable, from us who have undergone intolerable things. Arise, therefore, let us go hence, for among the servants of him whom we renounced in baptism we have no leisure to placate God or to please Him, for here every man is either marrying a wife or proving a yoke of oxen.

How Salius avoided these excuses you shall now hear.

## XIV. OF SALIUS THE SON OF THE CHIEF EMIR.

Salius, by birth and creed a heathen, the son of a chief Emir, whom his father and mother and all his tribe marvelled at for the ripeness of his knowledge in his boyhood. He, anxious about the salvation of his soul, found not in the heathen law any ground for hope: so after thorough examination of the traditions of his fathers, he had recourse to the Christian verity, and by baptism, belief and comradeship, joined himself to the Templars. His father and mother and the nobles of his kindred procured a time, and had a private interview with him, to induce him to repent of what they held to be his errors, and he answered them: "Dearest father, you who excel others in wisdom, leave your weeping and tell me, you alone, what recompense to your soul you expect from the gods for the service you have paid them." He replied: "Dearest son, our gods have prepared for us a paradise flowing with milk and honey in two great streams, and in the honey we shall find the taste of all desirable foods, and in the milk the delight of every kind of liquor." Salius then said: "Unless you have appetite there can be no pleasure, and the more appetite you have the more surely when you are sated *ad requisita divertetis naturæ*. For bodily food and drink cannot vanish away: you will of necessity have necessary-houses, and I have no use for a paradise that needs such erections." So when they saw that he mocked at the law of his father, and that their instancy could prevail nothing against his constancy, they went away weeping with curses upon him. He was one who neither married a wife nor proved a yoke of oxen.

XV. OF ALAN REBRIT,<sup>1</sup> KING OF THE BRETONS.

Alan Rebrit, however (that is, King of the Bretons), did marry a wife, and that in an evil day. She was the sister of the King of the French, he the Count of Rennes and lord—one might say,

<sup>1</sup> All the figures in this narrative belong to the ninth-century history of Brittany, but are presented (as pointed out in the Oxford edition, pp. 268-9) without regard to chronology. Erispoe, son of Nomenoe, was killed by his cousin, Salomon, in 857. Salomon and his son Wigan were killed in 874. Alan the Great, originally Count of Bro Weroc or Vannes (not Rennes), became ruler of all Brittany in 888 and died in 907.—L.

king—of all Lesser Britain. The Count of Leon at that time was Remelin, who though he had sworn allegiance to Alan, behaved himself proudly towards him and shunned his company. This the wife of Alan noticed, and she wore out her husband with her tedious curtain lectures, calling him sluggish and cowardly for not contriving somehow to exact from Remelin either his life or his full service due. Finally Alan said to her: "It were easy enough to put him out of the way; but he has two sons, Wigan and Clodoan, who are alike in features, but most unlike in character. Clodoan is lettered and clever, but has degenerated into a buffoon, is absorbed in rhyming and jesting, and uncommonly expert therein. Wigan on the other hand is tall and handsome, and wiser than any man I have ever seen; he should be pronounced not so much a match for Achilles or Hector as superior to either. By his wise advice, he and his father are never absent from their land at the same time, lest they should both be cut off." She replied: "If matters stand so with them, we may fear that when the father is dead the son will vex us more sorely: let us make it our business to put him out of the way, if not both of them. Make the father come here."

Alan agreed, and see! here comes Remelin, whom the Queen, feigning a true attachment, loaded with genuine honours, as she did all his followers, showing herself in very truth munificent. They returned home laden with gifts of gold and silver and changes of raiment, and when the counsellors of Wigan beheld them brilliantly decked out, they turned away backwards, and complained that by their absence they had lost these advantages. While covetousness was still racking and sweating them, lo! another envoy arrived from Alan, a distinguished man and one well versed in intrigue, who earnestly pressed that both father and son should visit Alan, or, if not both, at least the son who had not been there with his father. At first they hesitated and debated, and covetousness was speaker in the counsels of each. "We need not," they said, "hesitate to visit our sovereign, as our faith to him demands, when we see that in every point he shows a clear affection for us; and no fraudulent contrivance lurks beneath." Yet Wigan was afraid, and held back and remained at home, against the opinion of his men, and with no small murmuring on their part. In private



they charged him with gross cowardice, and that falsely, for their abuse was contrary to what they knew in their hearts : they mocked him as mean and lazy, though they knew him worthy to be loved and irreproachable. But when Remelin returned and with him came garments and gold, horses and trappings, extollings of Alan and praises of the Queen ; then the flame of avarice burst forth ; eager for like gifts, they insulted Wigan and said : “ The honour of Alan is in the visits of his vassals, and by them humility and love are ministered to him. Your neglect of this after so many invitations must mean either that you charge him with treachery or that you publish your own contempt of him which amounts to violence and pride. Up then ! Obey the first summons, think of your tottering reputation, wipe off the rust of past disgrace.” Wigan consented, he resolved to risk his life, and upon this came the messengers of the King and Queen. But as father and son were on their way together, Clodoan met them, was astonished, dissuaded the step, and kept Wigan at home.

Remelin was received by his King and the Queen with the wonted and even with higher respect. The Queen in particular, who was more bent on treachery, made herself agreeable to him by every sort of familiarity, took him out and home, mingled grave and gay employments, and masked her evil purpose with all possible courtesy. As they sat together and lingered on the ramparts, there chanced to come in sight two white vultures perched on a carcass ; they were large and as comely as their well-known ugliness allows—for the bird is an uncouth creature. And lo ! a third vulture, a small black one, dislodged the white ones with a sudden dash and secured the carcass. Remelin laughed, and the Queen asked why. He felt his mistake, but when he tried to hide the reason, the more he kept it back the more he was pressed. For as the wind rages at an obstacle, woman rushes upon a secret that is denied her, and until she has extracted it, there is no end to her importunity. Remelin then was at length overcome and said : “ There is a great hill in my land which breeds black vultures ; another over against it has many more which are white ; but whenever they meet in fight, one black one can overmaster two white ones, as you have just seen. And I laughed, because in any engagement one of my soldiers can likewise beat two of yours.”

Her answer was: "If that is true, it is a matter that deserves your laughter and our tears." And shifting the talk shortly after to other subjects, she entertained him with pleasant speeches until his departure. The Queen reported the words to Alan in a harsher form than that intended by Remelin, and strife, the daughter of her heart, was kindled yet more between them: she invited and prevailed that he should become with her the betrayer of the innocent. They placed a hundred French knights, secretly armed and instructed in the treachery, in a vaulted building inside the outer gate, to intercept Remelin and Wigan, who were then invited in yet more formal fashion and by envoys of higher rank, and their assent secured. Clodoan on this, with tears and predictions of evil to befall them, induced his brother, by dint of much weeping, to send him on with his father, since he, Clodoan, was very like Wigan, that so the enemy might be deceived and he perish instead of his brother, with lighter loss to the country. Wigan was to follow at a distance, enter if he saw all was well, if he espied treachery was to return home, having a horse ready for him at each mile.

This arranged, Remelin and Clodoan entered the castle; the gates were shut on a sudden; they were seized and Remelin emasculated and blinded. Clodoan, avowing his name, was spared. The Queen, seeing that Wigan was shut out from death, called on her knights and sent them out; throwing herself down before them, she begged them to make speed—told everything, promised everything. They tore off with all haste to slay the innocent. But he after five times changing horse failed to find the sixth (for the negligent lazy slave who held the horse there, forecasting nothing sinister to befall his master, had gone off to the nearest village to eat), and so spurred on his fifth horse, which he had been sparing in expectation of the sixth: but when he began to fail, near the border of a forest, he quickly turned aside to a woman whom he had espied spinning in front of her house. He disclosed himself and his plight to her, and made unstinted promises. She, then, gave him her child to rock in the cradle inside the house, and he was to amuse and comfort it somehow to keep it from crying, while she got rid of those who were approaching. He obeyed. The horsemen came up, heard her tale hastily and did not disbelieve

it, hurried on farther, and time after time came back and ransacked everything about the little cottage with the exactest scrutiny. Meanwhile, Wigan to comfort the crying child put a knife with a ivory haft into its hands, then left it when it was quiet, and went round the house inside, seeking a hiding-place, and kept anxious watch through the openings: at last, at the wailing of the child, went back and found it dead; it had fallen on the knife. What hope was left him? He who had just been in fear at the nearness of death, now seemed caught, and waited calmly with dry eyes, for hope was gone and with it fear. While those who were searching for Wigan were still hunting about the neighbourhood, the mother found her child dead, well-nigh died herself on its corpse, and rushed forth in frenzy to denounce Wigan. He caught her by the feet and held her, and vowed he would be a son to her in place of the dead, assuring her that no profit could come to her from revenge, while if she forgave he held out hopes of great wealth. At length she wavered, and then hastened to meet her husband, and told him all; and the two, won over by the hope of what was promised, put Wigan in a place of safety, leading him by a secret and obscure path, while the soldiers were still on the watch. Wigan then gathered his men, and related the treachery and his own escape to them, and before them all awarded to his rescuer the belt of knighthood, and made him master of much wealth and lands. His descendants still own the estates, and are called the sons of the bare one, because he first, like a naked man clothed, became from being a beggar a rich man.

Wigan, however, to avenge the hurts of his father and himself, now rose with such might against Alan Rebrit (*i.e.*, King of the Bretons) that out of so many towns and villages his enemies had not left them where to lay their heads, and so that the traces of that savage harrying are still pointed out; overthrown cities and ruined churches attest it. Alan, therefore, fled to his father-in-law, the King of the French, by whose intervention Alan's daughter and heir was given in marriage to Wigan, and himself received again to peace. Through this alliance that whole district was long in rest and quiet.

Now it happened that Wigan when playing chess with his wife was called away by his courtiers to more important business,

left in his place a loyal knight of his to finish the game with his lady, and withdrew. When then the lady had won, she said to the knight who was playing with her: "Mate, not to you, but to the blind man's son." This taunt Wigan was unable to put up with; he hastened off to Alan Rebrit and fell on him unprepared: Alan, defeated, fled alone to the Church of St. Lewi, shut the door, and prayed to blessed Lewi to guard one entrance by his merits, while he kept off the enemy with his weapons at the other—for the church had two doors. They, unable to get in by the Saint's door, entered, though with difficulty, by Alan's, dragged him out, and in front of the church emasculated and blinded him. It is owing to this that in that parish of St. Lewi to this day no beast can bring forth, but when about to bear, they go outside it for that purpose. Wigan, in order to boast his full revenge, carried off with him in his left sleeve the eyes of Alan, masked both deed and purpose with a smiling merry face, returned home and sat down to chess with his wife: when he had won the game he cast the eyes upon the board with the words he had learned from her—"Mate to the blind man's daughter." At the sight the woman perceived what had happened and though her soul was stricken to death, she smiled calmly, feigned amusement, and said that her lord had done a clever piece of justice; and though her mind armed itself with all its power for vengeance, she suffered no hint of its inward plotting to show without.

At this time the Count of Nantes was Hoel, young, handsome and gallant; who though he might easily find favour with the lady, only succeeded because by his means she could harm Wigan; she sent to him, and they united in a single mind of wickedness—she for revenge, he for covetousness, both for lust. They desired each other, and, mutually, their own advantage and the death of Wigan. That ill-fated man then was entrapped and sent off guilefully by the Queen on pretext of ordering his affairs in the direction of Nantes, and slain. Hoel usurped all power, married another's wife, making her his own; and gave the daughter he had by her in marriage to a nobleman named Ilispon. A few years later he had a son by her, whom he named Salomon, and died.

Ilispon succeeded him and by a violent invasion mastered

all Brittany, and then, that no challenger of his inheritance might survive, sought to kill Salomon. Henno, a noble and very loyal man of that country, took pity on him, carried him off and hid him, yet a baby, among the servants of his kitchen ; to hide the greatness of his birth by bringing him up among the humble, in servile rank and mean condition. Only the foster-father and his wife were privy to the matter.

Now when he was fifteen years old, a boar outstripped Ilispon's huntsmen, and chanced to run into a wood near the kitchen where Salomon lived. Henno and his household rushed out at the cry of the hounds, and surrounded the wood, with the huntsmen, but as no one was bold enough to risk approaching the boar, Salomon rushed on him with a dirty frock but a bold face, holding a cloth in his left hand and a small knife in his right, and received his attack bravely with his left hand and slew him with his right : it was a splendid sight in a boy, and excited the admiration of every one ; so while the great size of the boar was drawing all eyes on him and on the boy, an old huntsman who had been with his father called him aside and asked his name and family. "Salomon," he said, "is my name : my family I know not, for Henno found me cast out and brought me up." The other replied with a tear : "I know." When the boy reported this to Henno, he, fearing that on the betrayal of his plan he would be murdered or at least dispossessed of all by Ilispon, fortified his towns, cast away fear, and sent abroad to all, known and unknown, a plain declaration of his design. He besought their aid for himself and his lord. Accordingly many great princes of Brittany whom Ilispon had previously angered by oppressions and tyranny, now saw the opportunity they desired, and gladly came together to Henno.

The report of this frightened Ilispon, and he summoned all he could to aid him : among them came Meinfelin of Kimelec,<sup>1</sup> a man of great wisdom. Now Ilispon's wife had cast her eye upon a youth of his following, and they loved each other and feared that Meinfelin, clever and discerning as he was, would betray their secret. The lady schemed to get him away from the court, either on some charge or by putting on him some shameful cause of offence. He found this out, and enjoined his eight sons

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Quimperle.—L.

and the rest of his train to practise in every event the same restraint that they should see him exercise. The jester, who was wandering about the hall, primed with instructions by his lady, upset a vessel of milk over the head of Meinfelin as he was drinking milk at the table. He, as if amused at the fooling, shook off the milk upon the jester and with good-tempered and peaceful visage waited for Ilispon to avenge him—reckoning, to all appearance, that no hurt had been done him and that the jester's extravagance was all fair : when all was passed over and unpunished he received leave to depart and went, on pretence of returning home. But he went to Henno, whom he found in low spirits, but raised to great gladness by his arrival. Henno said to him : “ The only thing which we fear can bar us from a victory with your help—a victory sent us by God through your means—is this, that my neighbour Camo, a wise and valiant young man, possessed of many good fortresses, had with my consent conceived the hope of marrying my only daughter, as yet unwooed by any man ; and as he has now heard that I have changed my mind and think of matching her with Salomon, he is fortifying his towns, gathering his people, augmenting his forces by every effort, and is inflamed with open wrath to take vengeance for his injuries, and since the hatred which is the degenerate product of love is the stubbornest, unless he is turned to us, we are undone.” Said the wise man : “ Let Salomon and your daughter come with me, and we will smooth his anger against us.” They accordingly followed the wise man, and were met by Camo on their arrival with a large train of knights. The wise man said : “ Our lord Salomon, whom the laws and rights of our fathers have placed over us, resigns to you his love, the maiden daughter of Henno, that you, who first burned with long ardour for her, be not defrauded of your desire ; and gives up his pleasure to satisfy yours, preferring torment or burning to opening a way of offence to such a friend as you.” Overcome by this frank generosity, Camo extolled Salomon for his modesty and the restitution of his mistress, and promised to aid him by placing all his force at his disposal.

When Ilispon heard of all these agreements, he gathered his forces and hastened against Salomon, and fixed a day for battle. The wary ancient of Kimelec examined the battlefield every

night, the situation of the place, the best approach to it, the standing-ground, and the way of escape. This he did by night, not to let the enemy remark his attention, and so change the spot, as being too well explored, or imitate him and do as he did. He had too a vision not to be forgotten, on the night before the battle, that Ilispon came alone to a tree in the place aforesaid, and in his sight did sacrifice to the infernal gods, and in answer to his importunity received the answer, that he who was found there first on the morrow would be the victor. While Ilispon went back to his men to set the battle in array, with intent to return at once, the wise man brought Salomon to the spot at dawn to be conqueror, and he was discovered there first. Salomon's squadrons then were drawn up for battle by the wise man, and he left a hundred knights in reserve behind the lines, hidden in the thick of a small wood. And, to make a long story short, Ilispon's army was beaten and routed, but the wise man and seven of his sons were slain: then, as Salomon returned with fifteen knights—all the rest having fallen—there suddenly met him one Leucius, one of his allies, with thirty-six men of his own. He seeing that he was superior to Salomon in force, thought in his criminal heart that if Salomon were put out of the way, he would be the strongest man in the realm and could put the crown on his own head: he took counsel apart with his men, and this roused Salomon's suspicions, and he and his made ready for defence or flight. Leucius and his men attacked him, and by numbers forced him to fly. Hearing the commotion the hundred knights hidden by the wise man suddenly intercepted Leucius, took him and his band prisoners and punished them as traitors with deserved death by hanging. Hereupon all Brittany fell to Salomon and his heirs.

Any reader who may think fit to peruse this will learn, from the many and diverse crimes here told, to arm himself with caution, but he will not be able to keep it intact unless with the strongest of bridles he curb his covetousness—covetousness which, more hardly than hunger or thirst and more foully than any other pressure, drives men into the depths of wickedness. For this it was that caused all these enormities.

XVI. OF THE MERCHANTS SCEVA AND OLLO.<sup>1</sup>

Sceva and Ollo, alike in age, not in character, boys of low birth, acquired at the same time a small capital, and in our days became first hawkers of small commodities, and then by continued success of large ones. From packmen they rose to be carriers, from being carriers to be masters of many waggoners, and always remained trusty partners. With the growth of their trade, as another author says, the love of money grew as great as grew the wealth.<sup>2</sup> The bond of partnership and the joint union of stock now became irksome, and separate ownership was agreed upon. They made a division of the whole, cast lots, took each what was set aside for him, exchanged farewells and parted. Sceva, a man of gracious nature and courteous for his class, begged of Ollo with tears that in future there should be no lack of messengers plying between them, in whatever villages or cities they might settle, and that

<sup>1</sup> This story in the style of the Italian novelists may have been heard by Map in Italy. It, however, has not been traced to any source. Liebrecht refers to a Danish play by Justesen Ranch (born 1476, died 1577), which he contends is founded on the same material as this story of Map's. It is entitled *Karrig Niding*, and relates to a great niggard named Niding whose continual vexation it was that too much was eaten in his house. He accordingly determines, in order to save and at the same time to withdraw from the complaints of his household, to go away for a time and take with him the keys of his food-stores. In his absence, and while his wife, children and servants are in danger of starvation, a beggar named Jep Skald comes to the house and asks for alms. When he hears how matters stand he determines to play the contrary part of benefactor. He divides the contents of his begging sack among the household. By this proceeding he wins the hearts of all, and that in so high a measure that Niding's wife concedes him the rights of husband, and she and the servants conspire to make him thenceforth the real master of the house, superseding altogether Niding himself. They arrange that at Niding's return nobody shall recognize him, but they will treat him as if he were labouring under a great mistake, and the house with all its contents belonged not to him but to Jep Skald. With the help of Niding's friends and neighbours the plan succeeds. When he comes home his servantmen Knep and Tocki and his maid Beengiaer refuse to recognize him, will not admit him, and quarrel with him for a long time about the door, until at last he is compelled to give in, he believes what they all tell him and goes away to find his house and his wife elsewhere (Liebrecht, 52). Liebrecht suggests that Map may have found the tale in an Italian novella, or taken it more probably from a fabliau or from some droll orally current. What seems certain is that no fabliau or novella containing it has been traced, though similar incidents are to be found in German literature subsequent to Justesen's play (Liebrecht, *loc. cit.* and in *Englische Studien*, ed. by Eugen Kölbing, ii. 20).—H.

<sup>2</sup> Juvenal, iv. 39.



though personally separated frequent reminders of affection should keep them in unity.

Sceva elected to live at Ravenna, and long unmarried devoted himself to exchange of goods; Ollo at Pavia married a beautiful wife. At first many a post sweated to and fro between them, but ceased at last. Sceva went to Pavia to visit Ollo with a large company of servants, well equipped, and lo! he met Ollo hurrying off with loaded waggons to a distant fair. They exchanged kisses, and Ollo enquired, "Whither and whence?"<sup>1</sup> though, considering their former affection, he ought to have turned back and entertained so close a friend. However, on hearing that he was the one object of Sceva's arrival, he excused himself from returning, on pretext of the fair, and added that Sceva could not be put up in his house anyhow for many reasons, and then left him and set off after the waggons. Sceva, while grieving at his disappointment, happened to speak to a shepherd of Ollo's near Pavia, not knowing him to be so, and hearing who he was questioned him about Ollo's estate, personal and real, learnt of him all the secrets of the house, and produced them to Ollo's wife as pass-words in order to be entertained there. He was entertained, and did not allow either his own servants or Ollo's to suffice themselves with what was to be found in the resources of the house, ample as they were. He had luxuries brought in from outside, to which he declared he was accustomed, and at his own cost arranged a dinner so splendid and abundant that it attracted the wonder even of the neighbours. He invited those who stood in the market place, detained passers-by, and expended such a wealth of food and drink that Ollo's wife, in common with every one else, fervently prayed that Ollo's absence and Sceva's presence might be permanent. The same thing went on for many days with ever increasing elaboration: all were invited, those who came were honoured with eager liberality, those who did not were loaded with presents sent to them. The whole district flew to see what was reported to them: the wonderment spread among villages and cities, and overtook Ollo on his outward journey. He was stupefied, and decided not to go back until the other was out of the way: and though inwardly raging with jealous anxiety about his wife, he repined not less with the passion

<sup>1</sup> Hor. *Sat.*, ii. 4, 1.

of envy, and no longer after his wont waxed hot with greed to push his wares. Losses did not grieve him nor profits gladden him, nor did he give a thought to gaining or saving money. He became careless of his substance and miserly of his wife, and as he questioned with anxious mind about the relations of her and of Sceva and what was happening, he fell by chance upon the truth. For Sceva was wholly bent upon what Ollo most feared, and decoyed her to his will by every art he could command, and when once he had gained her over, not content with that injury, he went on to say: "My dearest one, my chosen, loved more than my soul, you can, if your mind is willing, soothe my mind which is now most anxious and wholly inflamed with love of you, and manage that we shall henceforth live together in complete security: I mean by refusing to admit Ollo when he returns, and as if entirely surprised, repudiating and renouncing him and denying that you know the man. I will procure this to be done by all his neighbours and acquaintances and will bring the sheriff and all his officers into the same tale, if only you will support me: thus whoever tries to make the judges or any official believe that he was ever your husband, or the owner of this wealth, will at once subside on hearing me, and will if need be swear the contrary, so that he will distrust himself and be bewitched into thinking that Ollo is somewhere else, outside himself." She, though despairing of the possibility of the plan, assented. Sceva, therefore, by giving rewards and adding promises in all quarters, got his way with all Ollo's acquaintances, for friendships with crooked characters are unstable. He approached the prince and the judges, and corrupted them to folly in the usual way. The trick seemed a good one to all, and the joke a clever one, and they also reckoned it a benefit that the barren fig-tree should be cut down, and a fruitful olive planted in its stead.

Sceva went on living in the house with the wife as her lawful husband, and as manager of the intrigue did not cease to teach every one his fictions, and how they must answer Ollo. Ollo, warily, as he thought, kept away, listening for Sceva's withdrawal, meaning to become the avenger of his injuries upon his wife, and her tormentor when she had no helper, and unwilling to look upon the waste of his goods which he had heard of, for a miser is less hurt by the loss of his substance if he does not see it than if he does.

At length he saw that the delay was long, was seriously afraid of the risk, and turned towards home. He knocked at the gate and, as no one came instantly to open it, lost his temper ; repeated his knocking, made a disturbance, flew into a passion ; added threats to his anger. Haughtily he called by name upon Nicholas, whom he had made his porter. He came and with equal *hauteur* answered : " Who are you ? Why are you making this fuss ? What devil is driving you ? Why are we to be plagued because you are wrong in the head ? What are you disturbing my master's rest for ? Are you a lunatic or something like it ? If you are out of your senses, we can soon put you into them again : if you won't be quiet, you will have to be put to sleep with a stick." Said he : " Why, man, am I not I ? " *Nicholas* : " I know you are you, and you don't know it yourself." *Olo* : " And don't you know that you are my servant ? " *Nicholas* : " I know you for a servant. You are mad on ownership." *Olo* : " Open my gate at once." *Nicholas* : " Your gate ? doesn't that prove that you are out of your mind ? Either you hold your tongue or I silence you once for all with this stick." *Olo* : " O wicked servant, am I not Olo who made you guardian of this yard ? " *Nicholas* : " You, you scoundrelly buffoon ? Of course Olo is indoors, and in bed, with my lady." *Olo* : " With what lady, you devil ? " *Nicholas* : " Devil yourself ! Why, to be sure, with my fair lady Biblis." When he heard the name of Biblis he tumbled off his horse senseless, and after a short interval of unconsciousness, said, " Nicholas, come out, and look at me properly, and come to your senses and recognize that I am your master and the husband of Biblis." *Nicholas* : (with a great burst of laughter) " I can see you well enough through my hatch, and you may be Olo for what I know : but not every Olo is Biblis' husband." *Olo* : " Yes, but I am that very Olo who took her to wife in your presence from her father Mela and her mother Bala." *Nicholas* : " Well, I never saw a drunken man or a madman with such a good memory : from whoever you got them or remembered them, you have the names pat, Mela and Bala and Nicholas : perhaps you've heard tell of our maid Christiana ? " *Olo* : " I've no need to hear tell of her ; I board and lodge her and you too and all the lot of you, and I built this house, and everything in it is mine." *Nicholas* :

"Christina, Christina, hi! Christina! come here and see a mad-man of the unluckiest kind: he knows everything here, maintains us all, owns the lot: yet it's a pleasant madness too that's on him, for it makes him a king. Have a look at him. Isn't he the man they took to the gallows just lately for murder, and he ran away and took sanctuary? What do you think?" *Christina*: "Well, I was just going to say to you that it was he; but certainly we ought not to be hard on him, whatever he does. One that's under the power of madness, and subject to it, he's allowed to do anything." *Ollo* (aside): "The impertinence of these servants! how brazen and stubborn it is. They have been paid by Sceva to repudiate me, and when he is gorged with my luxuries and has made off, they will be falling at my feet and begging forgiveness, and saying they erred in ignorance. But hang Ollo if he does not show them the rough edge of his tooth." *Nicholas*: "Mumble away to yourself, you poor brainless thing, and if you don't want a beating, be off sharp." *Christina*: "Here! you that call yourself Ollo. You call us crazy and we call you mad. Go to your neighbours and when they tell you the same as we do, make up your mind that you are in a fit."

He summoned the neighbours and told them of the injuries he had suffered. They denied that they had ever seen or heard of the man, and laughed him to scorn and told one another to tie him up, and bring him to his senses: when he insisted, they drove him from the market-place with stones. In like fashion later on he was rebuffed by the magistrates, and when he found everywhere the same looks turned on him and the same answers, he scanned himself all over and asked his own people who and whence he was and how things stood, and turned wholly against his own judgement and trusted his own evidence about himself less than that of others. They, however, and the rest, bribed by Sceva, talked through Sceva's purse. At last one of them named Baratus said to Ollo: "Master, we know the truth of the case, but you are always so hard with us, and show us such a rough eyebrow that for fear of you we have to pretend what we know is true to be false. Your house and the Biblis you are looking for here are at Ravenna. If you please, let us go thither, and you shall find what you suppose you have seen here." They accordingly

left Pavia, and on the first night of the journey Ollo was deserted by all his following, and for the shame of it almost went mad in reality. He saw all his great resources gone, save those only which he had about him: he went to his shepherds, turned them out of their folds, and drove off all the goods into which he could manage to cast a hook. Sceva heard news of it, followed him, overtook him, and brought him back with him in bonds as a spoiler of his goods. Ollo was afraid to face the judges and the derision that would follow, and in very shame abjured all claim against Sceva.

Yes, you may take it from me—giving's the way to succeed.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ovid, *Am.*, i. 8, 62.

*End of the Fourth Distinction of the Trifles of the Court.*

## The Fifth Distinction

### I. PROLOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

THE results of the industry of the ancients are in our hands ; they make the deeds which even in their times were past, present to ours, and we keep mum ; and thus their memory lives in us, and we forget our own. A notable wonder ! the dead live, and the living are buried in their stead ! Even our times perhaps afford something not unworthy of the buskin of a Sophocles. Yet the excellences of our modern heroes lie neglected and the cast-off fringes of antiquity are raised to honour. This to be sure is due to the fact that while we know how to criticize, we do not know how to compose ; we are all agog to carp, and to be carped at is our reward ; and thus the double tongues of detractors cause a shortage of poets. Thus minds lie stagnant and wits pine away : thus the generous valour of this age is outrageously quenched and the lamp burns dim, not from lack of material, but because the craftsmen are supine and our writers have no influence. Think ! Cæsar lives in the mighty praises of Lucan, Æneas in those of Maro, largely by their own merits, and yet not least by the alertness of the poets. For us only the trifling of buffoons keeps alive the divine fame of the Charlemagnes and Pepins in popular ballads, but of our modern Cæsars no one tells : yet their characters, with their fortitude and temperance and the admiration of all, lie ready to the pen. Alexander of Macedon, who blamed the narrowness of the world he had subdued, looked at last on the tomb of Achilles, and said with a sigh : “ Happy are you, young hero, who enjoy such a proclaimer of your merits,” meaning Homer.<sup>2</sup> That great Alexander is my witness that many survive in the descriptions of authors, even all who have succeeded in living amongst men after

<sup>1</sup> Cc. i., ii., from Fragment XV. Date, before July, 1189.

<sup>2</sup> Cic. *pro Archia*, 10. Cf. Julius Valerius, i. 46.

their death. But what did Alexander's sighs mean? He meant assuredly to mourn his own merits, which stood in need of a great poet, if his death-day were not to blot him out entirely. But who is bold enough to enpage anything that happens nowadays, or even to write down our names? Certain it is that if any new writing shows you Henry or Walter or even your own name recorded, you set it at nought and mock at it; but through no fault of theirs, and I hope through none of your own. If, however, you see Hannibal or Menestrates,<sup>1</sup> or any name sweet with the perfume of hoar antiquity, your spirits rise and you yearn and exult at the thought of entering on the golden ages of old fable. The tyranny of Nero, the avarice of Juba,<sup>2</sup> and aught else that ancients offers you—these you embrace with entire reverence: the mildness of Louis or the liberality of Henry you toss away. But, if you refuse to believe that our heroes possess the good disposition of the ancients, and shun the statement as false, listen at least to tales of ancient wickedness in our people, as you will to those of Nero and the like: for surely malice will never so degenerate from itself as not to allow that moderns are at least capable of old-fashioned ignobleness, even if it denies their old-fashioned nobility. For here you will find portrayed honour in modern men with its comeliness, and baseness with its hateful crimes. This we hold up to you to be shunned for its banes, the other to be chosen for its boons: withdraw not your eye from either unless you have thoroughly viewed it and taken it in; for you should read and scrutinize every page you see, and not one should be disused without being perused.

The *usula* is a fish of the Danube, which pierces through the weapons of its enemies to come at musical tunes, nor even when wounded desists, but prodigal of its life and greedy of the organ, follows up the honeyed decoys of its soul even to death. Such is the triumphal instancy of the noble and studious man, whom not cough nor consumption nor any inconveniences whatever deter from his studies. By his anxious labour he brings martyrdom upon his anguished body; for of set purpose he thinks it nobler to pour out before God a soul enriched by the light of wisdom than

<sup>1</sup> No one has been able to say certainly who is meant.

<sup>2</sup> Lucan, v. 670, etc.

to coddle it for himself and gorge it with sloth and leisure. In this way you should be an *usula*.

## II. OF THE KING APOLLONIDES.<sup>1</sup>

Apollonides, a king in the parts of the West, had plundered his enemies and turned his steps home laden with immense booty ; on the way a priest cried after him that he was taking away a score of his beasts among his spoil : the king took an oath of him and said : " Take what is your own and go back in peace." And when the priest, with an eye to profit rather than truth, picked out the best of every flock, Apollonides, though aware of what was going on, out of respect for him said nothing. And while they were still in surprise at this, lo ! a second priest ran up, and in like manner both demanded another score and went away forsworn like the first, the king, though annoyed, still making no objection : and when a third appeared, proffering his oath for two beasts only, the king said to him : " Swear for a score like the others who have just gone." He, however, said : " My lord, I will not forswear myself." Then the king, desiring to reward his good faith, gave him, over and above his two, a hundred more, saying : " This man better deserves to have my beasts, as he is willing to go without a number for fear of perjury, than those others to have their own, who preferred forswearing themselves to going without." This, by Hercules, was a word and an act which I reckon worthy of Homer's pen. I am all unworthy to treat so noble a theme.

This same king, hearing that his realm was being harassed by a foreign prince, sent spies, and ascertained that the king in question lived most luxuriously on costly food, and that in all his army nothing but wine was drunk, though wine is a very rare commodity in those parts. Observing, therefore, that for him and his men water sufficed, he said : " From the beginning of the world it was not heard that wine got the better of water ;" and as throughout a long campaign they went on drinking respectively wine and water, the victory fell to the water. For the

<sup>1</sup> Obviously, a fictitious name. Neither Henry II nor Louis VII can be intended, for Map admired both.—L.

A Welsh prince, or the young King Henry, is a plausible suggestion.—M.R.J.



foreigners, when the wine there was exhausted, went back to their wine at home. This king I have seen and know, and hate. But I would not have my hatred blacken his worth; it is not my wish ever to suppress any man's excellence through envy. This same man gave provisions to his enemies when besieged and driven by risk of famine to capitulate; he wished them to be overcome by his own strength and not by want of bread, and though he deferred his victory, he increased the renown of it. He was also peaceable and mild to his near neighbours, but made war on distant peoples, like the hawk, which never attacks the birds that live near its nest, but, with the talons of a peacemaker, keeps away their foes, and makes its prey of those that live far off.

### III. OF THE BEGINNINGS OF EARL GODWIN, AND HIS CHARACTER.<sup>1</sup>

In the year of the Lord's incarnation 1054 Jerusalem<sup>2</sup> was taken by the Saracens and held by them forty-five years. Twelve years before (? after) Jerusalem was brought into subjection to the Saracens, England was delivered to the Normans.

After years a thousand a hundred and seventy were past  
The seventh after the tenth gave Jerusalem to Saladin.

In the year a thousandth sixtieth and sixth  
The bounds of England saw the hair of the comet.<sup>3</sup>

In the year thousandth and hundredth less one  
The Franks took Jerusalem with valour and might.

Thirty-three years before Jerusalem was taken from the Saracens, England was led captive, and by the wrath of the Most High was delivered to the Normans. About three years before this (last) overthrow of Jerusalem, Constantinople, which had grown old in continuous peace, was taken and held by means of many, even innumerable, intrigues by Andronicus,<sup>4</sup> whose wickedness equalled, if it did not surpass, that of Nero. Thus these two overthrows

<sup>1</sup> Fragment XVI extends as far as the word *digression*. Date, 1188.

<sup>2</sup> It was in 1071 that Jerusalem was captured by the Turks, and Arab rule, under the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt, came to an end.—L.

<sup>3</sup> The comet of 1066 was widely regarded as portending the Norman Conquest of England. See Plummer's edition of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, ii. 254.—L.

<sup>4</sup> A mistake, as above (p. 95), for Alexius Comnenus, who sacked Constantinople on his accession in 1081.—L.

were the prophetesses and harbingers of those of Jerusalem. But that the manner (*or* reasons) of them may not fade from after-memory, they must be noted, and we must make something of a digression.

Edgar<sup>1</sup> king of the English, most noble in descent, character and reign, begat of his consort Edward, like to himself and following well in his father's steps: Edward's mother died, and by his second lawful wife he (Edgar) begat Ethelred, whose mother, begrudging the kingdom to Edward, gave him poison to drink: it did not succeed, and so she hired soldiers and slew him at Shaftesbury.<sup>2</sup> Ethelred therefore succeeded Edgar as king; and him the English called " (no) counsel,"<sup>3</sup> for he never achieved any action. He, by the sister of the Count (*or* Duke) of Normandy, had two sons, Alfred<sup>4</sup> and Edward. In the days of this ignoble Ethelred, in consequence of his foolishness and slothfulness the kings of the adjacent islands took spoil both from England and from Ethelred, gifts to secure peace.

Now at that season a certain man rose up on this wise. Ethelred when hunting had strayed away from his company. It was winter, and he came alone in his wanderings to the house of a swineherd of his, and there asked and accepted lodging, which was given him. The herd's son, a boy named Godwin,<sup>5</sup> ran forward eagerly: he was handsomer and finer than his parents' descent might have made him. He pulled off the king's boots, cleaned them, and put them on him again: cleaned down his horse, led it out, went over it, currycombed it, gave it litter and fodder; arranged everything orderly, quickly and neatly. Evidently his father's pride, and the commander of the humble home, he put down the fat goose to the fire and set his sister to watch it. His father bade get ready one chicken; he at once set three to roast. The father served one piece of salt pork, and cabbage: he hastily added three,

<sup>1</sup> Fragment XVII includes the rest of c. iii. and c. iv. Date, before 1187.

<sup>2</sup> At Corfe. Shaftesbury was his final burying-place.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Adopting Bradley's reading (*nullum*) *consilium* = Unræd.

<sup>4</sup> Killed in 1036 on a visit to England.—L.

<sup>5</sup> Though there are doubts as to who his father Wulfnoth was, there is nothing to support the Norman story, here reproduced, that Godwin was of peasant origin. He first appears in history as a "dux" in 1018, under Canute.—L.

and without consulting his mother or father, served up a sucking pig (*nefrendis*), that is, a young virgin sow. He fed the fire, lighted candles, told stories to pass the time, amused the king, coaxed his mother, gave orders to his father, cleverly supplied anything that was wanting ; did not lie, sit, lean on his elbows, or stand still, was ever in motion, spared no trouble, did not look to his own comfort or study his own advancement, was wholly intent on the king and spent himself wholly upon him. And though he knew not that it was the king, he paid him the reverence due to a king in all possible fulness, he looked down on himself and was looked up to, neglected himself and was elected, perceived not himself and was perceived, did not covet or hope, did not serve for gain, nor with a bait, to catch anything ; but laid himself out freely and entirely, and with open heart ran on his course, not for gain and profit, and thus unawares slipped into both profit and gain. The king was taken with his diligence, and adopted him as his own, to make him ruler over great matters. This is the way of the world, that when a man casts his hook with greedy craft and anxiety, it does not catch on, while upon simple-hearted exertion favour rains down unexpectedly from heaven. For the king, though in other ways dull, marked and drank in and welcomed all this service, and though lazy himself, approved the active zeal and ready ministering of the other ; as many praise what they are in no hurry to imitate.

The king accordingly took him into his chamber, and in process of time elevated him over all the princes of the realm, and along with the belt of knighthood conferred on him the earldom of Gloucester. He went up and down among all the harbours of England, by land and sea, putting an end to all pirates ; and by his means England became the terror of all the surrounding countries, to which she had been a spoil and a prey. She rested and breathed again ; but the earl himself, impatient of peace and quiet, his whole soul aflame with the love of war, exercised himself in battles beyond sea so great and so distant that his name was famous among Saracens and Christians alike, and his renown unrivalled. And so, at his return, the realm was filled with rejoicing. For all the affability, courtesy, liberality that is or might reasonably be looked for at the hands of any noble, nay, or king's son, this son of a

herdsman showed to all in full measure of open-heartedness. And this indeed seems the more surprising in that it happened the more against expectation. Who would suppose that a rustic could be pure of rusticity and distinguished by such sweet perfume of virtues? I do not say he was a good man, but a mighty, and an unscrupulous one. Goodness is the daughter of nobility, and wisdom denies [MS. gives] the highest degree of it to the ignoble; but prowess may exist in good and bad alike. Goodness makes a man only good, prowess makes him either. This man I do not call good, for I know he was ignoble, but of prowess, for he was brave in act, bold in dangers, pounced upon opportunities, was invincible in following them up, made his choice swiftly in dilemmas, and was strong to gain his cause whether right or wrong. With these striking features of his character the earl, good and courteous in seeming, masked the blemishes which he owed to his birth, and by main force kept down the innate militancy of his malice: and indeed it takes a hard struggle to make a man more eminent than his fellows, if he has to contend with defects of nature. However, he did emerge, and covetousness, though hardly wrested from the hands of good qualities, raised her head, and avarice crept in to supplement his liberality, for his object was to acquire "money at any price," that he might by all means have much to give away: nor did he blush to seize whatever he could extract, whereas liberality ought not to exceed the measure of one's resources, and it is no laud to give what is gained by fraud. He being beyond comparison the highest in the land, and able—brave and unscrupulous as he was—to obtain anything from his sluggish and rich master, got from the lord his king a county and a half, and, in various places, properties that pleased him, alike from the king and from others.

Berkeley by Severn,<sup>1</sup> a vill of £500 value, belonged to certain nuns who dwelt there and had a noble and comely abbess. Now the man of whom I tell took stock of all with subtle craft, and conceived desire not of the abbess but of her property, and as he passed by the place left in her care his nephew, a very handsome

<sup>1</sup> There was, undoubtedly, a monastery at Berkeley in the eleventh century and Godwin benefited by its suppression. See Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, vol. ii. (second edition), p. 545, and C. S. Taylor in *Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society* for 1894-5 (vol. xix.), 80-81.—L.

lad, on pretence of his illness, till he should return, and enjoined the invalid not to recover completely until he had made a conquest of the abbess and as many of the nuns as he could, and to give the youth the means of finding favour with them he supplied him with rings, girdles, and fawnskins, starry with gems, to be presented to the nuns in traitorous wise. He accordingly entered with alacrity and goodwill on the path of pleasure, and learnt it easily, for easy is the descent to Avernus,<sup>1</sup> and fooled wisely in that which was to his taste. In him dwelt all that foolish virgins could desire—beauty, delights of luxury, and kind address; and the devil was agog to find an abode in each one of them; so he drove out Pallas and brought in Venus, and made a church sacred to the Saviour and the saints a cursed Pantheon, and a sanctuary into a brothel, and the ewe-lambs into she-wolves. So, when the shame of the abbess and many of the nuns was past concealment, their seducer fled, and speedily brought to his lord the conquering eagles that had earned the reward of iniquity. Godwin at once approached the king, informed him that the abbess and her nuns were wantons, sent men to investigate, and on their return proved the truth of all he had said. The nuns were cast out, and he asked for and received Berkeley from his lord, who might better be called his fool.

Bosham<sup>2</sup> by Chichester he saw and desired, and backed by a great company of magnates, he said with a smile, as in jest, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who then owned the village: "Lord, do you give me Bosham?" The Archbishop in surprise repeated his words, interrogatively, "I give you Bosham?" At once he with his band of knights fell at his feet (as he had arranged), and kissed them, and with profuse thanks retired to Bosham and kept it by forcible power, and, supported by the evidence of his men, praised the Archbishop to the king as the donor, and possessed the place peaceably.

From these instances you may learn of what spirit he was, how pestilent in acquiring and how lavish in giving. He was a

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, vi. 126.

<sup>2</sup> Bosham is shown by Domesday to have been held by Godwin in the time of the Confessor, but there is nothing to suggest that it had ever belonged to the See of Canterbury.—L.

hunter of all gains from all men, in order to satisfy all by his gifts : to all a source of fear and of hope, of grief and of joy.

#### IV. OF CNUT, KING OF THE DANES.

The richest and bravest of all kings at that time was Cnut, King of the Danes. He, summoned by the nobles of England, and enticed by their frequent letters—the English not opposing, but inviting him and receiving him with joy—landed with a very large force in Danesia <sup>1</sup> (Dengey), which they say is still called Danesia from the Danes. This was occasioned by shameful oppression, for with kings it is the rule that the worse coward any is, the crueller he is. Such and so savage was Ethelred, and being very cowardly and in fear of every one, he set traps for all, and caught not all at once, but the foremost one by one, and reduced freedom to slavery, and *vice versa* : the necks of the nobles he gave to slaves to trample on, upset right, championed unright, a sower of cruelty, a hotbed of harshness, neither avenging injuries nor repaying benefits. He liked no one whom in his wrath he could not charge with servile birth, treason, or some other crime. In him was fulfilled the saying, “An unjust king has none but unjust servants.” He who was called kindly, mild or pitiful, prospered not in his sight. The proud eye of the villein and his insatiable breast, these ministered with his good pleasure. All his delight was in the complaints and tears of the nobles. Maidens of gentle birth he wedded to rustics, and he forced the sons of the best blood to stoop to the daughters of serfs. He wished the hearts of his minions to be like his own, and he armed them to every desire of cruelty. There were as many kings as there were rulers under him : he was truthful in his threats, false in his promises, and everywhere a hammer of all justice. In the beginning of his reign his nobles bore with him, lest they might seem to belittle their own [? his] descent, but later they whom he violently put out of nobility into base estate sold him to a strange people.

He was in his chamber at Westminster in company with slaves whom he had chosen, and at whose beck he raged against the

<sup>1</sup> Appears under this name in Domesday. It is now Dengie, on the coast of Essex. There is no record of a landing here by Canute.—L.

free, when the news of Cnut's arrival was noised abroad. He took to flight in a boat, and at London town died of fear in the midst of his slaves, and, deserted by them, was carried by the current of the river "thither where Numa's gone and Ancus too."<sup>1</sup>

Though my soul naturally loathes slaves, this point about them does please me, that in the end or in an emergency they show plainly how much they deserve affection. There is an English proverb about them: "*Have hund to godsib ant steng<sup>2</sup> in thir oder hond*"; that is, "Take a dog for godfather (gossip) and a stick in your other hand."

So then, Cnut came suddenly and unexpected upon them, and was at once received at London by those who had invited him, overran all the adjacent provinces and, to secure his portion, married Emma, the daughter of the Duke of Normandy, and newly left a widow by Ethelred. Their children, however, Alfred and Edward, he could not by any searching find. For a certain knight had caught them away, as the Most High had foreordained, out of the strife and stress, and secretly put them in a boat and thrust them out to sea, decked with the ornaments of royalty, and with a letter showing their names and kindred, and so committed them to the disposal of God. On the second day they were found crying, by some merchants of Austria (Pannonia), and were bought by the King of Hungary and sent back to their uncle the Duke.

But what was Godwin's action at this juncture? Gathering a large and strong force of soldiers, he summoned Edmund, the son of Ethelred, and they met Cnut, who was hurrying to oppose them, at Deerhurst in the vale of Gloucester, on the Severn. On either side the squadrons and phalanxes of the armies were drawn up for battle, the larger being that of Cnut, who had brought half England along with his Danes. But the Danes were in fear of their stout and angry adversaries and of their unrighteous cause, of which greed was the sole support. They insisted with Cnut that the death of the whole army should not be put in the scale, but that of a single man, and that a duel should take the place<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hor. *Ep.*, i. 6, 27.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has *stent*. Dr. Bradley corrects to *steng* or *stenc*.

<sup>3</sup> There is no suggestion of this in the older authorities. The meeting was for conference purely.—L.

of a battle, and the victorious champion obtain the kingdom for his master, and the rest be sent away in peace. Both sides were pleased with this, and it seemed good to Edmund to confront the danger himself, nor would he allow of any champion in his stead. Hearing this, Cnut decided that he must fight in *propria persona*, so as to avoid an unseemly disparity : for a conflict of kings would be even and fitting. All the needful arrangements were therefore made with due solemnity : a truce was granted, keepers of the ground were armed, and the two, borne in two boats from opposite banks, met on an island in the Severn, equipped with excellent and precious arms and horses to the extent necessary for honour and safeguard. Upon their several failures and successes after the fight was begun we cannot dwell, since we have to pass to other subjects—a fight long waged amid the silence of either side, and of varying and contrary changes which alternately raised dismal fears and joyful hopes, as the army gazed open-mouthed and motionless. It gave rise, however, to one memorable phrase : when their horses were slain and they became foot-soldiers, Cnut, who was slender, thin and tall, pressed Edmund, who was big and smooth—in other words, fairly stout—with such prowess and persistency of attack, that in a pause allowed for rest, Edmund stood panting heavily and drawing deep breaths ; and in the hearing of the ring, Cnut said : “ Edmund, you breathe too short.” He blushed, but kept a modest silence, and at the next attack came down upon Cnut’s helmet with such a stroke that he touched the ground with knee and hand ; but Edmund stepped back and neither crushed the fallen foe nor harassed the down-struck ; only avenging a word by a word, he retorted : “ Not too short, if I can bring so great a king off his feet.” The Danes accordingly, when they saw that Edmund had deferred to their lord in a conflict of such mighty issue, and that when victory was ready to his hand he had delayed his triumph, compelled the two by many prayers and tears to make a treaty in these terms, that during their lives they should possess the kingdom equally divided between them, and that on the death of either the survivor should succeed to the whole. And on the spot they became brothers and friends, welded together in firmest faith, so that neither the devil, the sower of quarrels, nor his accomplices, the hateful razors of the tongues



of slanderers and flatterers, could dissolve the agreement they had entered into, or their friendship.

It befell however that Edmund deceased first, and in this way. It is the practice of some kings to entrust the secrets of their chamber and their bed to servants, not fearing to expose to them their own free heads. And here an anecdote occurs to me : Robert Earl of Gloucester,<sup>1</sup> the son of Henry I, a man of great cleverness and much learning, though, as often happens, unruly, used to be much in the society of Stephen de Beauchamp, a man beset by the same fault, and seemed to rate low all the noble among his knights. Now in the hardest stress of an engagement, the trumpet already stirring the spirits, helmets adjusted on both sides, spears raised to the casting, shields drawn close to the breast, reins tightly curbing the steeds, he was hurriedly seeking help and counsel from the nobles, putting aside Stephen as useless. And one of the nobles said to him : " Call Stephen." The earl felt the force of the rebuke and blushed ; then, to all whom he had summoned to council, he said : " Pity me, and do not be slow to forgive one who confesses his fault. I am a man of strong passions, and when my lady Venus calls me, I call her servant Stephen, who is the readiest of helpers in such a case : but when Mars calls, I turn to you, his pupils. But as my ear is almost always attent to her, my mouth speaks the same, and thus you are in the right, for I serve Venus as a volunteer, but fight for Mars only when I must." All laughed and granted him pardon and gave him their aid.

This I suppose is the reason why some kings banish free men and entrust their secrets to servants, because they want to serve vices, and shun the freedom of virtues ; and as is commonly said, like seeks for like. Thus Edmund sought in his pleasures one similar in his own character, or rather in his faults, and set over the freemen of his court a man of servile and low condition.<sup>2</sup> This person obtained from him many pieces of emolument which he had not hoped for and which were wholly unsuited to his low origin ;

<sup>1</sup> A natural son of Henry I, who created him Earl of Gloucester. He was the chief supporter of the Empress Matilda until his death in 1147.—L.

<sup>2</sup> The reference would seem to be to the notorious traitor, Edric Streona.—L.

but one vill in particular belonging to the Crown attracted him, namely, Minsterworth on the Severn, three miles from Gloucester. This he asked for, and in the king's answer received, not a refusal but a postponement. He conceived an anger at once rapid and rabid, and this man whom his lord's undue favour had foolishly brought not to pride but to madness, imagined mischief upon his bed, such as a freeman's soul would never have conceived, even if wounded by a thousand iniquities. The hearts of noble men are enclosed in walls of brass which not envy or ambition or the vinegar of iniquity can dissolve, and so they are rarely found ungrateful for benefits, though they find patience against injuries. But the defences of the souls of serfs are either non-existent or broken down: they lie open to thefts, plunderings and all the other daughters of unrighteousness. They scorn to weigh honour against dishonour and are satisfied with that evil verse "Jupiter ruled to be good whatever gave pleasure to man." That is the devil's evangel from Evan spelt with a consonant V, which being interpreted is "madness" (whence Bacchus is called Evan): it is not the Euuangel of the Lord Jesus, where we have the vowel V doubled, from *eu*, which means good; for that teaches us abstention from evil and attention to good.

This servant, revolving gratuitous hate in his mind, at last settled upon one plan, after considering the situation of the kings, and conceived the worst of designs, namely, that the survivor should be the heir of the deceased, and by his act made Cnut the survivor, judging him to be of his own disposition and like himself, so that like him he would desire, setting aside all honour and all thoughts of God, that the whole realm should be united under him, and that in reward of his iniquity he would himself receive without difficulty or delay what his lord had deferred giving him.

Now this was the manner of it. Cnut had London and the parts beyond Icknield <sup>1</sup> (or that region up to Icknield way), Edmund the rest, and thus he happened to come to that coveted Minsterworth, the chapel of which I, thank God, to-day hold in right of its

<sup>1</sup> A British trackway, running from Wallingford to the neighbourhood of Newmarket. More probably, Watling Street is intended, the regular boundary between English and Danes. Authorities are not agreed as to which of the two rivals held London.—L.

mother church of Westbury.<sup>1</sup> But this servant (serf) when he saw it, with all the resources and amenities that belong to it, flamed out into madness, and, minister of the devil as he was, put into the hole of his master's privy a large, sharp iron spit, and, preceding him as he came with a strong light of candles, suddenly turned them in another direction, that his master might fall into the snare unawares. He fell into it, and was pierced with a mortal wound, and had himself carried thence, and died at Ross,<sup>2</sup> a royal town which with its church he gave to the church of Hereford which still owns it. The serf hastened to appear before Cnut and said: "Hail to you, whole king, who were yesterday but half a king; and may you recompense the author of your wholeness by whose hand your enemy has been removed and your one foe rooted out of the earth." The king, though much saddened, replied with unmoved face: "Good God! who has been so much my friend, that I may set him on high above all his fellows?" "I," said the serf. Then the king had him caught up on high and hung on the tallest oak: the due and proper end of *such* slaves.

Cnut, therefore, continued a free monarch for a long time, and the Danes spread over all the provinces everywhere, and prevailed over the English and forced them into the worst of slaveries, ill-using their wives, daughters and nieces. This Godwin reported with many tears to Cnut, but was not listened to for any deliverance of his people; so through pity for his own race he became a pitiless and cruel enemy of the king of the Danes, and manfully withstood the royal power (and, they say, prevailed against it in many encounters), continually entreating peace and freedom for the English. But when Cnut saw that he could not be beaten in battle, he gave ear to his prayers, in order that he might in time of peace achieve by fraud what he could not obtain by force or warcraft; and they became, on the surface, friends, and freedom was restored to England. Often did the Danes break treaties concluded on like terms, as they broke this, and lapsed into their old outrages more fiercely than before.

<sup>1</sup> Westbury-on-Severn, of which Minsterworth is shown by the Norwich Taxation (p. 161) to have been a chapel.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Other accounts say that Edmund died at Oxford. The story here told of his end is found in Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury. Domesday shows that the See of Hereford held Ross.—L.

Still, this peace lasted for a long time, during which Cnut was plotting against Godwin.<sup>1</sup> By frequent presents and shows of friendship he gained from him both credence and affection. And when the king was fully assured of this, he summoned him, and after many sighs and much groaning said: "I can safely presume on your forgiveness, since I too have forgiven you all that appeared to deserve the punishment due to rebellion (discord): I say 'appeared' and do not say 'deserved,' for whereas I have been unjust in my persecution of your people, your resistance has always been both laudable and just. Now if there still remains any scruple or cloud of my causing to aggrieve you, be you satisfied with any atonement of mine therefor which your judgement may select." The Earl, mollified by these words, deceitful though they were, and somewhat appeased in his soul, granted forgiveness of all previous evil designs. Then Cnut, to enmesh him the more craftily, went on thus: "Lord earl, you have made my mind so happy, that I wish to entrust to you in safety the highest command of both my kingdoms. First, I desire you to visit Denmark, and there order and correct matters as you shall see fit. And as my only sister, the fairest and faithfulest of maidens, is ruling there in my stead, she shall receive a letter from me at your hand, bidding her assemble all the nobles to you, and to them you shall hand another, to the effect that they submit themselves to you, as to me, with all reverence."<sup>2</sup> The Earl agreed, received the

<sup>1</sup> There is no warrant for the view here put forward by Map as to the relations between the two.—L.

<sup>2</sup> It is interesting to find this ancient and widespread story told of King Cnut and Earl Godwin. How far it was current in English tradition cannot be determined. It is found, as Dr. James notes in the Oxford edition of Map (text), in the *Vita Haroldi*, cap. i. (edn. Birch, pp. 14, 15; Eng. version, p. 114), assigned by Sir Thos. Duffus Hardy (followed by Birch) to one hundred and fifty years after the Conquest, that is to say, the year 1216. The device for getting rid of an inconvenient person whom the king is afraid himself to put to death is fairly obvious, and has probably been adopted many times in human history. It was the device attributed to King David for disposing of Uriah the Hittite: a case in which it is said to have been successful. In tradition it is usually foiled. Homer (*Iliad*, vi. 155 sqq.) relates that Bellerophon, tempted in vain by the wife of Proitos, King of Argos, is falsely denounced by her to her husband, who sends him to his father-in-law, Iobates, King of Lycia, with "tokens of wo," having graven "in a folded tablet many deadly things that he might be slain." Iobates, on receiving the tablet, devises evil against him accordingly; but the hero

letters and licence to depart, and went quickly to the port whence he had to cross. By the advice of his chaplain Brand, whom he knew to be an excellent worker in cunning devices, he opened both seals in order to test the good faith or fraud of the king, for

overcomes all attempts, and finally obtains the king's other daughter as wife, with half the kingdom. Thucydides (i. 132) attributes the same trick to Pausanias, Regent of Sparta, who was intriguing with Persia and sent a man named Argilius to Artabazus, the emissary of Xerxes, the King of Persia, with a letter which contained directions to put him to death. Argilius, having his suspicions aroused, opened the letter and communicated it to the Spartan Ephors. They consequently took proceedings against Pausanias, and when he fled to the temple of Athene starved him out.

In Europe the story of the Letter of Death early became a favourite. In the *Gesta Romanorum* it took the form generally known as the Man born to be King. An emperor loses his way in hunting and comes to the house of a subject, where he is received and entertained. The same night the host's wife is delivered of a son. It is foretold that this child shall succeed to the throne. The emperor therefore gets possession of him and orders him to be put to death, but the servants entrusted with the bloody deed pity the child and content themselves with exposing him and taking the heart of a beast back to the emperor as proof of their having fulfilled his command. Meanwhile the child is found and adopted by a nobleman, in whose household he grows up and is later discovered and identified by the emperor. The emperor takes him into his service and sends him with a Letter of Death to the empress. But on his way he is entertained at the castle of a knight, who while the youth sleeps finds and changes the letter for one bidding the empress marry him immediately to their daughter. This is accordingly done; and when the emperor finds it out he submits to the will of God (Herrtage, 206; Oesterley, 315). An Albanian tale presents the king as a pacha (Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, 97; an English translation in *The Women of Turkey*, ii. 319, by Miss Garnett, who notes that "the incident of the substituted letter is of common occurrence in Greek as well as Albanian folktale"). In a tale from Asia Minor the king himself stabs the babe and throws him away, but without killing him, and he is found and adopted by a shepherd, from whom the king ultimately buys him and sends him with the Letter of Death. The letter is found by the king's daughter, while its bearer is asleep. She falls in love with him and changes the letter for one ordering his marriage to her. In another tale the youth is sent with the Letter of Death by a cannibal ogre to other ogres, but he reads the letter and substitutes a different one (Dawkins, *Modern Greek in Asia Minor*, 493, 307, 255, where a number of variants, not only Greek, but also Gypsy, Norse, Slav and German are noted). The change of the Letter of Death by the lady, who falls in love with the intended victim, is found in a story of the *Kathā Koça*, a Sanskrit collection of Buddhist tales (Tawney's translation, 172). In one form or other the Letter of Death is familiar in the East. It is found among the Kacháris, a tribe of apparently Mongolian origin in Assam (Endle, *The Kacháris*, 66); it is told in Siam (Annandale and Robinson, *Fasciculi Malayenses*, Anthropology, Pt. i. 178). In the West it has passed into literature, and is familiar to us in *Hamlet*, where the incident is taken from Saxo Grammaticus (l. iii., Holder's edn., 92; Elton, 112).

Unfortunately Map's account of the English traditions concerning Earl

not without reason he feared the "Danes even with gifts in their hands."<sup>1</sup> In the first letter he read that the Danes were to assemble before him, in the second: "Be it known to my loyal Danes, who of right are of all men most attached to me, because most faithful, that Earl Godwin, to whom you have been summoned by my letter, and have come, has wrung from me, alike by fraud and force, the government of Denmark for three years, promising to be to me a prudent and faithful minister to the increase of my revenues and the general prosperity and to your protection: so that not Joseph himself profited Egypt more. Just so did the wolf offer himself as a watch-dog to the foolish shepherd, that while he was trusted to keep off fears from without, he might the more freely attend to the spoil alone. He (Godwin) desires to avenge the shame of the English race, and to boast himself in your blood. I perceived the trick and agreed to this petition, feigning myself a fool, that by your hand the plotter of death may perish in his own death, and cleverness find itself outdone by wisdom. For while he lives I am not the single king of the English, and of Denmark." Godwin ordered this letter to be changed, and acting with boldness, against the wishes of his men, who in fear would have had him turn back, thus perverted the king's command: "Cnut, King of the English and of Denmark, to the Danes, the only lovers of his prosperity, wishes that which they have earned by their faith and valour in all times of peace and war. It is right that you should know that I rule as monarch over all England in health and safety, as I hope is pleasing to God who guideth me even as Jacob whom He loved. To him and to your prayers I offer thanks. Now to the bearer of these presents, being the Earl of York and Lord of Lincoln, Nottingham, Leicester, Chester, Huntingdon, Northampton, Gloucester, and of Hereford, which

Godwin, so far as it has descended to us, is unfinished; he does not relate the sequel of the Letter of Death. One thing, however, we know from authentic history. Godwin was married by Cnut to Gytha, the sister of Earl Ulf, who had himself married Cnut's own sister, Estrith (Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, i., 2nd edn., 420, 723). It is probable that if we had had the conclusion of the story given by Map we should have found that these two ladies had been confused, that in accordance with the forged letter, Godwin had been married by the nobles of Denmark to Cnut's sister, and that Cnut with the best grace he could accepted the accomplished fact.—H.

<sup>1</sup> Virg. *Æn.*, ii. 49.

long withstood us, we owe a debt more than to any other man living, since his hand hath obtained peace for us, and his valour and wisdom keep the realm in quiet. To him as my most faithful servant I have committed the care and ordering of all Denmark, and have given him my sister to wife; and to his command I will that you submit yourselves without gainsaying. Farewell."

*(Unfinished.)*

V. OF HENRY I, KING OF THE ENGLISH, AND LOUIS, KING OF THE FRENCH.<sup>1</sup>

Henry, King of England, father of the mother of that Henry who now reigns, a man of foresight and a lover of peace, defeated in a battle near Gisors,<sup>2</sup> and put to flight, Louis the Fat, King of France, with his proud army, and returning victorious settled England in peace. It had been conquered by his father William the Bastard, but neither by William himself nor by his son and successor William Rufus had it been brought into peaceful condition, for its old inhabitants by no means acquiesced in bearing their eviction patiently, but harassed the new-comers, and throughout all the realm there had been a state of fierce sedition. This Henry, however, of whom I speak, by arranging marriages here and there between them, and by all other means he could contrive, federated the two peoples in firm amity, and reigned long and happily over England, Wales, Normandy and Brittany, to the honour of God and the great wealth and enduring gladness of his subjects. He, too, completed from the foundations the monastery of Cluny,<sup>3</sup> which foundations Adelfonsus, King of the Spanish, had laid at his own cost and had barely brought to the ground level, and had then relinquished his purpose through miserliness. The building, though very large and beautiful, fell completely to the ground not long after the finishing touches had been put to it. But when the Cluniacs in great fear reported this to the king and blamed their workmen, he excused them, saying that it was wrought by the hand of God, that his own work might not rest on another's foundation, laid by a king who had succumbed to

<sup>1</sup> Fragment XVIII consists of this chapter, written before July, 1189.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Brémule, in the Vexin, fought on August 20, 1119.—L.

<sup>3</sup> In Burgundy (Saône et Loire), the head of the Cluniac order. See Duckett, *Record Evidences of Cluni*, p. 43.—L.

covetousness ; and he sent away the former workmen and had all that Adelfonsus had laid dug up out of the ground, and built and finished a work of marvellous greatness, and also gave the monks £100 sterling a year to hold for ever to keep the fabric in good condition.

The same prince, though he so held the mean between miser and prodigal, that he could not be nearer a prodigal without falling into the vice, was always blessed with all affluence, and flourished in the prosperous condition of men and affairs throughout his realm. He had the customs of his house and household ordained by himself, kept in writing : of his house, to the end it might always have plenty of all supplies, and very regular changes, arranged long beforehand, and publicly known, of staying in or moving from every place, and that every foremost man in the land, who are called barons, when they came to it, might have definite allowances of the king's bounty ; of his household, that no one might be in want, but each receive fixed grants. And it is said that as far as this world allowed, his court was without care, his palace free of crowding and confusion, which is rarely seen, and if we may believe our forefathers, we might call his age the reign of Saturn, ours that of Jove. As they tell, not only did our own countrymen flock to his court to be lightened of care, but foreigners too came and found there great store of merchants and wares : for there was, one might say, a market following the king whithersoever he moved his camp, so fixed were his journeyings and his welcome stays. Those who were ripe in age or wisdom were always in the court with the king before dinner, and the herald's voice cited them to *meet* those who desired an audience for their business ; after noon and the siesta, those were admitted who devoted themselves to sports ; and this king's court was in the forenoon a school of virtues and of wisdom, and in the afternoon one of hilarity and decent mirth.

But who can keep back the little traits of courtesy of this pleasant and kindly—not so much emperor or king as—father of England ? for we cannot relate the great ones. His chamberlain Payne Fitz John <sup>1</sup> used customably to draw every night a sexterce of wine to allay the royal thirst ; and it would be asked for once or twice in the year, or not at all. So Payne and the pages had no

<sup>1</sup> A prominent baron of the reign of Henry I, who acted as itinerant justice. He was killed in 1137.—L.



scruple about drinking it all up, and often did so early in the night. It happened that the king in the small hours called for wine, and there was none. Payne got up, called the pages, and found nothing. The king discovered them hunting for wine and not finding it. So he summoned Payne, all trembling and afeared, and said: "What is the meaning of this? Do you not always have wine with you?" He timidly answered: "Yes, lord, we draw a sexterce every night, and by reason of your leaving off to be thirsty, or to call for it, we often drink it either in the evening or after you have gone to sleep: and now we have confessed the truth, we beg forgiveness of your mercy." The King: "Did you draw no more than one for the night?" Payne: "No." "That was very little for the two of us: in future draw two every night from the butlers, the first for yourself, the second for me." Thus his true confession rid Payne of his reasonable fear, and soothed the king's displeasure; and it was characteristic of the royal courtesy and liberality to recompense him with gladness and gain in place of scolding and anger. This king is deserving of a better pen and a larger discourse: but he is a modern, and has gained no dignity from antiquity.

Now the King of France, the aforesaid Louis the Fat,<sup>1</sup> was a man huge in body, and not smaller in act or thought. Louis,<sup>2</sup> the son of Charles the Great, incurred the loss of almost all the nobles and all the army of France at Evore through the foolish pride of his nephew, Ralph of Cambrai. From that day he ruled the realm of the Franks in sorry enough plight up to the coming of Gurmund and Ysembard, against whom he waged battle in Ponthieu with the remnant of the Franks, and returned

<sup>1</sup> King of France from 1108 to 1137.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Louis the Pious, who ruled the Carolingian realm from 814 to 840. But Map has, in point of fact, connected with the name of this king two stories which have nothing to do with the history of his reign. The first comes from a well-known "*chanson de geste*," viz. "*Raoul de Cambrai*," edited by MM. Meyer and Longnon (Paris, 1882). Ralph is represented as the son of Aalis, sister of King Louis, by whom is probably meant Louis d'Outremer (936-954), since it is known that the real Ralph of Cambrai died in 943 (see the introduction to the edition of 1882, pp. 16, 42). Map's "Evore" is Origny, near Vervins, the traditional scene of Ralph's death. The other story, according to Dr. Bradley (*Eng. Hist. Rev.*, 1917, p. 399), is told by Guido of Chalons, who places it in the time of Louis the Stammerer. There is also a *Chanson de geste* of Gurmund and Ysembard.—L.

victorious with a very small following, having slain his enemies for the most part, and retiring, died a short while after from his injuries and exertions in that battle, lamented and mourned by the whole of France in common. From the decease of that Louis the sword did not depart from France, until the Lord in pity sent this Louis. He when he was young was unable to go outside the gates of Paris to the third milestone without the leave or escort of the neighbouring princes, and not one of them either kept or feared his orders. His high spirits gathered wrath at this, and he would not brook being confined in these narrow limits. The Lord waked him as one out of sleep, and gave him a mind to fight and frequently the grace of victory, and fulfilled his labours to the perfect unity and peace of all France.

To him succeeded his son Louis,<sup>1</sup> the most Christianly and kind of men, and by the grace of Christ kept all the days of his life the peace his father had won by arms; he hoped in the Lord, and doubted not, who never forsaketh him that hopeth in Him. I speak of what I have seen or know. While he was a man of such kindness and simple mildness, showing himself affable to any poor man, to his own or to strangers, that he might have been thought imbecile, he was the strictest of judges, and an executor, often with tears, of justice, stiff to the proud and to the meek not unfair.

A thing happened, as I have heard from several great men, which is marvellous to tell of, and might not unreasonably be thought incredible. A man within the confines of France, a marquis, great, but in cruelty excessive, daily afflicted with fierce violence both neighbours and strangers: he hurried travellers (pilgrims?) to his dungeon and there either pined them to death with torments or despoiled them and let them go half-dead. And while he was the equal of Catiline in guile, and of Nero in crime, he had a wife who in birth, beauty and character excelled all both near and far; and she, abhorring her wicked husband's tyranny, so preferred the charity of Christ to the fear of him that she did not scruple at every opportunity to loose the bound, release prisoners, send all away in freedom, and load them with whatever gifts she could, nor was she happy unless she sent them away happy too. At every cruelty of her lord she wept, and so keenly sympathized

<sup>1</sup> Louis le Jeune, King of France from 1137 to 1180.—L.

through the love of Christ with the poor wretches, that whatever she got by any means either from the robberies of the tyrant or the proper payments of the tenants, she spent it all on those whom he despoiled or on others who were in need. And thus it came about that in whatever quarter the cruelty and ill-fame of the husband were noised abroad, the pitifulness and good report of the wife kept company therewith, and shone all the clearer, the more her brightness contrasted with her husband's darkness. This tyrant, refusing to submit either to the advice of his good wife or to the rebukes of the merciful Louis, was arrested by him, confessed his crimes, was sentenced and led to the gallows. And lo ! that good woman, of whom I have been speaking, his wife, though great with child, and now near delivery, contemning all danger, either to herself now almost ready to bear, or to the offspring that was ready to be born, threw herself at the feet of the compassionate judge, besought mercy with tearful cries, pleaded the respect due to her character, and those tears and groans broke down the judge, who could neither be moved by arms nor softened by gold ; and the brighter was the virtue of the suppliant in that, though now free, now loosed from that pestilent oppressor, she was willing, in faith to the marriage vow, to be bound afresh. And though she was become blest by her loosing and her loneliness, she counted not the love of liberty, the burden of servitude, the enormity of the penalty, nor feared being beaten with the former scorpions, or falling again under the lash, but earnestly with whole heart sought to follow the strict demands of loyalty. The criminal was accordingly led back from punishment to the palace, and lest his wickedness should seem to be passed over wholly without disgrace or rebuke, or should boast itself as entirely unpunished, the king ordered his right ear to be cut off. And herein appears a notable prodigy, that within four days there was born of his deliverer to the tyrant a son lacking his right ear. It would have been less of a portent had he been begotten after the mutilation of his father, but the fact that when already living in the womb and fully formed he subsequently appeared maimed, was a sign of a most powerful sympathy.

This was one of the merciful acts of Louis : a second, which follows, was in this manner. Waleran of Effria was a knight

without letters, but of a most pleasant gift of speech, and was known and loved by the king. And the king had three ministers<sup>1</sup> who were set over the whole of France, Walter the chamberlain, Bucard the mastiff (*veautre*, in French), and William de Gournai, the provost of Paris. Walter reaped at will almost all the profits of France; Bucard, who was next after him, some part of them; William none; Louis, in his simplicity, whatever they allowed him. Waleran saw this, and knew what went on, and guessing that such immense losses befell the treasury through the power of these underlings, made a rhyme about it in French in these words:

*Gautier vendange et Buchard grappe  
Et Willelmus de Gournay happe  
Louis prend ce que leur échappe.*

When the rhyme was noised abroad, these men saw that their frauds were being discovered and their connivances revealed. They smarted accordingly and armed themselves for revenge; they gathered against him everything that could injure him, set traps for him, accused him of crime to the king, whom, by frequently stirring him up, they put away from kindly feeling. Finally a very rich and noble dame, but one of slippery reputation, in the intoxication of her spite and pride, accused Waleran in the king's presence of having sung ribald songs not only about her, but about the king. The king was pricked by this and said: "Waleran, I can bear abuse of myself patiently, but abuse of this my cousin I must not pass over, since she is of my blood, and one of my own members." Waleran answered: "A very sick member." (In French it runs more wittily, "*De ce membre tu es megrimé.*") Even this saying the king bore with temper. The rest laughed, but the lady smarting at the taunt said: "Lord king, leave his punishment to me; I will suit him. I know well enough how clowns ought to be corrected; I will find three harlots to whip him as he deserves." "Madam," said Waleran, "you have little more to do; you only have two to get." At this she wept and begged for vengeance for these injuries, and the three men whom

<sup>1</sup> Walter of Villebéon (Seine et Marne) was chamberlain to Louis VII, and Bouchard le Veautre one of his chief counsellors. William de Gournai appears in 1154 as one of the provosts of Paris. See Luchaire, *Histoire des institutions monarchiques* (second edit., 1891), i. 175, 217; ii. 323.—L.

he had offended added their complaints to hers, and the poor man was proscribed. So Waleran took refuge with our lord, the King of England, and was kindly received. Meanwhile Walter pulled down his houses, rooted up his vines, cut down his woods, did away with his hedges, and destroyed everything, and our lord, approaching Louis twice by letter and twice by word of mouth for his restoration, was not heard. Waleran therefore perceiving that no one's intercession would avail to restore him, and knowing that Louis was most compassionate, sought aid in his pitifulness; and when the two kings were conferring in a large field surrounded by a great band of knights, Waleran, having previously warned our king, came riding on a little black horse, thin and ugly, himself in a very mean guise—clothes ragged with age, unshaven, unwashed, spurs hanging down from his heels, boots stiff and split, in all points like the poorest of mankind, desiring to be seen of Louis and our own king. Seen he was, and soundly beaten off the ground, as beggars are, and retired. The two kings were conversing alone in the circle, and treating of the peace of their kingdoms. But Louis, who had noted Waleran's appearance, was afraid that what was in fact done in well-meant guile, was not feigned, but forced upon him by real need. He conceived disgust at his over-severity, so much that he left the king's presence to draw near to the King of Heaven, and hastened to reconcile himself with heaven, leaving aside the peace of earth. Our king waited for him patiently, aware of what was on foot; but Louis, going to his own people, called Walter apart and said: "I chose you out of the people and made you a prince, in the hope that you would be a wise and faithful bearer of the burden of the whole realm. I always kept my ears open to you, desiring that you would of your wisdom instil honey into me, to the peace of the people and my own well-being. But you have dropped in poison by counselling me to sin against the Lord and against my brother Waleran. For a word he should have been chastened by words, not cudgelled and proscribed. Alas! how merciless did I perceive myself just now, when I saw how miserable I have made him by your means. He went that way: follow him quickly and bring him back." Walter in terror cast himself into the crowd, found and brought back Waleran and fully reinstated him, and to stop future complaints, added more

than he had taken away, and when Waleran returned thanks for his complete restoration, the king obtained forgiveness of him by most devout and humble entreaty.

It happened that when I was making some long stay with the king at Paris,<sup>1</sup> and he was talking with me of the riches of kings, among other matters, he said: "As the wealth of kings is diverse, so it is marked out by many differences. The riches of the King of the Indians are in precious stones, lions and pards and elephants; the Emperor of Constantinople and the King of Sicily boast themselves in gold and silver webs, but they have no men who can do anything but talk, for in warlike matters they are useless. The Roman emperor, whom they call the emperor of the Germans, has men fit for arms, and war-horses, but no gold or silk or other splendour. For Charlemagne, when he had won that land from the Saracens, gave everything except the castles and forts to the archbishops and bishops whom he had established in all the cities he had converted. But your lord, the King of England, who wants for nothing, has men, horses, gold, silk, jewels, fruits, game and everything else. We in France have nothing but bread and wine and gaiety." This saying I took note of, for it was merrily said, and truly.

About that time, when I was hastening by the order of my lord, the King of England, to the Council, which was to be held at Rome<sup>2</sup> under Pope Alexander III, the Count of Champagne, Henry, son of Theobald,<sup>3</sup> took me in—the most liberal of men, so much so that to many he seemed prodigal, for to every one that asked he gave; and in conversation he was praising his nephew, Reginald de Mouzon,<sup>4</sup> in every point except that he was over-lavish. I, however, who knew that the count was so liberal as to be thought prodigal, smiled, and asked if he himself knew the limits of liberality. He replied: "Where there remains no more to be given, there is the limit; for it is not liberality to procure by base

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Gir. Cambr., *de Instr. Princ.*, iii. 30.

<sup>2</sup> In 1179. See above (*Dist.* i. cap. 23).—L.

<sup>3</sup> Henry I (the Liberal), Count of Champagne from 1152 to 1181.—L.

<sup>4</sup> Reginald of Mouzon (*al.* Monçon) was the son of Reginald II, Count of Bar, and Agnes, eldest daughter of Theobald the Great, Count of Blois and Champagne. He was elected Bishop of Chartres in 1182 and died in 1217 (*Gallia Christiana*, viii., col. 1152).—L.

means what you can give away." To me this seems wittily said ; for if you get the means of giving foully, you become miserly in order to be generous.

This Louis and his father were both remarkable for wisdom in act and simpleness in speech. The son had such reverence for God that whenever any case touching him and the Church came up he ruled himself by the decision of the chapter like one of the canons, and made his appeal against the gravamen.

It was his habit that wherever he felt sleep coming on he would take his rest on or near the spot. As he was slumbering by a wood in the shade, attended only by two knights (for the rest were hunting), the Count Theobald,<sup>1</sup> whose sister he had married, found him and reproved him for sleeping so solitarily ; it was not right, he said, for a king to do so. He answered : " I may sleep alone quite safely, for no one bears me any ill-will." It was a simple answer, the utterance of a pure conscience. What other king can claim so much for himself ?

With such kind favour did he promote clerics that in his time they flocked to Paris from all quarters of Christendom, and, nourished and protected under the shadow of his wings, have continued in the schools unto this day. So then, while I with the rest was staying in the schools there, the wealthiest of all the Jews of France attacked a procession of clerics at Rogation-tide, seized from among them a clerk and cast him into the cesspool of his house, for having hurt his son with a stone. When this became known to the Christian king, he ordered the Jew to be cast into the fire. Neither the prayers of all France nor all the thousands of talents of the Jewish people availed to save him. The king made answer to the weeping petitioners : " I will have these dogs of Jews know that they must keep off the processions of Christians."

These matters are perhaps trifles and unfit for great books, but for my sheets they are suitable enough, and to me they even seem too high for my pen. When I was at Paris there arose a murmuring between the clerics and laymen of this king's court, and the schism grew strong, and the laymen prevailed and visited many of the clerics hardly with fists and cudgels, and then, in

<sup>1</sup> Theobald V, Count of Blois from 1152 to 1191. Louis VII married his sister Alice in 1160, on the death of his second wife.—L.

fear of the king's justice, fled to hiding-places. However, the king heard the cry of the poor, and came and found a very poor small lad in a black cope, bleeding from a broken head, and enquired of him, "Who did this?" And the boy pointed out to him the master of the queen's chamberlains, who had just brought to court the King of Spain's daughter,<sup>1</sup> and out of pride, and presuming on his own dignity, neither deigned to fly, nor, when charged, to deny the act, he only made answer that the lad had abused him. Accordingly at the king's command he was arrested, bound, and led off to the place of execution. The queen heard of it and was thunder-struck. She hurried to the spot with dishevelled hair, threw herself at the king's feet, and so did all the crowd of courtiers, and begged for pardon with great cryings. She pleaded the man's nobility, his wisdom, the fact that her father had entrusted him to her hands and her care; and a wonder happened, that compassion moved Louis to tears. For all that, justice compelled him to punish, and he commanded the right hand, with which the boy's head had been struck, to be cut off.

When the same king had given orders that Fontainebleau should be beautified, and a large area surrounded with walls, including hills and valleys, springs and woods, that he might make there a mansion for his delight, and when buildings had already been put up, ponds and walls, fosses and aqueducts made, a farmer who lived near by complained that some part of his land had been encroached upon by the king's walls and buildings. When the king heard of it he ordered the buildings to be pulled down and the walls cleared away, paying such heed to a [not] small complaint, that most men rather accused him of folly than praised him as he deserved for his mercifulness. He did not desist until the farmer applied for an exchange much to his profit, and received something even better than he asked.

His father Louis the Fat, when after subduing France by the sword he had possessed it freely and undisturbedly, made his first-born son, Philip,<sup>2</sup> king; he, after his anointing and the swearing of fealty to him by all France, degenerated from his father's

<sup>1</sup> After his divorce from Eleanor of Aquitaine, Louis VII married in 1154 Constance, daughter of Alfonso VIII of Castile.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Crowned in 1129; died without issue in 1131.—L.



ways and strayed away from his father's orders, and with proud brow and tyrannic pride was injurious to all. But it befell, at the Lord's command, that one day when, in company with many knights, he had put his horse to the gallop in that part of Paris which is called La Grève, a black pig rushed out of a dunghill on the bank of the Seine, and ran in among the feet of the galloping horse. The horse stumbled and fell, and the rider broke his neck and died ; but the pig suddenly plunged into the Seine, and as no one had seen it before, so was it seen of none afterwards. Therefore his father Louis the Fat, or rather the Lord who had delivered France out of the mouth of the lion, set in his place the kind and merciful Louis, as He put David in place of Saul.

This king, the Fat, when, defeated, as we said above, by Henry, King of England, he had come to Pontoise, appeared at table to all his guests most cheerful, not in the guise or the depression of a beaten man, but with the triumph of a conqueror ; and when they wondered and asked him the reason of his so great cheerfulness when he had such cause for sorrow, he replied : " To me things like this have often happened in almost all parts of France, and by frequent misfortunes, I have become hardened, and fear them very little. But Henry, King of England, who has to-day beaten us, has enjoyed uninterrupted successes, and he who has never suffered any disaster—if that had befallen him which has come upon us—would have sorrowed unbearably and above measure, and excess of grief might have driven him to madness or death—a good king and one needed by all Christendom. So I count his victory as my own success, for otherwise we might have lost him." It was an answer to be imitated, and pure of envy.

This same king, at the time when his princes were still contending with him, and Theobald, Count of Champagne,<sup>1</sup> was the prince of princes opposed to him, got the better of him in many engagements, and daily earned his increasing hatred. Now the Roman emperor favoured the count and urged him on to war, and so did the princes of the realm. And when now Louis appeared to be the best in fight, there came to him messengers from the

<sup>1</sup> This was Theobald IV of Blois (1102–1152), who succeeded to the county of Champagne in 1125.—L.

Roman emperor <sup>1</sup> who said : “ The Emperor of the Romans sends to you and commands that, as you would enjoy the state of your kingdom and your own safety, you do within this month conclude peace and a treaty with Count Theobald, wholly at his will and to his honour ; and if not, before the month is out, he, the emperor, will surround Paris in siege, and you within it, if you presume to be so bold as to wait for him.” The king answered them : “ Tpwrtut Aleman ! ” Now this reply is reckoned to this day by all Germans as the worst of insults, and it is a reproach which constantly causes many quarrels between them and foreigners. It was the reply, in my opinion, of a confident heart and a well settled spirit.

Again, whereas between him and Theobald there was enmity, mortal—I mean perilous even to death—yet also immortal, because enduring, no way of peace could be found by the wise. But the Lord who scourgeth every one whom He receiveth, when and as much as He will, put a courteous end to their fury in this wise. The king had concealed himself before Chartres in a wood, with a great armed force of knights, with the view of sending out men to provoke a sortie and making the enemy in Chartres attack unprepared : when the Count Theobald, on the march, unknowing of what was afoot, came past the king in complete security. The king seeing him delivered into his hands, made little of such a success, because it would have come to him by chance and without arrangement or trouble, and so held off, and by a messenger reproved him, telling him not to go anywhere so carelessly while he had enemies, and let him go free. So he whom the victor could not break was vanquished by kindness and overcome by the good nature of his enemy.

Again it happened that the king had come to Blois with a large force, and when he had made ready siege-machines against the walls, cavalry for the assaults, and men to fire the villages, he heard that the count was within the city with a few men, and that that was the second day after he had been let blood. Murmurs were raised here and there that the trapped foe should be hemmed in with the closest of sieges. But the king thought otherwise. He brought back the cavalry, recalled the fire-party, took the machines to pieces, and made haste to go back. Then indeed

<sup>1</sup> Lothair of Supplinburg, emperor from 1125 to 1137.—L.

they who styled themselves wiser were enraged, quarrelled openly with him, charged him with being above measure disastrous to all, wilfully neglecting to use such a crisis, and refusing luck that offered itself, lazy in avenging injuries, loving and nourishing strife [*or his enemies*], cruelly throwing away victory that was ready to his hand. He replied with economy of words: "If I have erred, my error was not due to any of these causes. Bah! you do not know what Cato, the wisest of men after Solomon, says: 'Sometimes, when you might win, it is better to yield to your brother.'<sup>1</sup> Do you want to go counter to his advice? Yet there was another reason, besides, for my sparing him now. I wished to prevent an excellent man hearing by my means of anything sinister at the time of his blood-letting which might occasion his death." His people laughed and derided him for this, though behind his back; but the Lord, who looks into the heart, and who gave him this wisdom, recompensed it to him in such-wise that he turned all the swords of France into ploughshares, and thereafter by the favour he secured made them subject to his own sword. For Theobald, when he heard of the mercifulness of that speech and the charity of that good act, admired and revered this friendly enemy and sent him this letter by a trusty messenger: "To the Lord Louis, King of France, the preserver of his health, Theobald, Count of Champagne, bids greeting in the Lord. At the Assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary I will, by the favour of Christ, be with you, intending for the future to obey your bidding in all things, I, who was the beginner of strife, but will make satisfaction to the lover of peace, and will surrender myself as conquered to the conqueror, that there may be perpetual peace between us, to your honour and my shame. May the king the peacemaker fare ever well in the Lord." Upon hearing this, Louis gave thanks to the Most High, and on the appointed day raised Theobald from his feet to his embrace, and thenceforth loved him with a true heart and was loved of him, to the lasting peace of his time and his realm. So, according to the word of the Lord, he put coals of fire upon the head of his enemy, and turned the impious, and he was not so any longer.

Yet why should I call him impious, if he was not so indeed, to

<sup>1</sup> Cato, *Dist.* i. 34.

whom the Lord afterwards showed a clear sign of his love? Why (if I may so far digress), Theobald related this not as boasting, but to make good works shine, to Louis the son of the Fat, and begged that the testimony might be kept back till the day of his death. He used to support lepers more willingly and with more pleasure than other poor persons, though he was a friend to all sorts; but these especially, because, the more abjectly contemptible and the more unbearably importunate they were, the more pleasing, he hoped, was the service he offered to God, and the more lovingly was it accepted. He washed and wiped their feet, and, mindful of the great Magdalene, devotedly followed out in the Lord's members what she had fulfilled in His body. Yet *there* was an odour of life and a sweetness that drew the heart to it, and the purest of flesh: *here* was the stench of death and a bitterness that corrupted, and an ulcerous discharge. He built houses specially for them in his villages, either for several together, or apart for individuals, and provided food for all. Now one in particular he attended to who lived alone in a hut, who, whereas in prosperity, agreeably to the requirements of his nobility, he had been bright with purple and fine linen, in his leprosy was nobler than either.<sup>1</sup> This indeed is the gait of nobility, that with the increase of substance humility grows, and under affliction patience gathers strength. The count always took care to visit this man when he passed that way, and enjoyed his profitable advice. But it came about that once when the count visited him after his custom, he found him sick unto death, and enjoined the chief man of the village to take care of him. After some days he recollected him, and came back to the hut: he vainly knocked at the door of the house, which he found shut, and even took pains to wait till he saw that every one else was at a distance. He then dismounted and knocking again humbly, said: "Your friend Theobald desires, if it be possible, that the door may be opened to him." The other arose and showed himself, with good words and a cheerful face; courteously received him, and whereas he had been used to annoy him by the stench of his sores, now refreshed him with a sweet odour of spices. The prince marvelled, but forbore to speak of it. He asked if he had made a good recovery. "The best possible," replied the other, and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Gir. Cambr., *de Instr. Princ.*, i. 20.

asked earnestly that the chief man of the place might be rewarded, because he had been assiduous to help him. Theobald rejoiced thereat, and went forth accompanied by the devout blessings of the other, and then meeting the chief man, praised him for his care of the sick, and vowed he deserved a good recompense. The chief man answered: "Lord, I was attentive enough to him as you bade me, while he lived, and when he died I made him a proper funeral, and, if you please, let us go and see his grave." The count was astounded, but said nothing of what he had seen, and after visiting the tomb went back to the hut, and finding nothing but the empty building, rejoiced that he had beheld Christ. This, King Louis, son of Louis the Fat, told our king after the death of this Theobald.

#### VI. OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS, KING OF THE ENGLISH.<sup>1</sup>

William II,<sup>2</sup> King of England, the worst of kings, who drove Anselm from the see of Kent, when smitten by the just judgement of God by the arrow that flieth, because he had given himself over to the demon that walketh by noonday, at whose beck he had lived, lightened the world of an evil load; and it is to be noted that it happened in the wood of the New Forest, which he had himself taken away from God and men to devote it to beasts and sport with hounds; from it he uprooted thirty-six mother churches and delivered their population to exile. The adviser of that piece of folly was Walter Tyrel,<sup>3</sup> knight of Achères (?), near Pontoise in France, who, not of his own will, but of the Lord's, put him out of the way by the stroke of an arrow, which pierced a wild beast and fell on a monster hateful to God.

Early on the day he was shot he told a dream of his to Gundulf,<sup>4</sup> Bishop of Rochester, in these terms: "In a beautiful forest,

<sup>1</sup> Fragment XIX consists of this chapter. Written as late as 1193.

<sup>2</sup> The stories which clustered around the tragic death of Rufus (August 2, 1100) are fully analysed by Freeman in his *William Rufus*, notably in Appendix SS. It was, of course, his father, William I, who had made the New Forest.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Lord of Poix in the county of Amiens and Castellan of Pontoise. See Round, *Feudal England*, 468–479, and Le Prevost's edition of *Ord. Vit.* iv. 86.—L.

<sup>4</sup> Bishop of Rochester from 1077 to 1108. Cf. Gir. Cambr., *de Instr. Princ.*, iii. 30.

after long chasing of beasts, I went into a very fine chapel, and saw therein a naked man lying on the altar, whose face and all whose flesh was so delectable to look upon that it might suffice for food and drink to the whole world for ever. And so I ate up the middle finger of his right hand, the which he suffered with the greatest patience and with a calm countenance : and from him I went back forthwith to the beasts, and in a short while was an hungered and returned and took hold of the hand whereof I had taken the finger. But he, who was before more beautiful than the angels, snatched that hand to him so quickly and looked down on me in so great wrath, changing his angel's face into an horror so unbearable, and an anger so unspeakable, that from the corrugation of that visage there might ensue the undoing, not of one man only, but of all the world. And he said to me, ' From henceforth thou shalt eat of me no more.' " Whereat Gundulf wept and said : " The forest is the realm of England : the beasts are those innocents whom the Lord hath delivered to thee to keep, and whereas thou art a minister ordained of God that through thee they should enjoy peace and quiet to His honour and praise, thou according to thy wicked will, being not their lord but their servant, dost tear, devour and destroy them, as if they were fruit set before thee. The chapel, what is it but the church, which thou dost savagely invade, and disperse her estates for the wages, yea rather the waste, of thy knights ? That one fairer than the children of men is called the Son of the Highest, and His finger thou didst eat when thou didst so devour the blessed man Anselm, that great member of the Lord's body, that he is no more to be seen in his office. Whereas thou didst go forth and again return in hunger, this signifieth that thou hast still the intent to tear the Lord yet worse in His members. In that He violently snatched away His hand from thee and changed His face as it were from light to darkness : the light signifieth that He is sweet and kind and of great mercy to all them that call upon Him : but thou hast not called upon Him, but as far as lay in thee hast strangled Him. Whereas in that countenance the fair colour was changed, thou wast the cause : He is wroth and is become terrible, and now imputeth it to thee that thou didst disdainfully reject Him when He was able to be appeased ; and whereas He said, ' Thou shalt not eat '—thou art already judged, and the

power to do evil is wholly taken from thee. Turn thou, even though it be late, for death is at thy doors." The king believed him not ; and on the same day, in the forest which he took from God, he was slain by the aforesaid Walter Tyrel, and by his own people stripped quite naked. A countryman moved with pity, and not knowing who he was, laid him on a rough mean cart and thought to carry him to Winchester ; but when he reached it, and did not find the man he had been carrying, he discovered the body foul with mud in a pond he had passed, and so brought it to burial.

On the same day, to Peter de Meluis, a man of the parts about Exeter, there appeared a being, ugly and foul, holding a bloody dart, who ran by, saying : " This dart went through your king to-day."

This king had conferred on his knights many possessions of the church which he had wrung by unjust means from the prelates : he was close with his own substance and lavish with other people's.

On the day of his death the lord Abbot of Cluny revealed it to Anselm, who was in exile and was staying with him.

Now Henry, the younger brother of this same king, was at London, anxiously devising to become king, and had none of the bishops to help him, partly because his elder brother, Robert, was at Jerusalem, partly because Anselm, whom they feared with good reason, was still in exile. Gerard,<sup>1</sup> however, the disgraceful Bishop of Hereford, crowned him, having got his promise, under oath, of the first archbishopric that fell vacant. The people, who saw and knew Henry to be just and valiant, agreed with the nobles then present, and acclaimed him ; and there was none to dissent. Then Alured Archbishop of York died—a distinguished man who had manfully withstood King William aforesaid, and was almost the only man who preserved his church whole and uninjured by him, while the rest were torn to pieces. Now came Gerard to

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Hereford from 1096 to 1101. He is called " disgraceful " as the persistent opponent of Anselm and supporter of the claims of the crown in the investitures dispute. There is no reason to accept Map's story of a bargain with the king, for, though Gerard was pretty certainly present at the coronation (August 5, 1100), the officiating bishop was Maurice of London. Anselm was in exile, and Thomas (not Alfred) of York was probably too infirm to attend. On the death of Thomas (November 18, 1100), Gerard succeeded him ; he died suddenly, while sleeping in his garden, on May 21, 1108.—L.

King Henry to claim his promise. But the king, repenting of his simoniacal entry, offered him to enrich the bishopric of Hereford with estates up to the value of the archbishopric of York and to give it a perpetual liberty as great as that owned by the bishopric of Durham,<sup>1</sup> in which no officer of the king can do or attempt any act—all powers and all rights belong to the bishop. But Gerard, full of the devil, scorned all offers, became archbishop, and was guilty of many harsh and merciless acts. However, one day after supper at Southwell he laid himself down among his clerks upon a precious carpet and a silken pillow, went to sleep, and gave up the ghost.

But King Henry prospered in the kingdom, and though his entry into it had been faulty, he surpassed all his predecessors in the tranquillity of his rule, in his wealth, and in the great sums he laid out all over Christendom. Thrice in the year he clad Louis, King of France, and several of his princes. He had a register of all the earls and barons of his land, and appointed for them at his coming or during the stay of his court certain presents with which he honoured them, of candles, bread and wine. Every youth on this side the Alps whom he heard of as desiring the renown of a good start in life, he enrolled in his household, and any who had a smaller yearly allowance than 100 shillings received that sum by the hand of his messenger; and whenever it happened that he was sent for by the king he received at his coming a shilling for every day after he left his residence.

Now this was the king's guise of life in his kingdom. He arranged with great precision, and publicly gave notice of, the days of his travelling and of his stay, with the number of days and the names of the villis, so that every one might know without the chance of a mistake the course of his living, month by month. Nothing was done without preparation, or without previous arrangement, or in a hurry: everything was managed as befitted a king and with proper control. Hence there was eager sailing from the parts beyond sea to his court, of merchants with wares and luxuries for sale, and likewise from all parts of England, so that nowhere save about the king, wherever he went, were there plentiful markets.

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Durham had exclusive jurisdiction within the county from the Norman Conquest until modern times.—L.



His greatest glory he reckoned to be in the keeping of peace and in the wealth of his subjects. He would have no man to feel the want of justice or of peace. To further the ease of every one he arranged that on vacation days he would allow access to his presence, either in a great house or in the open, up to the sixth hour. At that time he would have with him the earls, barons, and noble vavasours. The young people of his household, however, were not with him before dinner, nor the seniors after it; except such as might make their way in at their own choice, either to learn or to give instruction. And when this orderly method became known all over the world, his court was desired as much as others are shunned, and it was famous and frequented. Oppressors, whether lords or subordinates, were bridled. All covetousness held its hand—covetousness which was once the blemish, and is now the rule, of the white monks. No one but an idiot was poor in those days. Food and drink were supplied more lavishly than they were used. Whoever made it his object to live at the expense of others was maintained everywhere so kindly that in no place need he blush for his mean state. When any earl or one of the great nobles fell, as a result of a judgement, into the king's mercy, as the phrase goes, a hundred shillings were reckoned a great deal for him to give, and that he paid within three years; and anyone who was "set in mercy" enjoyed peace in the King's Courts in respect of all charges previously incurred. For this reason many committed offences in order to fall into mercy, and took pleasure in being held therein.

Now King Henry was King of England, Duke of Normandy, Count of Brittany, "Consul" of Maine, Lord of Scotland, Galloway, and the whole English island; and all these he governed as strongly and as providently as a good householder would rule a single house. Out of the Abbey of nuns at Winchester he took a holy nun and one who had taken the veil, the sister of David, King of Scotland,<sup>1</sup> to wife to the nuptial couch: to which Rome said neither yes nor no, but suffered it. By her he had a son, who when grown to youth

<sup>1</sup> Edith (afterwards known as Matilda), daughter of Malcolm Canmore of Scotland and niece of Edgar Atheling, who married Henry I on November 11, 1100, had been an inmate of the Benedictine nunnery of Romsey, near Winchester, where her aunt, Christina, was a nun. But she seems to have satisfied Anselm that she had never actually taken religious vows.—L.

was drowned <sup>1</sup> in the sea at Ras Ste Barbe, and a daughter, Matilda,<sup>2</sup> who married Henry, Emperor of the Romans; he died without issue, and she was given by her father to Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, to whom she bore three sons, Henry, Geoffrey, and William, all very strong men; but the two younger were quickly taken away.

Henry, the first-born of Geoffrey, was two years old when his grandfather King Henry died, who was succeeded in the kingdom by Stephen, his nephew by his sister and Stephen, Count of Blois; he was a man distinguished for skill in arms, but in other respects almost a fool, save that he was rather inclined to the side of evil. Under him the realm was almost quiescent for two years, but in the third Robert, son of King Henry, and Earl of Gloucester, perceiving the king's incompetence, at the instigation and by the wise counsel of Milo,<sup>3</sup> afterwards Earl of Hereford, summoned Matilda and her son Henry from Anjou to take the kingdom, and by the wisdom and valour of Milo they forced King Stephen to this arrangement, that he should swear the kingdom to Henry and hold it himself till his decease; and within the third year he died, and was buried at Faversham,<sup>4</sup> in an abbey of black monks founded by him. To him Henry, son of Matilda, succeeded, and upon him Alienor, queen of the French,<sup>5</sup> the wife of the most pious Louis, cast her unchaste eyes, and contrived an unrighteous divorce, and married him, though she was secretly reputed to have shared the couch of Louis with his father Geoffrey. Hence it is presumed that their offspring, tainted at the source, came to nought.

→ Henry himself was about twenty years old when he began

<sup>1</sup> William was drowned in the wreck of the White Ship off the Raz (now La Pointe) de Barfleur (anciently, Barbaflot, or Barbari Fluctus), on November 25, 1120.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Married the Emperor Henry V in 1114, and, after his death in 1125, Geoffrey le Bel, Count of Anjou, in 1129. By her second husband she had (1) Henry, born in 1133, died in 1189; (2) Geoffrey, born in 1134, died without issue in 1158; (3) William, born in 1136, died without issue in 1164.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Miles of Gloucester, created Earl of Hereford by Matilda in 1141, died in 1143, long before the Treaty of Wallingford between Stephen and Henry.—L.

<sup>4</sup> Stephen founded the Abbey of Faversham, Kent, in 1147.—L.

<sup>5</sup> Eleanor, heiress of William X, Duke of Aquitaine, married Louis VII in 1137. The marriage proved unhappy, and in March, 1152, it was, to the satisfaction of both parties, declared void by a Church council, on the ground of consanguinity. Immediately afterwards Eleanor married Henry, the future King of England.—L.

to reign, and he reigned thirty-six years unconquered and undismayed, save by the sorrows which his sons occasioned him, and these, they say, he could not bear with patience, and died of the rancour they caused him. But this same king had caused the most pious Louis many vexations, besides the injury I have mentioned, and, as is believed, the Lord remembered these sternly, unto vengeance both upon himself and upon his sons.

I saw the beginning of his reign and his subsequent life, which in many respects was commendable. He was a little taller than the tallest men of middle height, and was blessed with soundness of limb and comeliness of face, one, in fact, whom men flocked to gaze upon, though they had scrutinized him a thousand times already. In agility of limb he was second to none, failing in no feat which anyone else could perform ; with no polite accomplishment was he unacquainted ; he had skill of letters as far as was fitting or practically useful, and had a knowledge of all the tongues used from the French sea to the Jordan, but spoke only Latin and French. He had discretion in the making of laws and the ordering of all his government, and was a clever deviser of decisions in unusual and dark cases : affable, sober, and modest : tolerant of the discomforts of dust and mud ; when oppressed by importunate complaints or provoked by abuse, bearing it all in silence. On the other hand, he was always on the move, travelling in unbearably long stages, like a post, and in this respect merciless beyond measure to the household that accompanied him : a great connoisseur of hounds and hawks, and most greedy of that vain sport : perpetually wakeful and at work. When troubled by erotic dreams he would curse his body which neither toil nor abstinence could avail to tame or reduce. From that time we used to ascribe his exertions, not to fickleness, but to his fear of growing too fat.

I have heard that his mother's teaching was to this effect, that he should spin out all the affairs of every one, hold long in his own hand all posts that fell in, take the revenues of them, and keep the aspirants to them hanging on in hope : and she supported this advice by this unkind parable : an unruly hawk, if meat is often offered to it and then snatched away or hid, becomes keener and more inclinably obedient and attentive. He ought also to be much in his chamber and little in public : he should never confer anything

on anyone at the recommendation of any person, unless he had seen and learnt about it: with much more of the worst kind. And I confidently impute to this teaching all the points in which the king was vexatious.

At the beginning of his reign a common wanton (who shrank from no impurity) fathered upon him a son of low origin named Geoffrey,<sup>1</sup> whom he accepted improperly and with little discretion as his son, and so far promoted him that at this day he is Archbishop of York. His mother's name was Ykenai. This man gathered to himself all the troublesome habits of his putative father which I have described, and so few of the good ones that there are continual enmities of his canons against him, and *vice versa*; for he is full of faults and devoid of character.

You may also like to hear of the mother of this said king of ours, that she was the daughter of an excellent prince, and of the holy Queen Matilda, and the mother of a good king, but herself, midway between the good, most evil. Her father Henry gave her in marriage to the Emperor of the Romans,<sup>2</sup> who had with his own hand beheaded his younger brother, the King of Italy,<sup>3</sup> when taken in battle, and from lust of power had cast down his own father from his empire, so that afterwards in his poverty he was maintained by the commons of some secular canons in his realm. To these sins of her said husband Matilda was the means of adding that he extorted from all the dukes, princes, bishops and archbishops of his empire cities and castles to be held in his own hand; and whomsoever he could not subdue by commands he tried to overcome in battle. The Duke of Bavaria and Saxony<sup>4</sup> alone withstood him and drew up his whole force against him; battle was given, and neither side retired or forced a retirement.

<sup>1</sup> Only Map gives any account of Geoffrey's mother, or casts any doubt upon his paternity. Henry acknowledged him in 1154, and in 1173 procured him the bishopric of Lincoln; the long delay in his consecration amounted to a scandal and, at last, on January 6, 1182, he resigned the see, having received instead from the king the office of Chancellor.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Henry V revolted against his father, Henry IV, in 1104, and brought about his abdication in 1105. The ex-emperor was supported by the Bishop of Liège until his death in 1106.—L.

<sup>3</sup> Conrad, crowned at Milan in 1093, died a natural death at Florence on July 27, 1101.—L.

<sup>4</sup> These duchies were not united until the death of the emperor Lothair in 1137. Lothair, Duke of Saxony under Henry V, is probably intended.—L.

The mutual carnage lasted a long day near the end of June from morning to midnight: many thousands were wiped out, and but a few of the cowardly and useless withdrew from each other. And as the remnant despaired of being able to bury the corpses, they were left to wolves and dogs and birds and corruption, and the stench of them made a solitude all round about.

Now on that day the Lord pricked the heart of the aforesaid emperor, and by His grace set it before his eyes that covetousness had driven him to slay his brother and banish his father, and also to that present slaughter which was not to be numbered, and was deplorable to the whole world. And he repented earnestly of his evil deeds and went out and wept bitterly, and by the help of a chamberlain, no chamberer, but wise and faithful, he first feigned illness and closed his doors, and at last announced his death, and in penitence proscribed himself and slipped out into voluntary exile.<sup>1</sup> The chamberlain had procured a corpse to fill his place, and had it shrouded richly and perfumed it with spices, and so had it buried with imperial pomp. But Henry himself went forth, wandering in body but stable in soul, nor could the benefit of this great deception be wholly concealed (for he had been to all appearance a noble man), nor the righteous intrigue. In many places many men appeared who declared themselves to be that emperor, and asserted the feigning of his death (after his decease, or rather withdrawal) in order to gain honour: and many were found to be deceivers. At Cluny, however, one very like him, it was said, was taken in—poor in garb, in speech very perplexing, so that from his mouth neither certainty could be made out. The abbot maintained him with decency as is the manner at Cluny. It happened that a Dom of Cluny, a German prior, came there, and the lord abbot sent him to this man with instructions to see him and report if he had seen him *before*. The prior took with him his nephew, a young man who had been long with the emperor, and he on seeing the man at once said that he was a deceiver and impostor. The other quickly, without blenching, and confident, dealt him a great buffet, and said: "It is true that you were

<sup>1</sup> Among other places, it was believed that Henry V ended his days and was buried at Chester. See *Annales Cestrienses*, ed. R. C. Christie, 1887, p. 18.—L.

with me, but you were always a traitor, and in one of your treacheries you were caught, but escaped; only one of the guards threw a dart and pierced your right foot, and the wound of it or the scar must still show. You servants, seize that liar, and you will see." And indeed the scar was to be seen; but the young man said: "My lord, whom this man pretends to be, had a particularly long right arm, so that when he stood at his full height he could cover his right knee with the palm of his hand." The man at once rose and accomplished this. For some little time after this demonstration he was maintained with respect, but eventually proved to be an impostor.

But, to return to the subject from which I digressed, that is, to King Henry the Second. This same King Henry was a man of many and large and fat almsdeeds, but in secret, lest it should be known to his left hand what his right hand gave. The Bishop of Accaron<sup>1</sup> was sent from Jerusalem to seek aid against Saladin, and with the kings of the French and the English were assembled the princes of each, and he pleaded for that land and besought contributions. The King of the French, as being then but a boy, urged the King of England in friendly wise to speak first, and he answered: "I have purposed when I have opportunity to visit the holy places and the sepulchre of Christ, but until that can be done I will help him according to my power; for it is plain that only an urgent and anxious emergency can have sent forth a messenger of such eminence. I will send thither by him and by my own people 60,000 marks this time." What he said he fulfilled within a month, not vexing anyone then or afterwards by exactions or demands—as many do wring from their subjects when they spend on prelates. But the King of France, as if struck by an arrow, and all his princes, were dumb, and neither the king himself nor any of the rest after hearing such an exalted utterance dared promise anything. This happened at Senlis. These 60,000 marks that Bishop of Acre (which was of old called Accaron) conveyed

<sup>1</sup> It was Archbishop William of Tyre who attended the conference between Henry II and Philip Augustus held in January, 1188, between Gisors and Trie and persuaded the two kings to sink their private quarrels and take the Cross. The "Saladin tithe," for the expenses of the crusade, was levied in both kingdoms. The Bishop of Acre had been in England in 1183 (Eyton, *Itinerary of Henry II*, p. 252).—L.

to Tyre (which was formerly Syria). For before he arrived Jerusalem and Acre had been taken, and with those marks Tyre and the rest of the land of Jerusalem was defended by the hand of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat<sup>1</sup>: later on two assassins slew him in the court of their camp in the presence of Philip, King of the French, and Richard, king of the English. King Richard immediately had them hewn in pieces. The French say that Richard himself got this done out of envy, and that he procured the death of Boniface.

Now the aforesaid King Henry II was distinguished by many good traits and blemished by some few faults. There is a fault which, as I have already said, he contracted from his mother's teaching: he is wasteful of time over the affairs of his people, and so it comes about that many die before they get their matters settled, or leave the court depressed and penniless, driven by hunger. Another fault is that when he makes a stay anywhere (away from home), which rarely occurs, he does not allow himself to be seen as honest men would have him do, but shuts himself up within, and is only accessible to those who seem unworthy of such ready access. There is a third fault, that he is intolerant of quiet and does not in pity refrain from troubling almost the half of Christendom. In these three ways he goes wrong: in other respects he is very good, and in all amiable. There does not seem to be anyone beside him possessed of such good temper and affability. Whatever way he goes out he is seized upon by the crowds and pulled hither and thither, pushed whither he would not, and, surprising to say, listens to each man with patience, and though assaulted by all with shouts and pullings and rough pushings, does not challenge anyone for it, nor show any appearance of anger, and when he is hustled beyond bearing silently retreats to some place of quiet. He does nothing in a proud or overbearing fashion, is sober, modest, pious, trustworthy and careful, generous and successful, and ready to honour the deserving.

<sup>1</sup> Boniface, king of Thessalonica from 1204 to 1207, is here substituted for his brother Conrad, who was accepted as king of Jerusalem in 1192, but was almost at once assassinated by the agents of the Old Man of the Mountain. [The sentence which mentions Boniface must be a later addition by Map. —M.R.J.] The innocence of Richard in the matter is not quite clear (see Gibbon, chap. lix.); Philip had left Palestine many months previously.—L.

Some time ago I crossed the Channel with him with twenty-five ships which had the obligation of carrying him over without payment. But a storm scattered them all and drove them upon rocks and shores unmeet for ships, except his own, which by God's grace was conveyed into harbour. So in the morning he sent, and to each sailor restored the estimated amount of his loss, though he was not obliged to do so; and the whole sum came to a large amount; and perhaps there have been kings who have not paid even their just debts (*or* perhaps another king might not have paid even a just debt).

It was the custom of our court that sealed briefs containing their names and duties were drawn up and delivered to the ministers of the court gratis. Now the king's dispenser laid an information against a sealer, that he had refused to deliver him a brief containing his name and duties without payment. Turstin Fitz (Simon)<sup>1</sup> was the dispenser, Adam of Yarmouth<sup>2</sup> the sealer. The court after hearing them was in doubt and called in the king; he first heard Turstin, and then Adam, who said: "I had received some guests, and I sent a man to beg the lord Turstin to give me two cakes of your own royal sort. He answered, 'No.' Afterwards, when he wanted his brief, I remembered that 'No,' and in like manner I said, 'No.'" The king decided against him who had said "No" first. He made Adam sit at the bench with the seal and Turstin's brief placed before him; and he compelled Turstin to put off his mantle, and on bended knee present Adam with two royal cakes, decently wrapped in a white napkin, and when the present had been received ordered Adam to deliver him the brief, and so reconciled them; and he added that his officers ought not only to help each other from their own stock or the treasury, but also to help anyone of the household, and even outsiders who were pressed by necessity. This I thought was a genial act.

But nowadays even smarter things are done, in the opinion of those who now have the doing of them.

William de Tankerville,<sup>3</sup> great chamberlain to the king by

<sup>1</sup> Hereditary "dispenser" to Henry II. For his family and personal history, see Round, *The King's Serjeants* (1911), 186-193.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Employed as a travelling justice in 1169 and 1173 (Round, *ibid.*).—L.

<sup>3</sup> Son of Rabel de Tankerville and hereditary chamberlain of Normandy.—L.



tenure, a man noble in race, unique in warcraft, splendid in strength, in worth a very death to the envious, became suspect to our king, through the accusations of many persons. Still, the king often heard of him as victor in many encounters, heard that he was a father to his knights, and bread to the needy, that he was one who could turn the hearts of all, save only those of the envious, to his will, and that he was acceptable and dear to the King of the French and to others of whom he stood in awe. He persecuted this good man much, pulled down all his fortresses by way of breaking his horns short, denied him his due legal rights and liberties, and gave unreasonable power over his possessions to his enviers. He, however, concealed his feelings, and endured with correctness what he had to bear. Now it happened that the feast of Christmas was proclaimed with much heralding to be kept by the lord king at Caen.<sup>1</sup> So a great concourse of people, alike strangers and natives, assembled, the principal of whom were the king and his son, that wonderful King Henry, and a third Henry, the Duke of Saxony and Bavaria (then an exile), son-in-law to our king, Richard, Count of Poitou, who is now king, Geoffrey his brother, Duke of Brittany, and a great many bishops, together with the province-ful of counts and barons. So then when on the feast of the Nativity some one was attending on the lord king to pour water on his hands, lo! through the midst of the crowd came the aforesaid William—being the great chamberlain—escorted as was his wont by a number of knights, and casting off his cloak in the way proper for ministers, seized the silver basins and pulled them violently towards him. The other kept hold of them with difficulty, and looked at the king, who bade him let them go, and received patiently the robbed water. William, after giving water to him, to his sons and to the Duke of Saxony, handed the basins to a follower of his own and went to take his seat. There was great surprise at this, and the officer of the king's bedchamber instantly demanded the basins, but the king sent him off, and bore all without appearing to perceive any offence. On the following night, some of those who hated William were busy about the king, and there were many who set his robbery, done on that solemn day at the king's own table, above all his other excesses, and declared the king himself a peace-maker (paci-

<sup>1</sup> This was in 1182. See Eyton's *Itinerary*.—L.

ficist), and no punisher of wrong, and whatever else was calculated to enrage him. Thence they went about the lodgings of the princes, doing as they had done at the king's, nor would they desist—or else they could not, for envy has no rest and Judas no sleep. On the morrow the chiefs took their places, and the seneschal of Normandy<sup>1</sup> set forth before all the king's quarrel against William, loading and aggravating it as much as he knew how. William then rose, denied the robbery, and added: "We all know and none of us doubts that our lord the king and the present court favour justice and do not favour any violation of rule; for those who punish crimes and robbery must hate that which they prosecute. Force I did bring to bear, not violence. What indeed can be done without force? Yet it was with a just force and of right that I, the great chamberlain of our lord the king, seized the basins which the other my subordinate tried to wring from me with unjust violence. That I am in consequence a robber, as this seneschal of my lord the king's asserts, I deny, for I justly took what law (right) assigns to me. When my father founded an abbey in honour of St. George at Tanquerville,<sup>2</sup> he placed in it the basins which he had taken of his right without contention from the hands of King Henry I, and they still witness to it there, and in like manner others at the monastery of St. Barbara<sup>3</sup> testify the same. But if credit is not given to monuments of such weight, if any man takes upon him to oppose himself as adversary to my right, I am ready to defend it by whatever form of force or valour this court shall decide, appointing no man in my stead, but in my own person. As for the fact that many have undeservedly denounced me to my lord as a criminal, and have mightily aggravated his wrath against me, I am in no fear. I know that no anger can pervert his judgement. Perhaps there are here many who secretly intrigue against me. I wish they would try it openly, and submit that which they privily whisper to the just judgement of this Court, so unique, so select as it is. Our lord the king and his princes know how, when he

<sup>1</sup> William fitz Ralph, seneschal from 1178 to 1200 (Haskins, *Norman Institutions*, p. 183).—L.

<sup>2</sup> The reference appears to be to the Abbey of St. George at Boscherville, near Rouen, a foundation of the Tancarville family.—L.

<sup>3</sup> The priory of St. Barbe-en-Auge (Calvados), for Austin Canons, also a Tancarville house.—L.

had brought Poitou to peace after the death of that famous Patrick,<sup>1</sup> I held it and made it obey his commands, whereas the poet says :

Not less is the valour that keeps than that which achieves a conquest.<sup>2</sup>

Always have I and mine fought for my lord at our own charges, and have resigned what he honourably offered us, and whenever an emergency summoned us to attack or defend, we were in every engagement ahead of, or at least equal with, the first *comers*. Let not the king think, however—as my service has been tested often and so much—that I have uttered this in pride or arrogance. You are listening to a man who has been accused and is speaking in wrath before those who envy and slander him, who exalts himself for his deserts, not proudly, not for boasting's sake, not idly, but that I may challenge the sycophants who are before me and hear these words, that if they possess aught of merit or true cause of boasting, they may tell it openly, and allege on their own behalf good deeds which cannot be denied, or at least desist from secretly persecuting those whom they fear to imitate or to listen to openly.” This speech was followed by a great murmuring, and all faces were intent upon him. But the king said : “ I will that a just judgement be given upon what has been said, that nothing unfair be decreed out of affection or dislike. And I beg you to recollect in this case that when my lord king Louis and I were settled in my lodging at Paris, my cupbearer standing by me, William Earl of Arundel<sup>3</sup> (*Hyrundella*), fresh from his return from Jerusalem, whom none of us had seen for three years past, suddenly entered the house, briefly saluted us, quickly threw off his fleecy cloak—what they call a *sclavina*—and hastily clutched the vessel of wine. The cupbearer resisted him, but he, tall and strong as he was, knocked him down with a push, and on bent knee before the lord king of the French said : ‘ My lord king, what I am doing here is no outrage or contempt of your honour. My lord the king knows that by the right of my ancestors I am the chief and first of the

<sup>1</sup> Earl Patrick of Salisbury, who was killed by Guy of Lusignan on March 27, 1168, as he was on his way home from Compostella.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid, *Ar. Am.*, ii. 13.

<sup>3</sup> Hereditary cupbearer to the king, created Earl by Stephen, faithful to Henry in 1173 and died in 1176. Henry was at Paris in September, 1158 (Eyton); hence the absence referred to would fall within the years 1155-8.—L.

cupbearers ; but this man whom I have knocked down has arrogantly assumed to himself my right, which he ought to have offered me without my asking.' Thus did and thus said that William, and from that great Court he brought away the reputation of courtesy, and not of presumption. And I remind you of this, to the end that you may learn from another instance, and that the sentence of our Court may be not over-lenient to this William out of affection for any, nor over-strict from dislike of any : let that which you have heard be weighed in a just balance, that though this Court may seem inferior to that other, it may not be judged less fair." Since therefore no one opposed his right, William held it by the verdict of all. This piece of courtesy in our king I add to the rest, that it may be plain to all that even to those whom he disliked he observed mercy in his wrath.

A clever workman had taken an impression of the king's seal in pitch, and had made a copper seal so exactly like it that no one could see the difference. When this became known to the king, he ordered the man to be hanged : but he saw a venerable man, good and virtuous, the brother of the criminal, weeping with covered head, and was straightway overcome with pity, and made more account of the goodness of the virtuous man than of the villainy of the culprit, and with tears restored joy to the tearful one. However, when the thief was set free, he ordered him to be confined in a monastery, lest his pity should appear more indulgent than was right.

This lord king was served by a certain clerk, who has written these matters for you, whose surname was Map. He was dear and acceptable to the king, not for his own merits, but for those of his forebears who had been faithful and useful to the king, both before his accession and after it. The king had also a son named Geoffrey born to him, if it be lawful to say so, of a common woman named Hikenai (as was hinted before), and him he acknowledged as his own, contrary to his honour and to the wish of everyone. Between this man and Map quarrels often arose on slight provocation, both in the king's presence and elsewhere. The king had him elected to the see of Lincoln, and he kept that bishopric longer than he should, though the lord pope often pressed him either to resign it or to be ordained bishop : he vacillated long, and would

not do either or both. So the king, who beheld with anxiety so great a territory encumbered by such a *barren* figtree, compelled him to take one or other course. He elected to resign. And resign he did,<sup>1</sup> at Marlborough, where there is a spring of which they say that whoever tastes it speaks bad French ; hence when anyone speaks that tongue faultily, we say that he is speaking Marlborough French. Map therefore, when he had heard Geoffrey say the words of resignation to lord Richard of Canterbury and the lord Archbishop asked him : " What are your words ? " (wishing him to repeat what he had said, so that all might hear), and he held his tongue, and the Archbishop asked again : " What are your words ? " Map answered for him : " Marlborough French." Everyone else laughed, but he went off in a rage.

In the year immediately preceding his resignation he had with hard exaction, not like a shepherd but with violence, demanded from all the churches of his diocese tithes of all their incomings, and had assessed each one, and was extorting tithes according to his own estimate : and from Map's church, which was called Ashwell,<sup>2</sup> he proudly and swaggeringly ordered four marks to be paid him, at the rate at which he was plundering the rest. Map would not pay, but complained to our lord the king, who took that elect one into an inner chamber and chastised him in fit phrase and with a notable thrashing, that thenceforth he should not vex the clerks in any way. Returning thence, soundly cudgelled, he hinted many a threat at all the members of the Court, and particularly at his accuser : and happening to meet him, he swore by the faith he owed the king his father that he would use him hardly. But Map, who knew that in his oaths he always used his father's name and also boastfully added " the king " thereto, said : " My lord, the apostle Paul says, ' Be ye imitators of God, as dear children.' Now our God, the Son of God, often used to name Himself by His weaker part and call Himself the Son of Man, saying nothing of the godhead of His Father. I wish you with like humility would sometimes swear by the profession of your mother, and keep back

<sup>1</sup> Geoffrey's final resignation was at Marlborough on January 6, 1182 (Eyton).—L.

<sup>2</sup> There are two churches of this name in the ancient diocese of Lincoln, one to the north of Oakham, Rutland, and one to the north of Baldock, Herts.—L.

your father's royalty. That is the proper way to imitate God, who never did anything in arrogance." Then he, shaking his head after his wont in royal fashion, roared out threatenings. Map added: "I observe that I have corrected you *with the same success* as the archbishop did his wife." "What was that?" said one of the bystanders. Map whispered in his ear that the archbishop's wife when in bed with him, snored, and when the archbishop hit her, snored again. The Elect, on hearing this, raged and scolded as if he had suffered the worst of injuries.

On the day of this man's resignation the lord king made him happy by the gift of his Chancery, and hung his seal about the neck of the joyful recipient. He showed it to the aforesaid Map, and said: "So far everything has come to you at your call from the Seal gratis, but from this moment not the very least brief shall you have, but you shall pay fourpence for it." To him, Map: "Thank God! this step-up of yours is a gain to me. Some people's hurt is others' health: last year you wanted four marks; now it is four-pence."

After this, however, when we were in Anjou (Angers), and this royal person had seen Walter of Coutances<sup>1</sup> summoned to Lord Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, to be consecrated to the bishopric which he himself had resigned, envy opened his eyes, and he was dumbfounded, and eventually collecting his wits, he appealed. The lord king soothed him, and promised him the revenues which he had lost by the election. But he, who then saw for the first time that with the bishopric he had irrevocably lost everything (pined) for revenge. And catching sight of Map, who was canon of the prebend at London,<sup>2</sup> which he had formerly enjoyed, he shouted at him (*or* kept repeating): "You shall give me back my prebend, whether you will or no." Map: "Nay, with the best of will, if you can devise any way of recovering all that you have lost for nothing."

<sup>1</sup> Consecrated Bishop of Lincoln at Angers, on July 3, 1183, by Archbishop Richard of Canterbury, in the presence of Henry II and his sons, Richard and Geoffrey.—L.

<sup>2</sup> That of Mapesbury, a prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral.

VII. A RECAPITULATION OF THE BEGINNING OF THIS BOOK,  
DIFFERING IN EXPRESSION BUT NOT IN SUBSTANCE.<sup>1</sup>

Augustine says : " In time I am and of time I speak, and what time is I know not." With like wonderment I may say that in the Court I am and of the Court I speak, and what it is I understand not. I know, however, that it is not time. Temporal indeed it is, unstable and various, stationary and wandering, and in the diversity of its composition often unlike itself. We withdraw from it often, and return, as the requirements of circumstances dictate either course. When we leave it we know it thoroughly ; if we stand out of it for a year, a new face meets us on our return, and we ourselves are new. We find natives ousted by strangers and masters by their servants. The Court indeed is the same, but the members of it are changed. Porphyry says that a *genus* is a plurality standing in a certain relation to a single principle. The Court is certainly not a *genus*, though it be something of the kind : for we are a plurality standing in a certain relation to the lord king, inasmuch as it strives to please him alone. It is written of fortune that only in mobility is she stable. The Court is not fortune, yet it is unchangeably in movement.

Hell, they say, is a place of punishment. Whatever contains anything else within it is a place. So too the Court is a place ; but is it one of punishment ? Of a truth it is, and only in this respect milder than hell, in that those whom it torments are able to die. Macrobius asserts that it was the opinion of the most ancient *philosophers* that hell was nothing else but the human body, whereinto the soul being cast suffers the foulness of darkness and the horror of filth ; and of all the punishments which are reputed in fables to have been in hell, they tried to find a place for every one in the sepulchre of the human body.<sup>2</sup> But this, since it is lengthy to go through and may easily be found elsewhere, we leave aside. Yet if the human body can by any simile be called the prison and chaos of the soul, why should not the Court be called the prison of body and soul alike ?

Styx hate : heat Phlegethon : forgetfulness Lethe :

Cocytus wailing : Acheron standing for sadness :

<sup>1</sup> Fragment XX : really a first draft of the Introduction. Date, 1181.

<sup>2</sup> Macrobius in *Somn. Scip.*, i. 10, 9, 10.

All are in our Court. In these the outpourings of punishments are mingled together ; in these are all manner of crimes chastised. There is no transgression for which in these rivers vengeance also does not meet its mate. Every wickedness finds here a hammer matched to it, so that Thy fury, O God, is seen in these rivers and Thine indignation in this sea. The Styx of the Court is the hatred inborn in us of our own or of others' fault : its Phlegethon is the heat of covetousness and wrath ; its Lethe the forgetting of the goodness of our Maker, and of the promise given in baptism ; its Cocytus the mourning inflicted on us by our excesses ; it comes in many ways, along with that Evil One whom those excesses seem to invite, who is the source of dolours and the maker of idols in them that are his. Its Acheron is sadness, whether of penitence for deed or word, or because of things desired and not attained.

But the scourges of sins and the sufferings of punishments we can here distribute, if we are permitted. Charon, the ferryman of hell, carries none over in his boat but him who gives the coin from his mouth—from his mouth, it says, not from his hand, for our ferryman is obliging if you promise, but if you give will recognize you no more. So does it often happen in other cases : at the Court the shadow takes precedence of the body, doubt of certainty, promise of gift.

Tantalus there is mocked by the flying river. We here are deceived by the good things which we touch with the tips of our fingers and which start back from them, and the profit which seemed already grasped vanishes.

Sisyphus there carries a stone from the bottom of a valley to the top of a mountain, and when it rolls back thence follows it, to carry it back that it may fall again. Here too are those who gain the height of riches and think nothing has been attained, and follow their heart, fallen back into the valley of avarice, to bring it back to a mountain yet farther off, whereon indeed it is not permitted to abide, because in hope of what is desired, what is obtained seems poor, and that heart is likened to a stone, for the Lord says : " I will take away their stony heart and give them a heart of flesh." May God so give and so do to them of the Court that they may be able to find rest on some one of the mountains.

Ixion there is rolled round on his wheel, often unlike himself,



up, down, hither and thither. We too have our Ixions, whom rolling fortune torments with their lot. They climb to glory and fall to wretchedness, when down they hope, when up they exult ; when at the bottom they mourn, when on the right hand they are in hope, when on the left they are in fear. And since on every side of the wheel there is room for fear, there is in it no place for any which is devoid of hope ; and as it is shared by hope, fear, joy and grief, it is hope alone that makes and keeps together its occupants. It is all terrible, all in fight against conscience, but none the less for that is it sought after.

Tityus lusted after Juno at the first sight, and eagerly following his unlawful desire, did not bridle the heat of his foolish liver, wherefore he is rightly punished in that same liver, which grows again to its own loss : it feeds the greedy appetite of the vultures, and though it does not fail, it is condemned not to sate them. Am not I, and perhaps some other too, a Tityus at the Court ; upon whose covetous heart vultures, that is, black passions, are set, which tear it because it has not striven, has not withstood a wrong desire ? but I am not the Tityus who did not hide from Juno the anxieties of his lustful mind. His thoughts, his acts, his words, are clean contrary to the good man who hath not walked nor stood nor sat.

The daughters of Belus strive there to fill vessels with holes in them, without bottom, which let through all liquid, and lose the draughts continually drawn from the Lethean spring. Belus is interpreted to mean manly or virtuous : this is our Father, even God. We are not His sons, for we are not virtuous, nor staunch, but rather His daughters, for, effeminate to weakness, we labour to fill, with a sieve that parts the grain from the chaff—that is, with discretion—the pierced vessels, that is, our insatiable souls, the bottom of which ambition has made unsound, which absorb like Charybdis what is poured into them, and without the appearance of being full, ever let go the useless draughts. This sieve does not strain off the troubled liquor from the clear, the thick from the bright, though it was created for that end ; nor does it hold the water of a fountain springing up unto life eternal, not the water which whosoever drinketh shall not thirst again, but the water of Lethe, which the drinker remembers not, which deadens the

T \*

throat, which makes one thirst again, which stealthily enters the very soul, mingles with it and forces it to go into the mud of the abyss.

Cerberus, the three-headed dog, is the porter there. He is tame to let men come in, in complete quiet, but when they would go out, attacks them in all his terrors, with his three-fold voice. That porter enriches the hall of Dis with eager entries, and empties it not by withdrawals; he keeps, he does not spend. The Dis of this Court, too, has criminals whom he delivers to prison, and those who in feigned sympathy with them escort them into the pit; but when by the goodness of the prince they are free to go out, these bark against them with the three ravening alarms of demand and greed for food, drink and raiment, and compel men stripped bare and despoiled of all they have, to make promises: true Cerberi, for they devour the flesh of them that are in fetters, and very dogs, knowing how to fill their triple throats from them that are in trouble. These suffer hunger like dogs, and care not whose food they snatch, nor distinguish between meat and carrion, not parting fresh from stale, nor stench from odour, and taking no thought of what is lawful.

In the sooty palace of dark Dis, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus cast lots into an urn, and are set as judges and a tribunal over the wretched souls. Evil deeds they weigh at once. Good deeds they defer or annul. If a harsh lot comes out, they punish the more harshly; if a mild one, they object and pervert it, that virtue may end in blame; if doubtful, they interpret it on the worser side. But they have earned praise for justice from their unjust lord, because they never remit aught of deserved harm. Yet it is said that if they be looked upon by those who pass by, their rigour fails as if under a spell; if not, they insist upon the crimes, they weigh evil deeds, and slaughter and destroy; good deeds they compel to slip by, and by offending God they appease the tyranny of Dis. Yet in some sort these judges are excusable, for they do but imitate the guile of their terrible prince. We too have censors under a most noble judge, and the justice of their lord reprehends their injustice, for though they are sworn before him to preserve fairness in trying men, yet, as in the case of those three clever judges of Pluto, if the guilty one look upon them he is

righteous ; if the righteous look not upon them, he is guilty. And this word "look upon" is to be glossed in the manner of the lord pope, who says: "Neither in his own person, nor by a messenger, hath he visited us nor looked upon us"—that is, "hath not given."

These, it seems, cast lots into an urn—that is, they conceal cases of causes in a wrapper, smothering the simple with charges, submitting accusations to a strict scrutiny ; of which accusations none obtains pardon save that for which Mother Purse pleads with her wrinkled mouth. She is that lady of all, who pardons crimes, justifies the wicked and wills not the death of sinners, nor without cause casts out him that cometh to her and, abiding stable, she causes movement in all.<sup>†</sup> Yet is there one place, the exchequer, in which she can do no miracles, for the glance of the just king seems ever to be fresh there. And thus it happened once that after I had heard a concise and just judgement given against a rich man in favour of a poor one, I said to Lord Randulf, the chief justice: "Although the poor man's judgement might have been put off by many quirks, he has obtained it by a happy and quick decision." "Certainly," said Randulf, "we decide causes here much quicker than your bishops do in their churches." "True," said I, "but if your king were as far off from you as the pope is from the bishops, I think you would be quite as slow as they." He laughed, and did not say no. I do not say that those whom the king has chosen to be the chiefs of all are purse-men, but those whom covetousness and procurations have led to their own *rostra* ; nor is it surprising that those whom Simon has promoted to rule, swear by Simon. It is the wont of merchants to sell what they buy.

A strong proof and argument of the justice of our king is, that whoever has a good case is anxious to try it before him ; whoever has a bad one will not come to him unless he is dragged. I speak of King Henry II, whom Spain chose to be the arbiter of an old and fierce dispute that was waged between the kings of Toledo and of Navarre,<sup>‡</sup> whereas it was from old time the custom of all realms to choose the Court of Rome and prefer it to all others ;

<sup>†</sup> Boeth. *Cons. Phil.*, iii., met. 9, 3.

<sup>‡</sup> On March 13, 1177, in a great council at London, Henry II issued his award in the arbitration between Alfonso IX of Castile and Sancho VI of Navarre.—L.

but now our Court, that of our king, has been deservedly preferred to all, and the old cause was neatly decided. And yet, though he is wellnigh alone in this vale of misery in being an acceptable minister, buying and selling goes on under his wings. But unjust officers pay more respect to him than to God, for what they cannot hide from him they will do rightly against their will, but what they know to be manifest to God, they do not fear to pervert ; for God is a late avenger, the king a swift one. I am not speaking against all the judges but against the larger and insaner part of them.

You have heard of Hell and of its allegories, but the rolling flames, the clouds and stench, the hissings of serpents and vipers, the groans and tears, the filth and horror—were it permitted to expound each of these in allegory, matter would not be wanting. However, one must spare the Court ; for these things demand more space than I see is open to me. Still, from what has been said it may be inferred that the Court is a place of punishment. I do not call it Hell, but it is almost as much like Hell as a horse's shoe is like a mare's.

Yet the king of this Court, if he knows it well, is not free of blame, for he who is a rector is bound to be a corrector. But perhaps they who are set over it with him will not accuse it lest it should be made purer by him, because in muddy water they fish with more profit, and they themselves do not know what goes on under them, nor does the king himself know what they do. They that have power, saith the Lord, are called benefactors—by their flatterers, be it understood. Certainly they that have power here are more properly called venefactors (poisoners), since they oppress their inferiors and deceive their superiors that from each side they may make gain anyway. But all their villainies they hide from the king in order not to be corrected and make less profit, and not to be pulled up themselves and prevented from harming those below them. The king in his Court is like a husband who is the last to learn of the unfaithfulness of his wife. They craftily urge him out of doors to sport with hounds and hawks, that he may not see what they are doing meanwhile indoors. While they make him play, they concentrate on serious matters, they seat themselves on the bench and decide equitable and unjust causes, all to the same end. When the king returns from hunting or hawking he shows them his

bag and shares it with them, but they do not show theirs to him. For the very thing which makes them praise him openly, they condemn him in private. Is it surprising if he is deceived, who is so rich in enemies of his own household? Says Flaccus :

Poor is the house where there are not many things which the master knows not of, and by which thieves benefit.<sup>1</sup> /?

He gives us to understand that the larger the house, the more risk to persons and to substance is rife in it. And so in that large household of which I speak there is great confusion, and error above measure, which He only, when He sees occasion, will bring to calm, Who sitteth upon the throne and judgeth right.

/? <sup>1</sup> Hor. *Ep.*, i. 6, 45.



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